DIARY AND LETTERS

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY.

VOL. VI.



DIARY

AND

LETTERS

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY,

AUTHOR OF EVELINA, CECILIA, &c.

EDITED BY HER NIECE.

"THE SPIRIT WALKS OF EVERY DAY DECEASED."—YOUNG.

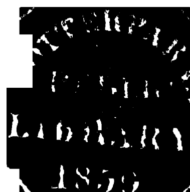
VOL. VI.

1793—1812.

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DIARY AND LETTERS

OF

THE AUTHOR OF "EVELINA."

PART I.

1793.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

September 12th, 1793.

DEAR FANNY,—In this season of leisure I am as fully occupied as ever your friend *Mr. Delvile* was. So many people to attend, so many complaints to hear, and so many grievances to redress, that it has been impossible for me to write to you sooner. I have been out of town but one single day, I believe, since you were here—that was spent at Richmond with my sisters. But every day produces business for other people, which occupies me as much as ever I found myself in days of hurry about my own affairs.

I have had a negotiation and correspondence to carry on for and with Charlotte Smith, of which I believe I told you the beginning, and I do not see the end myself. Her second son had his foot shot off before Dunkirk, and has

undergone a very dangerous amputation, which, it is much feared, will be fatal.

Mrs. Crewe, having seen at Eastbourne a great number of venerable and amiable French clergy suffering all the evils of banishment and beggary with silent resignation, has for some time had in meditation a plan for procuring some addition to the small allowance the committee at Freemasons' Hall is able to allow, from the residue of the subscriptions and briefs in their favour. Susan will show you the plan. Mr. Windham undertook to lay it while in MS. before the committee, to be sanctioned by their approbation, lest it should be regarded as a rival or hostile scheme to their establishment. I caught him just stepping into his chaise for Norfolk, when I carried him the plan from Mrs. Crewe. He wrote immediately to Mr. Wilmot, the president I believe, or, at least, a leading person in the Committee at the Freemasons' Tavern; but left me to find him and to carry on the business. This has *Delviled* me not a little; for Mr. Wilmot is at Lymington, Hants, and all the rest of the Committee out of town: so that the whole is transacted in that snail's pace with which business is done by letters between persons residing at a great distance from each other.

Well, but you say that M. d'Arblay is not only his own architect, but intends being his own gardener. I suppose the ground allotted to the garden of your *maisonette* is marked out, and probably will be enclosed and broken up before the foundation of your mansion is laid; therefore, to encourage M. d'Arblay in the study of horticulture, I have the honour to send him Miller's 'Gardeners' Dictionary,'—an excellent book, at least for the rudiments of the art.

I send you, my dear Fanny, an edition of Milton, which I can well spare, and which you ought not to live

without; and I send you both our dear friend Dr. Johnson's 'Rasselas.'

This is sad news from Dunkirk, at which our own Jacobins will insolently triumph. Everything in France seems to move in a regular progression from bad to worse. After near five years' struggle and anarchy, no man alive, with a grain of modesty, would venture to predict how or when the evils of that country will be terminated. In the mean time the peace and comfort of every civilised part of the globe is threatened with similar calamities.

Your mother and Sarah join their compliments to M. d'Arblay, and love to yourself, with those of

Yours affectionately,

CHAS. BURNEY.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, September 29th, 1793.

WHEN I received the last letter of my dearest father, and for some hours after, I was the happiest of all human beings. I make no exception, for I think none possible: not a wish remained to me; not a thought of forming one.

This was just the period—is it not always so?—for a blow of sorrow to reverse the whole scene: accordingly, that evening M. d'Arblay communicated to me his desire of going to Toulon.

He had intended retiring from public life: his services and his sufferings in his severe and long career, repaid by exile and confiscation. and for ever embittered to his memory by the murder of his Sovereign, had justly satisfied the claims of his conscience and honour; and led him, without a single self-reproach, to seek a quiet retreat in domestic society: but the second declaration

of Lord Hood no sooner reached this little obscure dwelling,—no sooner had he read the words Louis XVII. and the Constitution to which he had sworn united, than his military ardour rekindled, his loyalty was all up in arms, and every sense of duty carried him back to wars and dangers.

I dare not speak of myself, except to say that I have forborne to oppose him with a single solicitation: all the felicity of this our chosen and loved retirement would effectually be annulled by the smallest suspicion that it was enjoyed at the expense of any duty; and therefore, since he is persuaded it is right to go, I acquiesce.

He is now writing an offer of his services, which I am to convey to Windsor, and which he means to convey himself to Mr. Pitt. As I am sure it will interest my dear father, I will copy it for him.

This total break into all my tranquillity incapacitates me from attempting at this moment to compose any address for the poor suffering clergy; but, as nothing could give me greater comfort than contributing the smallest mite in their favour, I beseech my dear father to let me know in what manner I should try—whether as a letter, and to whom; or how: besides, I know so little what has already been said, that I am at a loss where to look, or where to shun; yet I would gladly make any experiment in my possible power, and M. d'Arblay particularly wishes it.

How flattering and kind Mrs. Crewe! and how delightful to me what is said by Mr. Burke! I entreat you to take the first opportunity to thank them warmly, and to assure them their kindness of remembrance is a true joy to me, and to return my most grateful thanks to the very amiable Mrs. Burke.

I have had congratulatory letters every day this week.

. . .

Miss Ellerker has written, and begs to be introduced to M. d'Arblay. Are we not coming into high fashion?

Ah! if peace would come without, what could equal my peace within?

Let me not forget to say that even M. De Luc sends me his felicitations, in an ardent letter of friendly kindness written by his excellent wife, and his joy for M. d'Arblay in the late affair of Toulon and acknowledgment of the Constitution.

My dearest father, before this tremendous project broke into our domestic economy, M. d'Arblay had been employed in a little composition, which, being all in his power, he destined to lay at your feet, as a mark of his pleasure in your attention to his horticultural pursuit. He has just finished copying it for you, and to-morrow it goes by the stage.

Your hint of a book from time to time enchanted him: it seems to me the only present he accepts entirely without pain. He has just requested me to return to Mrs. Lock herself a *cadeau* she had brought us. If it had been an old court-calendar, or an almanac, or anything in the shape of a brochure, he would have received it with his best bow and smile.

This Toulon business finally determines our deferring the maisonette till the spring. Heaven grant it may be deferred no longer! Mr. Lock says it will be nearly as soon ready as if begun in the autumn, for it will be better to have it aired and inhabited before the winter seizes it. If the *mémoire* which M. d'Arblay is now writing is finished in time, it shall accompany the little packet; if not, we will send it by the first opportunity.

Meanwhile, M. d'Arblay makes a point of our indulging ourselves with the gratification of subscribing one guinea to your fund, and Mrs. Lock begs you will trust

her and insert her subscription in your list, and Miss Lock and Miss Amelia Lock. Mr. Lock is charmed with your plan. M. d'Arblay means to obtain you Lady Burrel and Mrs. Benn. If you think I can write to any purpose, tell me a little hint how and of what, dearest sir; for I am in the dark as to what may remain yet unsaid. Otherwise, heavy as is my heart just now, I could work for them and your plan.

Adieu, dearest, dearest sir: ever and ever most affectionately, most dutifully yours,

F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

October 4th, 1793.

DEAR FANNY,—This is a terrible *coup*, so soon after your union; but I honour M. d'Arblay for offering his service on so great an occasion, and you for giving way to what seems an indispensable duty Common-place reflections on the vicissitudes of human affairs would afford you little consolation. The stroke is new to your situation, and so will be the fortitude necessary on the occasion. However, to military men, who, like M. D'Arblay, have been but just united to the object of their choice, and begun to domesticate, it is no uncommon thing for their tranquillity to be disturbed by "the trumpet's loud clangor." Whether the offer is accepted or not, the having made it will endear him to those embarked in the same cause among his countrymen, and elevate him in the general opinion of the English public. This consideration I am sure will afford you a satisfaction the most likely to enable you to support the anxiety and pain of absence.

I have no doubt of the offer being taken well at

Windsor, and of its conciliating effects. If his Majesty and the Ministry have any settled plan for accepting or rejecting similar offers I know not; but it seems very likely that Toulon will be regarded as the rallying point for French royalists of all sects and denominations. The restoration of the constitution of 1791 being the condition proposed by the natives themselves, and the proposition having been acceded to by Lord Hood, removes all scruples and difficulties for loyal constitutionalists at least; and is the only chance which those can ever have of being restored to their country and possessions, who wish to place some intermediate power between the King and the mob, to prevent his being dragged in a month's time to the scaffold, like poor Louis XVI.

If monarchy, however limited, is to triumph over anarchy, and brutal savage tyranny over the property and lives of the wretched inhabitants of France, it seems most likely to be accomplished in the southern provinces, from the stand that has been made at Toulon.

I shall be very anxious to know how the proposition of M. d'Arblay has been received; and, if accepted, on what conditions, and when and how the voyage is to be performed; I should hope in a stout man of war; and that M. de Narbonne will be of the party, being so united in friendship and political principles.

Has M. d'Arblay ever been at Toulon? It is supposed to be so well fortified, both by art and nature, on the land side, that, if not impregnable, the taking it by the regicides will require so much time that it is hoped an army of counter-revolutionists will be assembled from the side of Savoy, sufficient to raise the siege, if unity of measures and action prevail between the

Toulonnais and their external friends. But even if the assailants should make such approaches as to render it necessary to retreat, with such a powerful fleet as that of England and Spain united, it will not only be easy to carry off the garrison and inhabitants in time, but to destroy such ships as cannot be brought away, and ruin the harbour and arsenal for many years to come.

You promised me, dear Fanny, a copy of M. d'Arblay's *requête*. When you have leisure, and can tell me what turn things are likely to take, perhaps you will enclose it in a future letter.

I have written to Mrs. Crewe all you have said on the subject of writing something to stimulate benevolence and commiseration in favour of the poor French ecclesiastics, amounting to 6000 now in England, besides 400 laity here and 800 at Jersey, in utter want. The fund for the laity was totally exhausted the 27th of last month, and the beginning of the next that raised by former subscriptions and briefs will be wholly expended!

I have been working with my pen night and day for more than this last fortnight, in correspondence with Mrs. Crewe, Mr. Wilmot, Mr. Huter the secretary of the Committee, and have written single letters innumerable to others—as Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Garrick, Hannah More, &c. The two first of these ladies have not yet answered my letters. Poor H. More has written a letter that has drawn tears from me. She has been dangerously ill for a twelvemonth, is now seldom able to get up, and incapable of reading or writing: she approves very highly of the ladies' plan, and has sent some papers to Bath; but laments extremely her inability to act as she would have done both

with hand and head, if her health would have permitted.

The expense, in only allowing the clergy 8*s.* a-week, amounts to about 7500*l.* a-month, which cannot be supported long by private subscription, and must at last be taken up by Parliament; but to save the national disgrace of suffering these excellent people to die of hunger, before the Parliament meets and agrees to do something for them, the ladies must work hard. The list of these whom Mrs. Crewe has interested in the cause is now become very illustrious and honourable—the Marchioness of Buckingham, Lady Spencer, Lady Payne, Lady Cotton, Lady Charlotte Greville, Lady Ann Dashwood, Lady C. Douglas, Lady Hartley, Lady Macartney, Lady Gray, Lady Camelford, Miss Trimmer, Hon. Miss Fox, Mrs. Whitbread, Mrs. H. Greville, Miss Crewe, Mrs. Cooke, Miss Smith, Lady Pelham, Lady Webster, Mrs. Pierrepoint, &c. &c. We have contrived at Chelsea to enlist Lady Cremorne and others. Mrs. and Miss Locks are charming acquisitions—I beg my best thanks for them.

Your mother works hard in packing and distributing papers among her friends in town and country, and Sally in copying letters. You and M. d'Arblay are very good in wishing to contribute your mite; but I did not intend leading you into this scrape. If you subscribe your pen, and he his sword, it will best answer Mr. Burke's idea, who says, "There are two ways by which people may be charitable—the one by their money, the other by their exertions." Now, it has just struck me that, if you felt any impulse to use your pen, it should be in an *éloge* on female benevolence. The ladies whom I have recollected above do it so cheerfully and with so much zeal, though hoaxed and scouted by the men, who

call it "Ladies' nonsense," that I think it says a great deal in favour of religion, whose precepts still remain among the female part of Christendom, while the men seem to have given up every idea of it, and with it of every virtue and moral sentiment which all religions recommend. Pensez-y. The good Bishop of St. Pol de Leon has heard of my zeal as secretary to the Ladies, from M. Jumard, I suppose, and has inquired my direction, and wished for my acquaintance. I shall wait on this venerable prelate to-morrow.

I have so much writing on my hands that I fear I shall not have time now to thank M. d'Arblay for his kindness in sending me so nice a copy of his nice translation of your 'Willey;' but pray do you, *en attendant* my getting a little leisure, say *mille et mille jolies choses* for

Yours, affectionately,

C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Sunday noon, October 21st, 1793.

MY dearest father will think I have been very long in doing the little I have done; but my mind is so anxiously discomfited by the continued suspense with regard to M. d'Arblay's proposition and wish, that it has not been easy to me to weigh completely all I could say, and the fear of repeating what had already been offered upon the subject has much restrained me, for I have seen none of the tracts that may have appeared. However, it is a matter truly near my heart; and though I have not done it rapidly, I have done it with my whole mind, and, to own the truth, with a species of emotion that has greatly affected me, for I could not deeply consider the situation of these venerable men without feeling for them

to the quick. If what I have written should have power to procure them one more guinea, I shall be paid.

I shall send the scrawl to you by the stage on Tuesday. I have still to copy it. And I have the pleasure to give you another subscriber, Mrs. Hume, a lady who has listened to the eloquence of Mrs. Lock, who never sees any one without producing the plan. Mrs. Lock begs you to trust her for the guineas. Mr. Lock enters into this business with the warmest approbation.

If you think what I have drawn up worth printing, I should suppose it might make a little sixpenny paper, and be sold for the same purpose it is written. Or will it only do to be printed at the expense of the acting ladies, and given gratis? You must judge of this.

Adieu, ever most dear sir!

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, October 27th, 1793.

My most dear Father,—The terrible confirmation of this last act of savage hardness of heart has wholly overset us again. M. d'Arblay had entirely discredited its probability, and, to the last moment, disbelieved the report; not from milder thoughts of the barbarous rulers of his unhappy country, but from seeing that the death of the Queen could answer no purpose, helpless as she was to injure them, while her life might answer some as a hostage with the Emperor. Cruelty, however, such as theirs, seems to require no incitement whatever; its own horrible exercise appears sufficient both to prompt and to repay it. Good Heaven! that that wretched Princess should so finish sufferings so unexampled!

With difficulties almost incredible, Madame de Staël has

contrived, a second time, to save the lives of M. de Jaucourt and M. de Montmorenci, who are just arrived in Switzerland. We know as yet none of the particulars; simply that they are saved is all: but they write in a style the most melancholy to M. de Narbonne, of the dreadful fanaticism of licence, which they dare call liberty, that still reigns unsubdued in France. And they have preserved nothing but their persons! of their vast properties they could secure no more than pocket-money, for travelling in the most penurious manner. They are therefore in a state the most deplorable. Switzerland is filled with gentlemen and ladies of the very first families and rank, who are all starving, but those who have had the good fortune to procure, by disguising their quality, some menial office!

No answer comes from Mr. Pitt; and we now expect none till Sir Gilbert Elliot makes his report of the state of Toulon and of the Toulonnese; till which, probably, no decision will be formed whether the Constitutionals in England will be employed or not.

* * * * * * * *

F. D'A.

[M. d'Arblay's offer of serving in the expedition to Toulon was not accepted, and the reasons for which it was declined do not appear.]

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. ———.

THE account of your surprise, my sweet friend, was the last thing to create mine: I was well aware of the general astonishment, and of yours in particular. My own, however, at my very extraordinary fate, is singly greater than that of all my friends united. I had never made any vow against marriage, but I had long, long been

firmly persuaded it was for me a state of too much hazard and too little promise to draw me from my individual plans and purposes. I remember, in playing at questions and commands, when I was thirteen, being asked when I intended to marry? and surprising my playmates by solemnly replying, "When I think I shall be happier than I am in being single." It is true, I imagined that time would never arrive; and I have pertinaciously adhered to trying no experiment upon any other hope; for, many and mixed as are the ingredients which form what is generally considered as happiness, I was always fully convinced that social sympathy of character and taste could alone have any chance with me; all else I always thought, and now know, to be immaterial. I have only this peculiar,—that what many contentedly assert or adopt in theory, I have had the courage to be guided by in practice.

We are now removed to a very small house in the suburbs of a very small village called Bookham. We found it rather inconvenient to reside in another person's dwelling, though our own apartments were to ourselves. Our views are not so beautiful as from Phenice Farm, but our situation is totally free from neighbours and intrusion. We are about a mile and a half from Norbury Park, and two miles from Mickleham. I am become already so stout a walker, by use, and with the help of a very able supporter, that I go to those places and return home on foot without fatigue, when the weather is kind. At other times I condescend to accept a carriage from Mr. Lock; but it is always reluctantly, I so much prefer walking where, as here, the country and prospects are inviting.

I thank you for your caution about building: we shall certainly unde[illegible]; however, it

would be truly mortifying to give up a house in Norbury Park; we defer the structure till the spring, as it is to be so very slight, that Mr. Lock says it will be best to have it hardened in its first stage by the summer's sun. It will be very small, merely an habitation for three people, but in a situation truly beautiful, and within five minutes of either Mr. Lock, or my sister Phillips: it is to be placed just between those two loved houses.

My dearest father, whose fears and drawbacks have been my sole subject of regret, begins now to see I have not judged rashly, or with romance, in seeing my own road to my own felicity. And his restored cheerful concurrence in my constant principles, though new station, leaves me, for myself, without a wish. *L'ennui,* which could alone infest our retreat, I have ever been a stranger to, except in tiresome company, and my companion has every possible resource against either feeling or inspiring it.

As my partner is a Frenchman, I conclude the wonder raised by the connexion may spread beyond my own private circle; but no wonder upon earth can ever arrive near my own in having found such a character from that nation. This is a prejudice certainly, impertinent and very John Bullish, and very arrogant; but I only share it with all my countrymen, and therefore must needs forgive both them and myself. I am convinced, however, from your tender solicitude for me in all ways, that you will be glad to hear that the Queen and all the Royal Family have deigned to send me wishes for my happiness through Mrs. Schwellenberg, who has written me "what you call" a very kind congratulation.

* * * *

F. D'A.

1794.

[In the year 1794, the happiness of the "Hermitage" was increased by the birth of a son, who was christened Alexander Charles Louis Piochard d'Arblay; receiving the names of his father, with those of his two godfathers, the Comte de Narbonne and Dr. Charles Burney.]

Letter from the Comte de Narbonne to Mrs. Phillips, on the order sent by the English Government to Charles Maurice de Talleyrand Perigord, ci-devant Bishop of Autun, to quit England in five days.

Janvier, 1794.

Vous avez bien voulu, avec votre bonté accoutumée, m'ordonner de vous envoyer tous les détails que je pourrois avoir, sur le malheur qui nous accable: voici au juste tout ce que nous savons, et tout ce qui a été fait.

Mardi, à cinq heures, un messager d'état est venu chez Talleyrand, lui apporter un ordre de quitter le royaume avant cinq jours, c'est à dire, avant Dimanche prochain; en y ajoutant qu'il étoit chargé de le prévenir que si, au jour indiqué, il n'étoit pas parti, il seroit dans le cas de la déportation, et déporté sur le champ.

Talleyrand a fait tout de suite parvenir une note à MM. Pitt et Dundas. M. Windham a été parler au dernier, et prétend n'avoir pas pû seulement savoir de lui si c'étoit pour une raison générale ou particulière: M. Pitt a gardé la même réserve vis-à-vis un membre du parlement, de ses amis.

Il a écrit hier à Lord Grenville et à M. Pitt des lettres dont il n'a pas, et il n'aura probablement pas,

de réponse. Il a écrit aussi au Roi une lettre que j'espérois faire parvenir par le Duc de Gloucester, mais il a refusé de me voir.

Vous voyez qu'il ne nous reste à peu près aucune espérance: le secret dont on s'enveloppe est la preuve que l'on ne veut entendre à rien. Il est renvoyé avec un Comte Zenobia, qu'il n'a jamais vu de sa vie; un Comte de Vaux, dont il ne savoit pas plus le nom que celui d'un nommé Simon, sellier de Bruxelles.

Concevez vous un malheur pareil? Aujourd'hui, à midi, il ne sait pas seulement si c'est en Amérique ou en Dannemarc qu'il ira; et nous venons de lire dans les papiers qu'il a été fait rapport à la Convention de sept prises, dont deux Américaines et une Danoise. Tous les chemins par terre sont impraticables pour lui; et, avec cela, rien n'égale son calme, son courage, et, presque, sa gaieté. La vôtre, et celle de nos adorables amis de Norbury, n'auroit-elle pas un peu plus souffert encore s'il s'étoit trouvé vrai que j'avois reçu un pareil ordre? Cela avoit été dit, et, j'imagine, inventé, par les aristocrates. Hélas! je ne suis ni plus coupable ni plus innocent que mon malheureux ami, qui me charge de vous parler à tous de son éternel attachement.* Demain je vous donnerai l'histoire d'aujourd'hui; et pourrai vous instruire de sa marche et de la mienne. Ne penserez-vous pas avec un peu de douceur que c'est à votre inépuisable bonté à tous que je dois d'avoir vécu loin de Londres, et d'avoir ainsi échappé aux regards de la haine et de la calomnie?

* Probably M. de Talleyrand received permission to remain in England a few weeks longer, as his letter to take leave of M. and Madame d'Arblay is dated from London, *March 2nd.*—ED.

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney.

Bookham, February 8, 1794.

THE times are indeed, as my dearest father says, tremendous, and reconcile this retirement daily more and more to my Chevalier—Chevalier every way, by birth, by his order, and by his character; for to-day he has been making his first use of a restoration to his garden in gathering snowdrops for his fair Dulcinea—you know I must say *fair* to finish the phrase with any effect.

I am very sorry for the sorrow I am sure Mr. Burke will feel for the loss of his brother, announced in Mr. Cooke's paper yesterday. Besides, he was a comic, good-humoured, entertaining man, though not bashful.

What an excellent opening Mr. Canning has made at last! *Entre nous soit dit,* I remember, when at Windsor, that I was told Mr. Fox came to Eton purposely to engage to himself that young man, from the already great promise of his rising abilities; and he made dinners for him and his nephew, Lord Holland, to teach them political lessons. It must have had an odd effect upon him, I think, to hear such a speech from his disciple. Mr. Lock now sends us the papers for the debates every two or three days; he cannot quicker, as his own household readers are so numerous I see almost nothing of Mr. Windham in them; which vexes me: but I see Mr. Windham in Mr. Canning.

F. D'A.

P.S. So you have got Mr. Erskine's speeches? certainly they were not at present likely to be *de trop* from any duplicates in your library! I divert myself with

the thought of seeing you running them over with that sort of toleration which recent eating and drinking with a man always breeds, even in causes the most ungenial.

M. de Talleyrand to Mrs. Phillips.

Londres, 1794.

MADAME,—Il faut qu'il y ait eu de l'impossibilité pour que ce matin je n'aie pas eu l'honneur de vous voir; mais l'impossibilité la plus forte m'a privé du dernier plaisir que je pouvois avoir en Europe. Permettez moi, madame, de vous remercier encore une fois de toutes vos bontés, de vous demander un peu de part dans votre souvenir, et laissez moi vous dire que mes vœux se porteront dans tous les tems de ma vie vers vous, vers le Capitaine, vers vos enfans. Vous allez avoir en Amérique un serviteur bien zélé; je ne reviendrai pas en Europe sans arriver dans le Surry: tout ce qui, pour mon esprit et pour mon cœur, a quelque valeur, est là.

J'ai l'honneur de vous renouveler, madame, l'assurance du plus respectueux dévouement.

TALLEYRAND.

Voulez-vous bien présenter tous mes complimens au Capitaine?

M. de Talleyrand to M. and Madame d'Arblay.

Londres, 2 Mars, 1794.

ADIEU, mon cher D'Arblay: je quitte votre pays jusqu'au moment où il n'appartiendra plus aux petites passions des hommes. Alors j'y reviendrai; non, en vérité, pour m'occuper d'affaires, car il y a long tems que je les ai abandonnées pour jamais; mais pour voir les

excellens habitans du Surry. J'espère savoir assez d'Anglais pour entendre Madame d'Arblay; d'ici à quatre mois je ne vais faire autre chose que l'étudier: et pour apprendre le beau et bon langage, c'est 'Evelina' et 'Cecilia' qui sont mes livres d'étude et de plaisir. Je vous souhaite, mon cher ami, toute espèce de bonheur, et vous êtes en position de remplir tous mes souhaits.

Je ne sais combien de tems je resterai en Amérique: s'il se référoit quelque chose de raisonnable et de stable pour notre malheureux pays, je reviendrois; si l'Europe s'abîme dans la campagne prochaine, je préparerai en Amérique des asyles à tous nos amis.

Adieu: mes hommages à Madame d'Arblay et à Madame Phillips, je vous en prie: je vous demande et vous promets amitié pour la vie.

TALLEYRAND.

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney.

Bookham, March 22, 1794.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I am this moment returned from reading your most welcome and kind letter at our Susanna's. The account of your better health gives me a pleasure beyond all words; and it is the more essential to my perfect contentment on account of your opinion of our retreat. I doubt not, my dearest father, but you judge completely right, and I may nearly say we are both equally disposed to pay the most implicit respect to your counsel. We give up, therefore, all thoughts of our London excursion for the present, and I shall write to that effect to our good intended hostess very speedily.

I can easily conceive far more than you enlarge upon in this counsel: and, indeed, I have not myself been

wholly free from apprehension of possible *embarras*, should we, at this period, visit London; for though M. d'Arblay not only could *stand*, but would *court*, all personal scrutiny, whether retrospective or actual, I see daily the extreme susceptibility which attends his very nice notions of honour, and how quickly and deeply his spirit is wounded by whatever he regards as injustice. Incapable, too, of the least trimming or disguise, he could not, at a time such as this, be in London without suffering or risking, perhaps hourly, something unpleasant. Here we are tranquil, undisturbed and undisturbing. Can life, he often says, be more innocent than ours, or happiness more inoffensive? He works in his garden, or studies English and mathematics, while I write. When I work at my needle, he reads to me; and we enjoy the beautiful country around us in long and romantic strolls, during which he carries under his arm a portable garden-chair, lent us by Mrs. Lock, that I may rest as I proceed. He is extremely fond, too, of writing, and makes, from time to time, memorandums of such memoirs, poems, and anecdotes as he recollects, and I wish to have preserved. These resources for sedentary life are certainly the first blessings that can be given to man, for they enable him to be happy in the extremest obscurity, even after tasting the dangerous draughts of glory and ambition.

The business of M. de Lafayette has been indeed extremely bitter to him. It required the utmost force he could put upon himself not to take some public part in it. He drew up a short but most energetic defence of that unfortunate general, in a letter, which he meant to print and send to the editors of a newspaper which had traduced him, with his name at full

length. But after two nights' sleepless deliberation, the hopelessness of serving his friend, with a horror and disdain of being mistaken as one who would lend any arms to weaken Government at this crisis, made him consent to repress it. I was dreadfully uneasy during the conflict, knowing, far better than I can make him conceive, the mischiefs that might follow any interference at this moment, in matters brought before the nation, from a foreigner. But, conscious of his own integrity, I plainly see he must either wholly retire, or come forward to encounter whatever he thinks wrong. Ah—better let him accept your motto, and *cultiver son jardin!* He is now in it, notwithstanding our long walk to Mickleham, and working hard and fast to finish some self-set task that to-morrow, Sunday, must else impede.

I am glad you meet Lord Spencer at Lady Lucan's: what an acquisition, a man of his character, to Government! M. d'Arblay sometimes says, "I cannot conceive how there can be two minds amongst honest men as to this war!" though as to its causes he can conceive but too well a thousand!

M. d'Arblay, to my infinite satisfaction, gives up all thoughts of building, in the present awful state of public affairs. To show you, however, how much he is "of your advice" as to *son jardin*, he has been drawing a plan for it, which I intend to beg, borrow, or steal (all one), to give you some idea how seriously he studies to make his manual labours of some real utility.

This sort of work, however, is so totally new to him, that he receives every now and then some of poor Merlin's "disagreeable compliments;" for, when Mr. Lock's or the Captain's gardeners favour our grounds

with a visit, they commonly make known that all has been done wrong. Seeds are sowing in some parts *when plants ought to be reaping, and plants are running to seed while they are thought not yet at maturity.* Our garden, therefore, is not yet quite the most profitable thing in the world; but M. d'A. assures me it is to be the staff of our table and existence.

A little, too, he has been unfortunate; for, after immense toil in planting and transplanting strawberries round our hedge, here at Bookham, he has just been informed they will bear no fruit the first year, and the second we may be "over the hills and far away!"

Another time, too, with great labour, he cleared a considerable compartment of weeds, and, when it looked clean and well, and he showed his work to the gardener, the man said he had demolished an asparagus-bed! M. d'A. protested, however, nothing could look more like *des mauvaises herbes.*

His greatest passion is for transplanting. Everything we possess he moves from one end of the garden to another, to produce better effects. Roses take place of jessamines, jessamines of honeysuckles, and honeysuckles of lilacs, till they have all danced round as far as the space allows; but whether the effect may not be a general mortality, summer only can determine.

Such is our horticultural history. But I must not omit that we have had for one week cabbages from our own cultivation every day! O, you have no idea how sweet they tasted! We agreed they had a freshness and a *goût* we had never met with before. We had them for too short a time to grow tired of them, be-

cause, as I have already hinted, they were beginning to run to seed before we knew they were eatable.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney.

Bookham, April, 1794.

WHAT a charming letter was your last, my dearest father! How full of interesting anecdote and enlivening detail! The meeting with Mrs. Thrale, so surrounded by her family, made me breathless; and while you were conversing with the Signor, and left me in doubt whether you advanced to her or not, I almost gasped with impatience and revived old feelings, which, presently, you reanimated to almost all their original energy. How like my dearest father to find all his kindness rekindled when her ready hand once more invited it! I heard her voice in "Why here's Dr. Burney as young as ever!" and my dear father in his parrying answers. No scene could have been related to me more interesting or more welcome. My heart and hand, I am sure, would have met her in the same manner. The friendship was too pleasant in its first stage, and too strong in its texture, to be ever obliterated, though it has been tarnished and clouded. I wish few things more earnestly than again to meet her.

Miss T—— must, I am sure, have been gratified by what you said to her of her reverend *protégés*, the emigrant French priests: and how sincerely I congratulate you upon the noble success your indefatigable measures and cares in their favour have produced! I did not know Dean Marley was made a bishop. I am

very glad to hear it at the same moment that I hear of his beneficence.

I am almost ashamed to use the word *fortunate* in speaking of Toulon. Yet, good Heaven, what an escape from how useless a sacrifice must I ever look back to Mr. Pitt's not accepting M. d'Arblay's services! For I never could buoy myself up with those sanguine expectations of the constitutional spirit of all the south of France, that made M. d'Arblay believe the risk, be whatever the personal event, well worth running for his unhappy country.

Adieu, dearest Sir! with a thousand thanks for your "heart dear" letter.

Ever, most affectionately,
Your dutiful
F. D'A.

Think of our horticultural shock last week, when Mrs. Bailey, our landlady, "entreated M. d'Arblay not to spoil her fruit-trees!"—trees he had been pruning with his utmost skill and strength. However, he has consulted your "Millar" thereupon, and finds out she is very ignorant, which he has gently intimated to her.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, May 9, 1794.

How kind is my dearest Father, and how straight to my heart comes his kindness! The Chanterelles and Mandoline have vibrated to that of M. d'Arblay. "The Cunning Man"* he is reading with great pleasure, and, from its simplicity, and his remembrance of

* Dr. Burney's translation (in verse) of Rousseau's 'Devin du Village.'

the French, with as much facility as prose. It will be an exceeding good lesson with his Mandoline.

How often—O how often—do I regret that my beloved father cannot for some time *de suite* see the sun rise and set with a character so formed to become every way dear to him!—so replete with every resource for cheerful solitude and happy retirement!—so very like himself in disposition, humour, and taste, that the day never passes in which I do not, in its course, exclaim, "How you remind me of my father?"

We were anxious that Mr. L—— should have an interview with Mrs. Schwellenberg, as M. d'Arblay had been informed that some one had told the King he had "served in America against England, as secretary to M. de Lafayette." Who could have invented such a complete falsehood? M. d'Arblay begged Mr. L—— simply and roundly to make known, first, that he never was in America; secondly, that he had never any connexion with M. de Lafayette but as his equal, except with respect alone to military precedence; and thirdly, that, having been an officer in the Royal Artillery from twelve years of age, he had never served any man whatever (officially) but his King.

* * * * *

Is not this news from the Continent as well as from the West Indies very excellent? We wanted to make ourselves Tower and Park guns for a little rejoicing. However, not having cannon or powder, M. d'A. has contented himself with only making me another new walk in our orchard, which must serve instead.

I forgot to mention in my late letters that I have seen good Mr. Hoole. I heard he had visited our worthy neighbours, the clergyman and his wife; and Mrs. Cooke meant to oblige me by discouraging him

from calling. I desired her to rectify that mistake if he came again; for my resolute declining of all new acquaintance, to avoid dress, &c., is very remote from involving seclusion from old friends. He accordingly presented himself soon after, and I was very glad to see him. As he spoke French with as much difficulty as M. d'Arblay speaks English, M. d'A., on hearing he had translated Ariosto and Tasso, attacked him in Italian, but was much surprised to find himself not even understood. How very different to know and to speak a language! M. d'A. is himself an instance, for he hesitates in pronouncing "*How do do?*" yet he wants no assistance in reading Hume, or even a newspaper, which is far more difficult, because more diffuse, and subject to local cant.

I see your name, my dearest father, with generals, statesmen, monarchs, and Charles Fox, in a collection of *bons mots!* I am dying for the work. If you have it, I beseech a peep at it by some opportunity. I will carefully return it.

F. D A.

From Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney after his first visit to her at Bookham.

Bookham, August, '94.

IT is just a week since I had the greatest gratification of its kind I ever, I think, experienced:—so kind a thought, so sweet a surprise as was my dearest father's visit! How softly and soothingly it has rested upon my mind ever since!

"Abdolomine"* has no regret but that his garden was not in better order; he was a little *piqué*, he con-

* Name of a gardener in a drama of Fontenelle's.

fesses, that you said it was not *very neat*—and, *to be shor!*—but his passion is to do great works: he undertakes with pleasure, pursues with energy, and finishes with spirit; but, then, all is over! He thinks the business once done always done; and to repair, and amend, and weed, and cleanse,—O, these are drudgeries insupportable to him!

However, you should have seen the place before he began his operations, to do him justice; there was then nothing else but *mauvaises herbes*; now, you must at least allow there is a mixture of flowers and grain! I wish you had seen him yesterday, mowing down our hedge—with his sabre, and with an air and attitudes so military, that, if he had been hewing down other legions than those he encountered—*i. e.* of spiders—he could scarcely have had a mien more tremendous, or have demanded an arm more mighty. Heaven knows, I am "the most *contente personne* in the world" to see his sabre so employed!

You spirited me on in all ways; for this week past I have taken tightly to the *grand ouvrage*.* If I go on so a little longer, I doubt not but M. d'Arblay will begin settling where to have a new shelf for arranging it! which is already in his rumination for Metastasio; I imagine you now seriously resuming that work; I hope to see further sample ere long.

We think with very great pleasure of accepting my mother's and your kind invitation for a few days. I hope and mean, if possible, to bring with me also a little sample of something less in the dolorous style than what always causes your poor shoulders a little shrug.†

Mr. and Mrs. Lock were very sorry to have missed

* 'Camilla,' then lately begun.

† 'Edwy and Elgiva,' a tragedy by Madame d'Arblay

you. Mr. Lock was gratified, even affected, by my account of the happiness you had given me. He says, from the time of our inhabiting this *maisonnette,* one of his first wishes had been that you should see us in it; as no possible description or narration could so decidedly point out its competence. He, who knew the uncommon character which was to be its master, expected all that has followed of its sufficiency; but he can easily conceive the anxiety of all who had not had so near a view of it upon an experiment so great. How thankfully did I look back, the 28th of last month, upon a year that has not been blemished with one regretful moment!

How truly grieved was I to hear from Mr. Lock of the death of young Mr. Burke! What a dreadful blow upon his father and mother! to come at the instant of the son's highest and most honourable advancement, and of the father's retreat to the bosom of his family from public life! His brother, too, gone so lately! I am most sincerely sorry, indeed, and quite shocked, as there seemed so little suspicion of such an event's approach, by your account of the joy caused by Lord Fitzwilliam's kindness. Pray tell me if you hear how poor Mr. Burke and his most amiable wife endure this calamity, and how they are.

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F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

Bookham, 1794.

I GRIEVE to return M. de Lally's incomparable book; I have been delighted and enlightened by the 'Letters to the Electors,' and the 'Pièces Justificatives;' I think

never more by any writing I ever read: there is a nobleness of mind and of style, of thought and of expression, so strikingly combined, that eloquence has rarely seemed to me so natural, and never more penetrating. That any country can voluntarily throw away such a statesman, such an orator, such a citizen! You know how forcibly I was struck by M. de Lally Tolendal from the first: you will therefore not wonder I am now quite enthusiastic for him. Warmth and sensibility such as his, joined to a candour that seems above all prejudice on any side, or for any party, or purpose, or even wish, make me reverence now as before I admired him.

Always, when you can, remember me to him and to your beloved Princesse d'Henin. How I wish you could spend more time with such consolatory beings!

We are seeking everywhere, in the Dorking vicinity, a new dwelling; but the difficulty of finding anything is immoderate. Nevertheless, as this is the sole period in which we can hope to bear the expense of removing, we are ardent in the search; for the dearness of provisions, and the difficulty of obtaining the common comforts of the family board, milk, butter, &c., make us unwilling to establish ourselves here for life; and the sight of Mrs. Lock oftener is well worth a few guineas a-year.

F. D'A.

Lines to Madame d'Arblay on her Birthday.

Aimer sa femme est un travers,
La chanter est un ridicule;
Et, de plus, ce monde pervers
Sur cet article est peu crédule.

Ton époux, libre dans tes fers,
  Loin des bourreaux que la licence
Déchaîne contre l'univers,
Aime à consigner dans ces vers
  Qu'il te doit son indépendance
Et son bonheur! Oui; tous les ans
  Je promets aux mauvais plaisants,
Qu'en ce jour heureux ma constance
  Les fera rire à mes dépens.
A cette douce jouissance
  Puissent-ils se livrer long tems!

A. A.

Inscription for the Portrait of his Wife, by A. d'Arblay.

La Raison, si souvent tranchante, atrabilaire,
Toujours dans ses écrits plait autant qu'elle éclaire;
L'Indulgence, l'Amour allument son flambeau:
C'est la Sagesse enfin, non l'Ennui peint en beau.

Westhamble.

1795.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. ——.

Bookham, April 15, 1795.

So dry a reproof from so dear a friend! And do you, then, measure my regard of heart by my remissness of hand? Let me give you the short history of my tragedy, fairly and frankly.

I wrote it not, as your acquaintance imagined, for the stage, nor yet for the press. I began it at Kew Palace, and, at odd moments, I finished it at Windsor; without the least idea of any species of publication.

Since I left the Royal household, I ventured to let it be read by my father, Mr. and Mrs. Lock, my sister Phillips, and, of course, M. d'Arblay, and not another human being. Their opinions led to what followed, and my brother, Dr. Charles, showed it to Mr. Kemble while I was on my visit to my father last October. He instantly and warmly pronounced for its acceptance, but I knew not when Mr. Sheridan would see it, and had not the smallest expectation of its appearing this year. However, just three days before my beloved little infant came into the world, an express arrived from my brother, that Mr. Kemble wanted the tragedy immediately, in order to show it to Mr. Sheridan, who had just heard of it, and had spoken in the most flattering terms of his good will for its reception.

Still, however, I was in doubt of its actual acceptance till three weeks after my confinement, when I had a visit from my brother, who told me he was, the next morning, to read the piece in the green room.

This was a precipitance for which I was every way unprepared, as I had never made but one copy of the play, and had intended divers corrections and alterations. Absorbed, however, by my new charge, and then growing ill, I had a sort of indifference about the matter, which, in fact, has lasted ever since.

The moment I was then able to hold a pen I wrote two short letters, to acknowledge the state of the affair to my sisters; and to one of these epistles I had an immediate laughing answer, informing me my confidence was somewhat of the latest, as the subject of it was already in all the newspapers! I was extremely chagrined at this intelligence; but, from that time, thought it all too late to be the herald of my own

designs. And this, added to my natural and incurable dislike to enter upon these egotistical details unasked, has caused my silence to my dear M——, and to every friend I possess. Indeed, speedily after, I had an illness so severe and so dangerous, that for full seven weeks the tragedy was neither named nor thought of by M. d'Arblay or myself.

The piece was represented to the utmost disadvantage, save only Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble; for it was not written with any idea of the stage, and my illness and weakness, and constant absorbment, at the time of its preparation, occasioned it to appear with so many undramatic effects, from my inexperience of theatrical requisites and demands, that, when I saw it, I myself perceived a thousand things I wished to change. The performers, too, were cruelly imperfect, and made blunders I blush to have pass for mine,—added to what belong to me. The most important character after the hero and heroine had but two lines of his part by heart! He made all the rest at random, and such nonsense as put all the other actors out as much as himself; so that a more wretched performance, except Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Bensley, could not be exhibited in a barn.

All this concurred to make it very desirable to withdraw the piece for alterations, which I have done.

And now you have the whole history—and now—are you appeased?

F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

May 7, 1795.

MY DEAR FANNY,—What a while has our correspondence slept! Let me see—where shall I begin? Why,

at my resuscitation, I think. I began to stir and rub my eyes, as I remember, ere you left these parts; and I no sooner got on my legs but it was "Mungo here and Mungo there." Engagements,—scholars,—printers,—proofs,—revises, &c. &c. Within this fortnight or three weeks that I have been quite out of my room, my hurry has been, to my present feelings and strength, greater than ever I can remember. The best part of the story is, that I have been gathering strength and spirits through all this bustle, faster than I did by nursing and inquiries after my own health. But during the late tremendous winter I find that almost all my acquaintance have fared no better than myself; so that, like Swift and his old woman, we do nothing but "con ailments together."

One of my dinners, since my going out, was at Charlotte's, with the good Hooles. After dinner Mr. Cumberland came in, and was extremely courteous, and seemingly friendly, about you and your piece. He took me aside from Mrs. Paradise, who had fastened on me and held me tight by an account of her own and Mr. Paradise's complaints, so circumstantially narrated, that not a stop so short as a comma occurred in more than an hour, while I was civilly waiting for a full period. Mr. Cumberland expressed his sorrow at what had happened at Drury-lane, and said that, if he had had the honour of knowing you sufficiently, he would have told you *d'avance* what would happen, by what he had heard behind the scenes. The players seem to have given the play an ill name. But, he says, if you would go to work again, by reforming this, or work with your best powers at a new plan, and would submit it to his inspection, he would, from the experience he has had, risk his life on its success

This conversation I thought too curious not to be mentioned.

* * * * *

Well, but how does your *petit* and pretty monsieur do? 'Tis pity you and M. d'Arblay don't like him, poor thing! And how does horticulture thrive? This is a delightful time of the year for your Floras and your Linnæi: I envy the life of a gardener in spring, particularly in fine weather.

And so dear Mr. Hastings is honourably acquitted! and I visited him the next morning, and we cordially shook hands. I had luckily left my name at his door as soon as I was able to go out, and before it was generally expected that he would be acquitted.

The young Lady Spencer and I are become very thick; I have dined with her at Lady Lucan's, and met her at the blue parties there. She has invited me to her box at the opera, to her house in St. James's Place, and at the Admiralty, whither the family removed last Saturday, and she says I must come to her the 15th, 22nd, and 29th of this month, when I shall see a huge assembly. Mrs. Crewe says all London will be there. She is a pleasant, lively, and comical creature, with more talents and discernment than are expected from a character *si folâtre.* My lord is not only the handsomest and best intentioned man in the kingdom, but at present the most useful and truly patriotic. And then, he has written to Vienna for Metastasio's three inedited volumes, which I so much want ere I advance too far in the press for them to be of any use.

I am hallooed on prodigiously in my Metastasio mania. All the critics—Warton, Twining, Nares, and Dr. Charles—say that his *Estratto dell' Arte Poetica*

d'Aristotile, which I am now translating, is the best piece of dramatic criticism that has ever been written. "Bless my heart!" says Warton, "I, that have been all my life defending the three unities, am overset." "Ay," quoth I, "has not he made you all ashamed of 'em? You learned folks are only theorists in theatrical matters, but Metastasio had sixty years' successful practice. There!—Go to." My dear Fanny, before you write another play, you must read Aristotle and Horace, as expounded by my dear Metastasio But, *basta*. You know when I take up a favourite author, as a Johnson, a Haydn, or a Metastasio, I do not soon lay him down or let him be run down.

The club has been very much crowded this season. Mr. Fox was at the last, and Windham! who, coming late, did not put a good face on the discovery: however, all were very loquacious and good humoured. We have vacancies. Poor Sir William Jones has occasioned one—but black balls have been plenty. Three or four d—lish democrats, *Dieu merci!* have had the door shut upon 'em.

Here it strikes three o'clock: the post knell, not bell, tolls here, and I must send off my scrib: but I will tell you, though I need not, that, now I have taken up Metastasio again, I work at him in every uninterrupted moment. I have this morning attempted his charming pastoral in "*il Re Pastore*:"—

> Alla Selva, al Prato, al' fonte
> Io n'andro' col gregge amato:
> E alla selva, al fonte, al prato
> L' idol mio con me verrà.
>
> In quel rozzo angusto tetto,
> Che ricetto a noi darà,

Con la gioja e col diletto
L' innocenza alberghera.

I'll give you the translation, because the last stanza is a portrait:—

To meadows, woods, and fountains
  Our tender flocks I'll lead;
In meads beneath the mountains
  My love shall see them feed.

Our simple narrow mansion
  Will suit our station well;
There's room for heart expansion
  And peace and joy to dwell.

God bless you! A thousand compliments and loves to M. d'Arblay.

C. B.

From Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Hermitage, Bookham, May 13, 1795.

You have not one letter to translate, my dear father, from your favourite Metastasio, more gaily, more kindly amiable, than this last original you have bestowed upon me. Mr. Cumberland is curious and surprising,—Mrs. Paradise, the very woman,—Mr. Hastings, reviving,—Fox and Windham, good dramatic encountering; but the best of all is the story of resuscitation, and the happy effect of bustle and exertion. My dearest father is so made for society—that is the truth and moral of the fable—and society is always disposed to be so just towards him, that it is impossible, when he is shaken back to it, he should not, like the man of Sicily, find himself put to rights. For bustle and exertion, like "*tobacco hic*" (how learned and grand I am in my illustrations!), if you are well, may, by over-draughting, make you sick; but, after a short repose,

and a little discipline to boot, if you are sick, they are just the things to make you well. The mind wants pulling out a little, to recognise its own elasticity.

Horticulture prospers beyond all former even ideas of prosperity. How, how I do wish you could come and take an hour's work here! it would mingle so well with Metastasio!—the employment—the fragrant surrounding air—the sweet refreshing landscape—and your partner in labour,—all would be congenial with Metastasio, and, consequently, with you; for you know, when we were all to choose who we would be if not our dear identical and always all-preferable selves, you fixed upon Metastasio; and indeed, in many, nay most respects, it would hardly be a change.

To be sure, as you say, 'tis pity M. d'A. and his rib should have conceived such an antipathy to the petit monsieur! O if you could see him now! My mother would be satisfied, for his little cheeks are beginning to favour of the trumpeter's, and Esther would be satisfied, for he eats like an embryo alderman. He enters into all we think, say, mean, and wish! His eyes are sure to sympathize in all our affairs and all our feelings. We find some kind reason for every smile he bestows upon us, and some generous and disinterested motive for every grave look.

If he wants to be danced, we see he has discovered that his gaiety is exhilarating to us; if he refuses to be moved, we take notice that he fears to fatigue us. If he will not be quieted without singing, we delight in his early *goût for les beaux arts*. If he is immoveable to all we can devise to divert him, we are edified by the *grand sérieux* of his dignity and philosophy: if he makes the house ring with loud acclaim because his food, at first call, does not come ready warm into

his mouth, we hold up our hands with admiration at his vivacity.

Your conversation with Mr. Cumberland astonished me. I certainly think his experience of stage effect, and his interest with players, so important, as almost instantly to wish putting his sincerity to the proof. How has he got these two characters—one, of Sir Fretful Plagiary, detesting all works but those he owns, and all authors but himself; the other, of a man too perfect even to know or conceive the vices of the world, such as he is painted by Goldsmith in 'Retaliation?' And which of these characters is true?

I am not at all without thoughts of a future revise of 'Edwy and Elgiva,' for which I formed a plan on the first night, from what occurred by the representation. And let me own to you, when you commend my "bearing so well a theatrical drubbing," I am by no means enabled to boast I bear it with conviction of my utter failure. The piece was certainly not heard, and therefore not really judged. The audience finished with an unmixed applause on hearing it was withdrawn for alterations, and I have considered myself in the publicly accepted situation of having at my own option to let the piece die, or attempt its resuscitation,—its reform, as Mr. Cumberland calls it. However, I have not given one moment to the matter since my return to the Hermitage.

F. D'A.

P.S.—I should be very glad to hear good news of the revival of poor Mr. Burke. Have you ever seen him since this fatality in his family? I am glad, nevertheless, with all my heart, of Mr. Hastings's honourable acquittal.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

Chelsea College, June 9, 1795.

My dear Fanny,—I have been such an *évaporé* lately, that, if I were near enough to accost you, it would be in Susey's exclamation, when she was just arrived from France and had stayed at Mrs. Lewis's till ten o'clock at night—"*Que je suis libertine, papa!*" and *Que je suis libertin, ma fille!* Three huge assemblies at Spencer House; two dinners at the Duke of Leeds'; two clubs; a *déjeûner* at Mrs. Crewe's villa at Hampstead; a dinner at Lord Macartney's; two ditto at Mr. Crewe's; two philosophical conversaziones at Sir Joseph Banks's; Haydn's benefit; Salomon's ditto, &c. &c. What profligacy! But what *argufies* all this festivity?—'tis all vanity and exhalement of spirit. I am tired to death of it all, while your domestic and maternal joys are as fresh as the roses in your garden. And here let me congratulate your honest gardener on "the clouds dropping fatness,"—"visiting each plant, and feeding

"Flowers, worthy Paradise.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, he now will rise,
And at his pleasant labour, to reform
His flowery arbours and his alleys green
That mock his scant manuring, and require
More hands than his to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if ye mean to tread with ease."

Mason has sent me his 'Essays on Church Music' (the only book he gave away, according to Mr. Stonehewer). He is very civil to me in all parts of his book; but is more tolerant to parochial psalmody than

I have been in my life, or ever shall be; but for this he apologises, and I laugh at the cause of our difference.

I must tell you what happened at Mrs. Crewe's *déjeûner*. I arrived late, and met many people coming away, but still found the house and gardens full of fashionables. It was a cold-lunch day, and, after eating was over, people went into the bit of a garden to a lottery, or to take a turn. Among the peripatetico-politicians, there was Lord Sheffield, the Master of the Rolls, Canning, with abundance of et ceteras, and Mr. Erskine. On meeting him and Mrs. Erskine, we renewed last year's acquaintance. After we had passed each other several times, we got into conversation, and what do you think about, but the reform of parliament? He told me his whole plan of virtuous representation; —what new county members were to be added, what rotten boroughs destroyed; and his ideas of keeping down corruption from ruining the state. It is not to be quite universal suffrage at elections, which are to be triennial, &c. &c.

"Well, but," says I quietly, "can government go on without influence, or a majority when its measures are good?"

"Oh, yes: the people will be in good humour, and easily governed."

"But, my good Sir!—you, who understand these things so much better than I, be so good as to tell me, what is the ultimate end of Reform, if the present Constitution of King, Lords, and Commons is allowed to subsist, but to make it easy to pull down a minister, at least? and if it is rendered easy to pull down Mr. Pitt, will it not be easy, likewise, to pull down Mr. Fox, or any successor?"

He did not seem prepared for so queer a question; he shuffled about, and gave me an equivocal No, which more clearly said Yes. All this while he had hold of my arm, and people stared at our intimacy, while that rogue Mrs. Crewe and the Marchioness of Buckingham were upstairs, sitting at a window, wondering and laughing at our confabulation.

I have been able to call on Lord Orford but twice since my illness. He was at Strawberry Hill the first time; the second I found him alone, and he was very cordial, quaint, and pleasant; made great inquiries after you; and seemed main eager about my Metastasio, and,—would you think it?—charged me to give plenty of translations from his poetry.

I have seen nothing of Mr. Cumberland since my last,—not even one of his three successful new plays in one season.

I received of Cadell's son, about a fortnight ago, the balance of your pamphlet in favour of the destitute French Priests, which I immediately put into the hands of Mrs. Crewe,—*20l. 7s.* She insisted on your mother's having the pleasure of relieving with 10*l.* of it some of her numerous poor emigrant acquaintances, but since has had it refunded to her for some poor miserable English nuns lately come from Holland, who are literally starving with hunger, and in want of every necessary of life. Lady Buckingham and Mrs. Crewe visit them at Bayswater, and administer to them every assistance in their power. God bless you!

C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. ——.

Bookham, June 15, '95.

No, my dear M——, no;—"this poor intercourse" shall never cease, while the hand that writes this assurance can hold a pen! I have been very much touched with your letter, its affection, and its—everything. Do not for the world suffer this our only communication to "dwindle away:" for me, though the least punctual of all correspondents, I am, perhaps, the most faithful of all friends; for my regard, once excited, keeps equal energy in absence as in presence, and an equally fond and minute interest in those for whom I cherish it, whether I see them but at the distance of years, or with every day's sun. *Sun* it is, even in winter, that shines upon sights so sweet as of persons beloved. My dear and darling sister Phillips will now once more experience this truth, for last Monday she left Mickleham—Norbury Park—Bookham—every spot most dear to her, to go and live in London! Will she, think you, for that, be ever absent from my mind? Will my new ties, dear almost to adoration as they are to me, ever obliterate my former ones? No, my dear M——, all those whom I best love have something, more or less, of resemblance one to another; each, therefore, rather helps than mars my affection for the rest. I love *nobody for nothing;* I am not so tindery! therefore there must be change in the object before there can be any in me.

I have much to say to you.—

* * * *

And lastly, let me hasten to tell you something of myself that I shall be very sorry you should hear from

any other, as your too susceptible mind would be hurt again, and that would grieve me quite to the heart.

I have a long work, which a long time has been in hand, that I mean to publish soon—in about a year. Should it succeed, like 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia,' it may be a little portion to our Bambino. We wish, therefore, to print it for ourselves in this hope; but the expenses of the press are so enormous, so raised by these late Acts, that it is out of all question for us to afford it. We have, therefore, been led by degrees to listen to counsel of some friends, and to print it by subscription. This is in many—many ways unpleasant and unpalatable to us both; but the real chance of real use and benefit to our little darling overcomes all scruples, and, therefore, to work we go!

You will feel, I dare believe, all I could write on this subject; I once rejected such a plan, formed for me by Mr. Burke, where books were to be kept by ladies, not booksellers,—the Duchess of Devonshire, Mrs. Boscawen, and Mrs. Crewe; but I was an individual then, and had no cares of times to come: now, thank Heaven! this is not the case;—and when I look at my little boy's dear, innocent, yet intelligent face, I defy any pursuit to be painful that may lead to his good.

Adieu, my ever dear friend!

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, June 18, '95.

My dearest Father,—How I rejoice my business letter did not arrive an hour or two sooner! It might have so turned your thoughts to itself as to have robbed me of "'fore George! a more excellent song

than t'other!" I would not have lost it—I had almost said—for all my subscription; and I should quite have said it, if I listened more to impulse than to interest.

How I should have enjoyed being with "that rogue," as you call Mrs. Crewe, and Lady Buckingham, peering at you and Mr. Erskine confabbing so lovingly! . . . But I must fly from all this, and from our garden, and our *Bambino*, to write first upon business,—or this, and those, will presently swallow all my paper by dearer, more congenial attraction.

All our deliberations made, even after your discouraging calculations, we still mean to hazard the publishing by subscription. And, indeed, I had previously determined, when I changed my state, to set aside all my innate and original abhorrences, and to regard and use as resources, myself, what had always been considered as such by others. Without this idea, and this resolution, our hermitage must have been madness. With them,—I only wish my dear and kind father could come and work at it, with Abdolomine, to cure his lumbago, as Abdolomine says it would surely do; and he would then see its comforts, its peace, its harmony, and its little "perennial plant," and see many a view of retired life which he may have read as romantic, yet felt as desirable, realized. But here I am running away from this same business again!

I am extremely glad you mean to communicate with Mrs. Crewe. Her former great kindness, in voluntary propositions of exertion upon a similar plan, I have never forgotten, and consequently never ceased to be grateful for, though my then shyness and peculiarly strung nerves, made its prospect terrific, not alluring, to me. Now, when I look at my dear baby, and see its dimpling smiles, and feel its elastic springs, I think

how small is the sacrifice of such feelings for such a blessing. You enchant me by desiring more infantile biography. With what delight I shall obey such a call, and report progress of his wonders from letter to letter!

But—to business again. I like well the idea of giving no name at all,—why should not I have my mystery as well as Udolpho?—but, . . . "now, don't fly, Dr. Burney!"—I own I do not like calling it a novel; it gives so simply the notion of a mere love-story, that I recoil a little from it. I mean this work to be sketches of characters and morals put in action,—not a romance. I remember the word *novel* was long in the way of 'Cecilia,' as I was told at the Queen's house; and it was not permitted to be read by the Princesses till sanctioned by a Bishop's recommendation,—the late Dr. Ross of Exeter.

Will you then suffer *mon amour propre* to be saved by the proposals running thus?—Proposals for printing by subscription, in six volumes duodecimo, a new work by the author of 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia.'

How grieved I am you do not like my heroine's name! *—the prettiest in nature! I remember how many people did not like that of Evelina, and called it "affected" and "missish," till they read the book, and then they got accustomed in a few pages, and afterwards it was much approved.

I must leave this for the present untouched; for the force of the name attached by the idea of the character, in the author's mind, is such, that I should not know how to sustain it by any other for a long while. In 'Cecilia' and 'Evelina' 'twas the same: the names of all

* The name was then *Ariella*, changed afterwards to *Camilla*.

the personages annexed, with me, all the ideas I put in motion with them. The work is so far advanced, that the personages are all, to me, as so many actual acquaintances, whose memoirs and opinions I am committing to paper. I will make it the best I can, my dearest father. I will neither be indolent, nor negligent, nor avaricious. I can never half answer the expectations that seem excited. I must try to forget them, or I shall be in a continual quivering.

Mrs. Cooke, my excellent neighbour, came in just now, to read me a paragraph of a letter from Mrs. Leigh, of Oxfordshire, her sister. . . . After much of civility about the new work and its author, it finishes thus:—"Mr. Hastings I saw just now: I told him what was going forward; he gave a great jump, and exclaimed, 'Well, then, now I can serve her, thank Heaven, and I will! I will write to Anderson to engage Scotland, and I will attack the East Indies myself!'"

F. D'A.

P.S.—The Bambino is half a year old this day.

N.B.—I have not heard the Park or Tower guns. I imagine the wind did not set right.

Madame d'Arblay to the Comte de Narbonne (written during his embarrassments from the French Revolution, and in answer to a letter expressing bitter disappointment from repeated losses).

Bookham, 26th December, 1795.

WHAT a letter, to terminate so long and painful a silence! It has penetrated us with sorrowing and indignant feelings. Unknown to M. d'Arblay, whose grief and horror are upon the point of making him

quite ill, I venture this address to his most beloved friend; and before I seal it, I will give him the option to burn or underwrite it.

I shall be brief in what I have to propose: sincerity need not be loquacious, and M. de Narbonne is too kind to demand phrases for ceremony.

Should your present laudable but melancholy plan fail, and should nothing better offer, or till something can be arranged, will you, dear sir, condescend to share the poverty of our Hermitage? Will you take a little cell under our rustic roof, and fare as we fare? What to us two hermits is cheerful and happy, will to you, indeed, be miserable; but it will be some solace to the goodness of your heart to witness our contentment;—to dig with M. d'A. in the garden will be of service to your health; to nurse sometimes with me in the parlour will be a relaxation to your mind. You will not blush to own your little godson. Come, then, and give him your blessing; relieve the wounded feelings of his father—oblige his mother—and turn hermit at Bookham, till brighter suns invite you elsewhere.

F. D'ARBLAY.

You will have terrible dinners, alas!—but your godson comes in for the dessert.

PART II.

Letter of Comte de Narbonne to Madame d'Arblay—Publication of Camilla—Madame d'Arblay's visit to Windsor—Interview with the Queen—Interest of the King in Madame d'Arblay's new work—Conversation with his Majesty—Another interview with the Queen—Conversation with her Majesty, the Princesses Elizabeth and Augusta—Munificence of their Majesties—Conversation with the Princesses—The Royal Family on the terrace—The King's reception of M. d'Arblay—The Queen and the Duchess of York—Sale of Camilla compared with that of the writer's previous works—The Princess Royal and the Prince of Wurtemberg—Criticism on Camilla—Death of Dr. Burney's second wife—Visit to Norbury Park—The Pursuits of Literature—Unfavourable opinion of Caleb Williams—The Comte de Lally Tolendal and his daughter—Mason's name struck out of Mrs. Delany's will—The Pitt subscription.

PART II.

1796.

The Comte de Narbonne to Monsieur and Madame d'Arblay.

Gleresse, ce 24 Janvier, 1796.

Le sort aura beau faire: mon aimable sœur, il me paroit impossible que je sois jamais bien malheureux tant qu'il ne m'ôtera pas le bien inexprimable de recevoir des lettres comme celles que vous vous réunissiez pour m'écrire. Quel trésor a trouvé mon d'Arblay! Vous croyez peut-être que c'est de *vous* dont je parle? Je ne dis pas tout à fait non—mais je parle aussi de ses richesses, que je partagerai sûrement, avec encore plus de bonheur que de reconnaissance, dès qu'il sera bien décidé qu'il faut que vous vous chargiez de moi. Mais je vais lui expliquer comme quoi votre adorable amitié s'est trop vivement alarmée, et que je ne suis pas tout à fait encore sans quelques petites ressources et espérances. A vous, ma sœur, je ne veux vous parler que de mon filleul, vous prier de lui apprendre à prononcer mon nom—à le confondre avec celui de nos amis de Norbury. Quel paradis vous faites et vous habitez! et que je serai heureux, si le sort peut jamais m'y donner une place où je ne vous sois pas par trop incommode.

Je ne vous remercie pas, mon ami, mais je vous dirai que rien dans la vie ne m'a fait une plus douce sensation de bonheur que votre lettre; aussi, ne doutez pas que je n'accepte *tout—tout* ce que vous voudriez

faire pour moi, quand il ne me restera que vous dans le monde; car je suis bien sûr que vous ne me manquerez jamais. Mais, au vrai, je n'ai, pour le moment, aucun besoin de vous, et je suis même un peu plus près de quelques espérances: d'abord, Ferdinand, qui est revenu en France, a déjà trouvé le moyen de me faire passer quelques louis, et il m'en promet quelques autres sous peu de tems. Voilà donc pour le présent, —et quant à l'avenir, il vient d'être rendu une loi, qui, en ôtant a mon père les deux tiers de son bien attendu l'émigration de ses deux enfans, assure, au moins, l'autre tiers à son héritier naturel, qui est ma fille, et qui, heureusement, je n'ai pas fait sortir; ainsi vous voyez que son avenir et le mien n'est pas tout à fait désespéré. Mais, pour veiller à tout cela, vous voyez que je ne dois pas m'éloigner des frontièrès de la France: ainsi, quelque appétit que vous me donniez d'être pauvre avec vous, il faut que je le sois tout seul encore quelque temps.

Ne vous effrayez donc pas sur moi, mon ami; je passe ici assez doucement ma vie entre Madame de la Chartre, que vous aimez, et Madame de Laval, que vous aimeriez. Nous nous étourdissons sur l'avenir, et je suis aussi heureux que ma situation le comporte. D'ailleurs en vérité, est-il permis de se plaindre, lorsqu'il existe tant d infortunés sans aucun espoir?

De Narbonne.

[During the years 1794 and 1795, Madame d'Arblay finished and prepared for the press her third novel, "Camilla," which was published partly by subscription in 1796; the Dowager Duchess of Leinster, the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Crewe, and Mrs. Lock,

kindly keeping lists, and receiving the names of subscribers.

This work having been dedicated by permission to the Queen, the authoress was desirous of presenting the first copy to her Majesty, and made a journey to Windsor for that honour.]

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, July 16, 1796.

IF I had as much of time as of matter, my dear father, what an immense letter should I write you! But I have still so many book oddments of accounts, examinations, directions, and little household affairs to arrange, that, with baby-kissing included, I expect I can give you to-day only part the first of an excursion which I mean to comprise in four parts: so here begins.

The books were ready at eleven or twelve, but not so the tailor! The three Miss Thrales came to a short but cordial hand-shaking at the last minute, by appointment; and at about half-past three we set forward. I had written the day before to my worthy old friend Mrs. Agnew, the housekeeper, erst, of my revered Mrs. Delany, to secure us rooms for one day and night, and to Miss Planta to make known I could not set out till late.

When we came into Windsor at seven o'clock, the way to Mrs. Agnew's was so intricate that we could not find it, till one of the King's footmen recollecting me, I imagine, came forward, a volunteer, and walked by the side of the chaise to show the postilion the house.—N.B. No bad omen to worldly augurers.

Arrived, Mrs. Agnew came forth with faithful attachment, to conduct us to our destined lodgings. I wrote

hastily to Miss Planta, to announce to the Queen that I was waiting the honour of her Majesty's commands; and then began preparing for my appearance the next morning, when I expected a summons; but Miss Planta came instantly herself from the Queen, with orders of immediate attendance, as her Majesty would see me directly! The King was just gone upon the terrace, but her Majesty did not walk that evening.

Mrs. Agnew was my maid, Miss Planta my arranger; my landlord, who was a hairdresser, came to my head, and M. d'Arblay was general superintendent. The haste and the joy went hand in hand, and I was soon equipped, though shocked at my own precipitance in sending before I was already visible. Who, however, could have expected such prompt admission? and in an evening?

M. d'Arblay helped to carry the books as far as to the gates. My lodgings were as near to them as possible. At the first entry towards the Queen's lodge we encountered Dr. Fisher and his lady: the sight of me there, in a dress announcing indisputably whither I was hieing, was such an astonishment, that they looked at me rather as a recollected spectre than a renewed acquaintance. When we came to the iron rails poor Miss Planta, in much fidget, begged to take the books from M. d'Arblay, terrified, I imagine, lest French feet should contaminate the gravel within!—while he, innocent of her fears, was insisting upon carrying them as far as to the house, till he saw I took part with Miss Planta, and he was then compelled to let us lug in ten volumes as we could.

The King was already returned from the terrace, the page in waiting told us. "O, then," said Miss Planta, "you are too late!" However, I went into my old dining-parlour; while she said she would see if any

one could obtain the Queen's commands for another time. I did not stay five minutes ruminating upon the dinners, "gone where the chickens," &c., when Miss Planta returned, and told me the Queen would see me instantly.

The Queen was in her dressing-room, and with only the Princess Elizabeth. Her reception was the most gracious imaginable; yet, when she saw my emotion in thus meeting her again, she was herself by no means quite unmoved. I presented my little—yet not small—offering, upon one knee, placing them, as she directed. upon a table by her side, and expressing, as well as I could, my devoted gratitude for her invariable goodness to me. She then began a conversation, in her old style, upon various things and people, with all her former graciousness of manner, which soon, as she perceived my strong sense of her indulgence, grew into even all its former kindness. Particulars I have now no room for; but when, in about half an hour, she said, "How long do you intend to stay here, Madame d'Arblay?" and I answered, "We have no intentions, ma'am," she repeated, laughing, "You have no intentions!—Well, then, if you can come again to-morrow morning, you shall see the Princesses."

She then said she would not detain me at present; and, encouraged by all that had passed, I asked if I might presume to put at the door of the King's apartment a copy of my little work. She hesitated, but with smiles the most propitious; then told me to fetch the books; and whispered something to the Princess Elizabeth, who left the room by another door at the same moment that I retired for the other set.

Almost immediately upon my return to the Queen and

the Princess Elizabeth, the King entered the apartment, and entered it to receive himself my little offering.

"Madame D'Arblay," said her Majesty, "tells me that Mrs. Boscawen is to have the third set; but the first —your Majesty will excuse me—is mine."

This was not, you will believe, thrown away upon me. The King, smiling, said, "Mrs. Boscawen, I hear, has been very zealous."

I confirmed this, and the Princess Elizabeth eagerly called out, "Yes, Sir! and, while Mrs. Boscawen kept a book for Madame d'Arblay, the Duchess of Beaufort kept one for Mrs. Boscawen."

This led to a little discourse upon the business, in which the King's countenance seemed to speak a benign interest; and the Queen then said,

"This book was begun here, Sir." Which already I had mentioned.

"And what did you write of it here?" cried he. "How far did you go?—Did you finish any part? or only form the skeleton?"

"Just that, Sir," I answered; "the skeleton was formed here, but nothing was completed. I worked it up in my little cottage."

"And about what time did you give to it?"

"All my time, Sir; from the period I planned publishing it, I devoted myself to it wholly. I had no episode but a little baby. My subject grew upon me, and increased my materials to a bulk that I am afraid will be more laborious to wade through for the reader than for the writer."

"Are you much frightened?" cried he, smiling; "as much frightened as you were before?"

"I have hardly had time to know yet, Sir. I received the fair sheets of the last volume only last night. I have,

therefore, had no leisure for fear. And sure I am, happen what may to the book from the critics, it can never cause me pain in any proportion with the pleasure and happiness I owe to it."

I am sure I spoke most sincerely; and he looked kindly to believe me.

He asked if Mr. Lock had seen it; and, when I said no, seemed comically pleased, as if desirous to have it in its first state. He asked next if Dr. Burney had overlooked it; and, upon the same answer, looked with the same satisfaction. He did not imagine how it would have passed current with my dearest father: he appeared only to be glad it would be a genuine work: but, laughingly, said, "So you kept it quite snug?"

"Not intentionally, Sir, but from my situation and my haste; I should else have been very happy to have consulted my father and Mr. Lock; but I had so much, to the last moment, to write, that I literally had not a moment to hear what could be said. The work is longer by the whole fifth volume than I had first planned; and I am almost ashamed to look at its size, and afraid my readers would have been more obliged to me if I had left so much out than for putting so much in."

He laughed; and inquired who corrected my proofs?

"Only myself," I answered.

"Why, some authors have told me," cried he, "that they are the last to do that work for themselves. They know so well by heart what ought to be, that they run on without seeing what is. They have told me, besides, that a mere plodding head is best and surest for that work; and that the livelier the imagination, the less it should be trusted to."

I must not go on thus minutely, or my four parts will be forty. But a full half-hour of graciousness, I could

almost call kindness, was accorded me, though the King came from the concert to grant it; and it broke up by the Queen saying, "I have told Madame d'Arblay that, if she can come again to-morrow, she shall see the Princesses."

The King bowed gently to my grateful obeisance for this offer, and told me I should not know the Princess Amelia, she was so much grown, adding, "She is taller than you!"

I expressed warmly my delight in the permission of seeing their Royal Highnesses; and their Majesties returned to the concert-room. The Princess Elizabeth stayed, and flew up to me, crying, "How glad I am to see you here again, my dear Miss Burney!—I beg your pardon, Madame d'Arblay I mean—but I always call all my friends by their maiden names when I first see them after they are married."

I warmly now opened upon my happiness in this return to all their sights, and the condescension and sweetness with which it was granted me; and confessed I could hardly behave prettily and properly at my first entrance after so long an absence. "O, I assure you I felt for you!" cried she; "I thought you must be agitated; it was so natural to you to come here—to Mamma!"

You will believe, my dearest father, how light-hearted and full of glee I went back to my expecting companion: Miss Planta accompanied me, and stayed the greatest part of the little remaining evening, promising to let me know at what hour I should wait upon their Royal Highnesses.

The next morning, at eight or nine o'clock, my old footman, Moss, came with Mlle. Jacobi's compliments to M. and Madame d'Arblay, and an invitation to dine at the Queen's Lodge.

Miss Planta arrived at ten, with her Majesty's com-

mands that I should be at the Queen's Lodge at twelve. I stayed, meanwhile, with good Mrs. Agnew, and M. d'Arblay made acquaintance with her worthy husband, who is a skilful and famous botanist, and lately made gardener to the Queen for Frogmore; so M. d'Arblay consulted him about our *cabbages!* and so, if they have not now a high flavour, we are hopeless.

At eleven M. d'Arblay again ventured to esquire me to the rails round the lodge, whence I showed him my *ci-devant* apartment, which he languished to view nearer. I made a visit to Mlle. Jacobi, who is a very good creature, and with whom I remained very comfortably till her Majesty and the Princesses returned from Frogmore, where they had passed two or three hours. Almost immediately I was summoned to the Queen by one of the pages. She was just seated to her hair-dresser.

She conversed upon various public and general topics till the friseur was dismissed, and then I was honoured with an audience, quite alone, for a full hour and a half. In this, nothing could be more gracious than her whole manner and discourse. The particulars, as there was no pause, would fill a duodecimo volume at least. Among them was Mr. Windham, whom she named with great favour; and gave me the opportunity of expressing my delight upon his belonging to the Government. We had so often conversed about him during the accounts I had related of Mr. Hastings's trial, that there was much to say upon the acquisition to the administration, and my former round assertions of his goodness of heart and honour. She inquired how you did, my dearest father, with an air of great kindness; and, when I said well, looked pleased, as she answered, "I was afraid he was ill, for I saw him but twice last year at our music."

She then gave me an account of the removal of the concert to the Haymarket since the time I was admitted to it. She talked of some books and authors, but found me wholly in the clouds as to all that is new. She then said, "What a very pretty book Dr. Burney has brought out upon Metastasio! I am very much pleased with it. Pray (smiling) what will he bring out next?"

"As yet, Madam, I don't know of any new plan."

"But he *will* bring out something else?"

"Most probably; but he will rest a little first, I fancy."

"Has he nothing in hand?"

"Not that I now know of, Madam."

"O, but he soon will!" cried she, again smiling.

"He has so active a mind, Ma'am, that I believe it quite impossible to him to be utterly idle; but, indeed, I know of no present design being positively formed."

We had then some discourse upon the new connexion at Norbury park—the FitzGeralds, &c.; and I had the opportunity to speak as highly as I believe her to deserve of Mrs. Charles. The Queen had thought Miss Angerstein was dead. From this she led to various topics of our former conferences, both in persons and things, and gave me a full description of her new house at Frogmore, its fitting up, and the share of each Princess in its decoration. She spoke with delight of its quiet and ease, and her enjoyment of its complete retirement. "I spend," she cried, "there almost constantly all my mornings. I rarely come home but just before dinner, merely to dress; but to-day I came sooner."

This was said in a manner so flattering, I could scarce forbear the air of thanking her; however, I checked the expression, though I could not the inference which urged it.

At two o'clock the Princess Elizabeth appeared. "Is

the Princess Royal ready?" said the Queen. She answered, "Yes:" and her Majesty then told me I might go to her, adding, "You know the way, Madame d'Arblay." And, thus licensed, I went to the apartment of her Royal Highness upstairs. She was just quitting it. She received me most graciously, and told me she was going to sit for her picture, if I would come and stay with her while she sat. Miss Bab Planta was in attendance, to read during this period. The Princess Royal ordered me a chair facing her; and another for Miss Bab and her book, which, however, was never opened. The painter was Mr. Dupont. She was very gay and very charming; full of lively discourse and amiable condescension.

In about an hour the Princess Augusta came in: she addressed me with her usual sweetness, and, when she had looked at her sister's portrait, said, "Madame D'Arblay, when the Princess Royal can spare you, I hope you will come to me," as she left the room. I did not flout her; and when I had been an hour with the Princess Royal, she told me she would keep me no longer from Augusta, and Miss Planta came to conduct me to the latter.

This lovely Princess received me quite alone; Miss Planta only shut me in; and she then made me sit by her, and kept me in most bewitching discourse more than an hour. She has a gaiety, a charm about her, that is quite resistless; and much of true, genuine, and very original humour. She related to me the history of all the feats, and exploits, and dangers, and escapes of her brothers during last year; rejoicing in their safety, yet softly adding, "Though these trials and difficulties did them a great deal of good."

We talked a little of France, and she inquired of me what I knew of the late unhappy Queen, through M.

d'Arblay; and spoke of her with the most virtuous discrimination between her foibles and her really great qualities, with her most barbarous end.

She then dwelt upon Madame Royale, saying, in her unaffected manner, "It's very odd one never hears what sort of girl she is." I told her all I had gathered from M. d'Arblay. She next spoke of my Bambino, indulging me in recounting his *faits et gestes*; and never moved till the Princess Royal came to summon her. They were all to return to Frogmore to dinner. "We have detained Madame d'Arblay between us the whole morning," said the Princess Royal, with a gracious smile. "Yes," cried Princess Augusta, "and I am afraid I have bored her to death; but when once I begin upon my poor brothers, I can never stop without telling all my little bits of glory." She then outstayed the Princess Royal to tell me that, when she was at Plymouth, at church, she saw so many officers' wives, and sisters, and mothers, helping their maimed husbands, or brothers, or sons, that she could not forbear whispering to the Queen, "Mamma, how lucky it is Ernest is just come so seasonably with that wound in his face! I should have been quite shocked, else, not to have had one little bit of glory among ourselves!"

When forced away from this sweet creature, I went to Mlle. Jacobi, who said, "But where is M. d'Arblay?" Finding it too late for me to go to my lodging to dress before dinner, I wrote him a word, which immediately brought him to the Queen's Lodge: and there I shall leave my dear father the pleasure of seeing us, mentally, at dinner, at my ancient table,—both invited by the Queen's commands. Miss Gomm was asked to meet me, and the repast was extremely pleasant.

Just before we assembled to dinner Mlle. Jacobi desired to speak with me alone, and, taking me to another

room, presented me with a folded little packet, saying, "The Queen ordered me to put this into your hands, and said, 'Tell Madame d'Arblay it is from us both.'" It was an hundred guineas. I was confounded, and nearly sorry, so little was such a mark of their goodness in my thoughts. She added that the King, as soon as he came from the chapel in the morning, went to the Queen's dressing-room just before he set out for the levee, and put into her hands fifty guineas, saying, "This is for my set!" The Queen answered, "I shall do exactly the same for mine," and made up the packet herself. "'Tis only, she said, for the paper, tell Madame d'Arblay—nothing for the trouble!" meaning she accepted that.

The manner of this was so more than gracious, so kind, in the words *us both,* that indeed the money at the time was quite nothing in the scale of my gratification; it was even less, for it almost pained me. However, a delightful thought that in a few minutes occurred made all light and blythesome. "We will come, then," I cried, "once a year to Windsor, to walk the Terrace, and see the King, Queen, and sweet Princesses. This will enable us, and I shall never again look forward to so long a deprivation of their sight." This, with my gratitude for their great goodness, was what I could not refrain commissioning her to report.

Our dinner was extremely cheerful; all my old friends were highly curious to see M. d'Arblay, who was in spirits, and, as he could address them in French, and at his ease, did not seem much disapproved of by them. I went to my lodging afterwards to dress, where I told my Monsieur this last and unexpected stroke, which gave him exactly my sensations, and we returned to tea. We had hopes of the Terrace, as my Monsieur was quite eager to see all this beloved Royal House. The weather, however,

was very unpromising. The King came from the lodge during our absence; but soon after we were in the levee three Royal coaches arrived from Frogmore: in the first was the Queen, the Princesses Royal and Augusta, and some lady in waiting. M. d'Arblay stood by me at a window to see them; her Majesty looked up and bowed to me, and, upon her alighting, she looked up again. This, I am sure, was to see M. d'Arblay, who could not be doubted, as he wore his *croix* the whole time he was at Windsor. The Princesses bowed also, and the four younger, who followed, all severally kissed their hands to me, and fixed their eyes on my companion with an equal expression of kindness and curiosity; he therefore saw them perfectly.

In a few minutes a page came to say "The Princesses desire to see Madame d'Arblay." and he conducted me to the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth, which is the most elegantly and fancifully ornamented of any in the Lodge, as she has most delight and most taste in producing good effects.

Here the fair owner of the chamber received me, encircled with the Princesses Mary and Amelia, and no attendant. They were exactly as I had left them—kind, condescending, open, and delightful, and the goodness of the Queen, in sparing them all to me thus, without any allay of ceremony, or *gêne* of listening mutes, I felt most deeply.

They were all very gay, and I not very sad, so we enjoyed a perfectly easy and even merry half-hour in divers discourses, in which they recounted to me who had been most anxious about "the book," and doubted not its great success, as everybody was so eager about it. "And I must tell you one thing," cried the Princess Elizabeth; "the King is very much pleased with the dedication."

This was, you will be sure, a very touching hearing to

me; and Princess Mary exclaimed, "And he is very difficult!"

"O, yes, he's hardly ever pleased with a dedication," cried one of the Princesses. "He almost always thinks them so fulsome."

"I was resolved I would tell it you," cried Princess Elizabeth.

Can you imagine anything more amiable than this pleasure in giving pleasure?

I now explained that politics were always left out; that once I had had an idea of bringing in such as suited me, but that, upon second thoughts, I returned to my more native opinion they were not a feminine subject for discussion, and that I even believed, should the little work sufficiently succeed to be at all generally read, it would be a better office to general readers to carry them wide of all politics to their domestic fire-sides, than to open new matter of endless debate.

Soon after the Princess Augusta came in, smiling and lovely. Princess Royal next appeared; Princess Augusta sat down and charged me to take a chair next her. Princess Royal did not stay long, and soon returned to summon her sister Augusta downstairs, as the concert was begun; but she replied she could not come yet; and the Princess Royal went alone. We had really a most delicious chat then.

They made a thousand inquiries about my book, and when and where it was written, &c., and how I stood as to fright and fidget. I answered all with openness, and frankly related my motives for the publication. Everything of housekeeping, I told them, was nearly doubled in price at the end of the first year and half of our mar-

riage, and we found it impossible to continue so near our friends and the capital with our limited income, though M. d'A. had accommodated himself completely, and even happily, to every species of economy, and though my dearest father had capitally assisted us; I then, therefore, determined upon adopting a plan I had formerly rejected, of publishing by subscription. I told them the former history of that plan, as Mr. Burke's, and many particulars that seemed extremely to interest them. My garden, our way of life, our house, our Bambino,—all were inquired after and related. I repeatedly told them the strong desire M. d'Arblay had to be regaled with a sight of all their House—a House to which I stood so every way indebted,—and they looked kindly concerned that the weather admitted no prospect of the Terrace.

I mentioned to the Princess Augusta my recent new obligation to their Majesties, and my amaze and even shame at their goodness. "O, I am sure," cried she, "they were very happy to have it in their power."

"Yes, and we were so glad!"

"So glad!" echoed each of the others.

"How enchanted should I have been," cried I, "to have presented my little book to each of your Royal Highnesses if I had dared! or if, after her Majesty has looked it over, I might hope for such a permission, how proud and how happy it would make me!"

"O, I dare say you may," cried the Princess Augusta, eagerly.

I then intimated how deeply I should feel such an honour, if it might be asked, after her Majesty had read it; and the Princess Elizabeth gracefully undertook the office.

She related to me, in a most pleasant manner, the whole of her own transaction, its rise and cause and pro-

gress, in 'The Birth of Love;'* but I must here abridge, or never have done. I told them all my scheme for coming again next July, which they sweetly seconded. Princess Amelia assured me she had not forgotten me; and when another summons came for the concert, Princess Augusta, comically sitting still and holding me by her side, called out, "Do you little ones go!"

But they loitered also; and we went on, on, on, with our chat,—they as unwilling as myself to break it up,—till staying longer was impossible; and then, in parting, they all expressed the kindest pleasure in our newly-adopted plan of a yearly visit.

"And pray," cried Princess Elizabeth, "write again immediately!"

"O, no," cried Princess Augusta, "wait half a year—to rest; and then—increase your family—*all ways!*"

"The Queen," said Princess Elizabeth, "consulted me which way she should read 'Camilla;' whether quick, at once, or comfortably at Weymouth: so I answered, 'Why, mamma, I think, as you will be so much interested in the book, Madame d'Arblay would be most pleased you should read it now at once, quick, that nobody may be mentioning the events before you come to them; and then again at Weymouth, slow and comfortably.'"

In going, the sweet Princess Augusta loitered last but her youngest sister, Amelia, who came to take my hand when the rest were departed, and assure me she should never forget me.

We spent the remnant of Wednesday evening with my old friends, determining to quit Windsor the next day, if the weather did not promise a view of the Royal Family upon the Terrace for M. d'Arblay.

* 'The Birth of Love;' a Poem: with engravings, from designs by Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth.

Thursday morning was lowering, and we determined upon departing, after only visiting some of my former acquaintances. We met Miss Planta in our way to the Lodge, and took leave; but when we arrived at Mlle. Jacobi's we found that the Queen expected we should stay for the chance of the Terrace, and had told Mlle. Jacobi to again invite us to dinner.

We left the friendly Miss Goldsworthy for other visits;—first to good old Mrs. Planta; next to the very respectable Dr. Fisher and his wife. The former insisted upon doing the honours himself of St. George's Cathedral to M. d'Arblay, which occasioned his seeing that beautiful antique building to the utmost advantage. Dr. Fisher then accompanied us to a spot to show M. d'Arblay Eton in the best view.

Dinner passed as before, but the evening lowered, and all hopes of the Terrace were weak, when the Duke and Duchess of York arrived. This seemed to determine against us, as they told us the Duchess never went upon the Terrace but in the finest weather, and the Royal Family did not choose to leave her. We were hesitating therefore whether to set off for Rose Dale, when Mlle. Jacobi gave an intimation to me that the King, herself, and the Princess Amelia, would walk on the Terrace.

Thither instantly we hastened, and were joined by Dr. and Mrs. Fisher. The evening was so raw and cold that there was very little company, and scarce any expectation of the Royal Family; and when we had been there about half an hour the musicians retreated, and everybody was preparing to follow, when a messenger suddenly came forward, helter-skelter, running after the horns and cla-

rionets, and hallooing to them to return. This brought back the straggling parties, and the King, Duke of York, and six Princesses soon appeared.

I have never yet seen M. d'Arblay agitated as at this moment; he could scarce keep his steadiness, or even his ground. The recollections, he has since told me, that rushed upon his mind of his own King and Royal House were so violent and so painful as almost to disorder him.

His Majesty was accompanied by the Duke, and Lord Beaulieu, Lord Walsingham, and General Manners; the Princesses were attended by Lady Charlotte Bruce, some other lady, and Miss Goldsworthy. The King stopped to speak to the Bishop of Norwich and some others at the entrance, and then walked on towards us, who were at the further end. As he approached, the Princess Royal said, loud enough to be heard by Mrs. Fisher, "Madame d'Arblay, Sir;" and instantly he came on a step, and then stopped and addressed me, and, after a word or two of the weather, he said, "Is that M. d'Arblay?" and most graciously bowed to him, and entered into a little conversation; demanding how long he had been in England, how long in the country, &c. &c., and with a sweetness, an air of wishing us well, that will never, never be erased from our hearts.

M. d'Arblay recovered himself immediately upon this address, and answered with as much firmness as respect.

Upon the King's bowing and leaving us, the Commander-in-Chief most courteously bowed also to M. d'Arblay, and the Princesses all came up to speak to me, and to curtsy to him; and the Princess Elizabeth cried, "I've got leave! and mamma says she won't wait to read it first!"

After this the King and Duke never passed without taking off their hats, and the Princesses gave me a smile and a curtsy at every turn: Lord Walsingham came to speak to me, and Mr. Fairly, and General Manners, who regretted that more of our old tea-party were not there to meet me once more.

As soon as they all re-entered the Lodge we followed to take leave of Mlle. Jacobi; but, upon moving towards the passage, the Princess Royal appeared, saying, "Madame d'Arblay, I come to waylay you!" and made me follow her to the dressing-room, whence the voice of the Queen, as the door opened, called out, in mild accents, "Come in, Madame d'Arblay!"

Her Majesty was seated at the upper end of the room, with the Duchess of York on her right, and the Princesses Sophia and Amelia on her left. She made me advance, and said, "I have just been telling the Duchess of York that I find her Royal Highness's name the first upon this list,"—producing 'Camilla.'

"Indeed," said the Duchess, bowing to me, "I was so very impatient to read it, I could not but try to get it as early as possible. I am very eager for it, indeed!"

"I have read," said the Queen, "but fifty pages yet; but I am in great uneasiness for that poor little girl, that I am afraid will get the small-pox! and I am sadly afraid that sweet little other girl will not keep her fortune! but I won't peep! I read quite fair. But I must tell Madame d'Arblay I know a country gentleman, in Mecklenburg, exactly the very character of that good old man the uncle!"

She seemed to speak as if delighted to meet him upon paper.

The King now came in, and I could not forbear making up to him, to pour forth some part of my full heart for his

goodness! He tried to turn away, but it was smilingly; and I had courage to pursue him, for I could not help it.

He then slightly bowed it off, and asked the Queen to repeat what she had said upon the book.

"O, your Majesty," she cried, "I must not anticipate!" yet told him of her pleasure in finding an old acquaintance.

"Well!" cried the King archly, "and what other characters have you seized?"

None, I protested, from life.

"O!" cried he, shaking his head, "you must have some!"

"Indeed your Majesty will find none!" I cried.

"But they may be a little better, or a little worse," he answered, "but still, if they are not like somebody, how can they play their parts?"

"O, yes, Sir," I cried, "as far as general nature goes, or as characters belong to classes, I have certainly tried to take them. But no individuals!"

My account must be endless if I do not now curtail. The Duke of York, the other Princesses, General Manners, and all the rest of the group, made way to the room soon after, upon hearing the cheerfulness of the voice of the King, whose graciousness raised me into spirits that set me quite at my ease. He talked much upon the book, and then of Mrs. Delany, and then of various others that my sight brought to his recollection, and all with a freedom and goodness that enabled me to answer without difficulty or embarrassment, and that produced two or three hearty laughs from the Duke of York.

After various other topics, the Queen said, "Duchess, Madame d'Arblay is aunt of the pretty little boy you were so good to."

The Duchess understood her so immediately, that I fancy this was not new to her. She bowed to me again, very smilingly, upon the acknowledgments this encouraged me to offer; and the King asked an explanation.

"Sir," said the Duchess, "I was upon the road near Dorking, and I saw a little gig overturned, and a little boy was taken out, and sat down upon the road. I told them to stop and ask if the little boy was hurt, and they said yes; and I asked where he was to go, and they said to a village just a few miles off; so I took him into my coach, Sir, and carried him home."

"And the benedictions, Madam," cried I, "of all his family have followed you ever since!"

"And he said your Royal Highness called him a very pretty boy," cried the Queen, laughing, to whom I had related it.

"Indeed, what he said is very true," answered she, nodding.

"Yes; he said," quoth I, again to the Queen, "that he saw the Duchess liked him."

This again the Queen repeated, and the Duchess again nodded, and pointedly repeated, "It is very true."

"He was a very fine boy—a very fine boy indeed!" cried the King; "what is become of him?"

I was a little distressed in answering, "He is—in Ireland, Sir."

"In Ireland! What does he do in Ireland? what does he go there for?"

"His father took him, Sir," I was forced to answer.

"And what does his father take him to Ireland for?"

"Because—he is an Irishman, Sir," I answered, half laughing.

When at length, every one deigning me a bow of

leave-taking, their Majesties, and sons and daughters, retired to the adjoining room, the Princess Amelia loitered to shake hands, and the Princess Augusta returned for the same condescension, reminding me of my purpose for next year.

While this was passing, the Princess Royal had repaired to the apartment of Mlle. Jacobi, where she had held a little conversation with M. d'Arblay.

We finished the evening very cheerfully with Mlle. Jacobi and Mlle. Montmollin, whom she invited to meet us, and the next morning left Windsor and visited Rose Dale.*

Mrs. Boscawen received us very sweetly, and the little offering as if not at all her due. Mrs. Leveson Gower was with her, and showed us Thomson's temple. Mrs. Boscawen spoke of my dearest father with her usual true sense of how to speak of him. She invited us to dinner, but we were anxious to return to Bambino, and M. d'Arblay had, all this time, only fought off being ill with his remnant cold. Nevertheless, when we came to Twickenham, my good old friend Mr. Cambridge was so cordial and so earnest that we could not resist him, and were pressed in to staying dinner.

* * * *

At a little before eleven we arrived at our dear cottage, and to our sleeping Bambino.

F. D'A.

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* Rose Dale, Richmond, Surrey. This place was formerly the residence of the poet Thomson, and afterwards became the property of the Honourable Mrs. Boscawen.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, Friday, October, 1796.

How well I know and feel the pang of this cruel day to my beloved father! My heart seems visiting him almost every minute in grief and participation; yet I was happy to see it open with a smiling aspect, and encourage a superstition of hoping it portentous of a good conclusion.

I am almost afraid to ask how my poor mother bore the last farewell. Indeed, I hope she was virtuously cheated of a leave-taking. I advised Susan to avoid it if possible, as the parting impression would be lighter by such management; and, much as she is recovered from her very terrible state, she cannot be too cautious of emotions of almost any sort, much less of such a separation. Our sorrow, however, here, has been very considerably diminished by the major's voluntary promises to Mrs. Lock of certain and speedy return. I shall expect him at the peace—not before. I cannot think it possible he should appear here during the war, except, as now, merely to fetch his family.

But I meant to have begun with our thanks for my dear kind father's indulgence of our extreme curiosity and interest in the sight of the reviews. I am quite happy in what I have escaped of greater severity, though my mate cannot bear that the palm should be contested by 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia;' his partiality rates the last as so much the highest; so does the newspaper I have mentioned, of which I long to send you a copy. But those immense men, whose single praise was fame and security—who established, by a word, the two elder sisters—are now silent. Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua are no more, and Mr. Burke is ill, or otherwise engrossed; yet, even without their powerful influence, to which I

owe such unspeakable obligation, the essential success of 'Camilla' exceeds that of the elders. The sale is truly astonishing. Charles has just sent to me that five hundred only remain of four thousand, and it has appeared scarcely three months.

The first edition of 'Evelina' was of eight hundred, the second of five hundred, and the third of a thousand. What the following have been I have never heard. The sale from that period became more flourishing than the publisher cared to announce. Of 'Cecilia' the first edition was reckoned enormous at two thousand; and as a part of payment was reserved for it, I remember our dear Daddy Crisp thought it very unfair. It was printed, like this, in July, and sold in October, to every one's wonder. Here, however, the sale is increased in rapidity more than a third. Charles says,—

"Now heed no more what critics thought 'em,
Since this you know, all people bought 'em."

We have resumed our original plan, and are going immediately to build a little cottage for ourselves. We shall make it as small and as cheap as will accord with its being warm and comfortable. We have relinquished, however, the very kind offer of Mr. Lock, which he has renewed, for his park. We mean to make this a property saleable or letable for our Alex, and in Mr. Lock's park we could not encroach any tenant, if the youth's circumstances, profession, or inclination should make him not choose the spot for his own residence. M. d'Arblay, therefore, has fixed upon a field of Mr. Lock's, which he will rent, and of which Mr. Lock will grant him a lease of ninety years. By this means, we shall leave the little Alex a little property, besides what will be in the funds, and a property likely to rise in value, as the situation of the field is remarkably beautiful. It is in the

valley, between Mr. Lock's park and Dorking, and where land is so scarce, that there is not another possessor within many miles who would part, upon any terms, with half an acre. My kindest father will come and give it, I trust, his benediction. I am now almost jealous of Bookham for having received it.

Imagine but the extacy of M. d'Arblay in training, all his own way, an entire new garden. He dreams now of cabbage-walks, potato-beds, bean-perfumes, and peas-blossoms. My mother should send him a little sketch to help his flower-garden, which will be his second favourite object.

Alex. has made no progress in phrases, but pronounces single words a few more. Adieu, most dear Sir.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock.

1796.

You are too good, my dearest friend, almost literally too good; which, you know, like all extremes, is naught.

My mate wants to send you a daisy, but says he will carry it. What can I send you? Only what you have got already, which is very Irish, for I have but my old heart, with not one new thing in it for you these many years.

I have had this morning a letter that has quite melted me with grateful sensations, written by command. I will show it you when these eternal rains will take a little rest.

A private letter from Windsor tells me the Prince of Wurtemberg has much pleased in the Royal House, by his manners and address upon his interview, but that the poor Princess Royal was almost dead with terror, and agitation, and affright, at the first meeting. She could

not utter a word. The Queen was obliged to speak her answers. The Prince said he hoped this first would be the last disturbance his presence would ever occasion her. She then tried to recover, and so far conquered her tumult as to attempt joining in a general discourse from time to time. He paid his court successfully, I am told, to the sisters, who all determine to like him; and the Princess Royal is quite revived in her spirits again, now this tremendous opening sight is over.

You will be pleased, and my dearest Mr. Lock, at the style of my summons: 'tis so openly from the Queen herself. Indeed, she has behaved like an angel to me, from the trying time to her of my marriage with a Frenchman. "So odd, you know," as Lady Inchiquin said.

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F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

Wednesday night, November, 1796.

MY DEAR FANNY,—I must thank you for your prompt letter and 'Babiniana,' though I am too tired and languid to say much. I have been writing melancholy heart-rending letters this day or two, which have oppressed me sadly; yet I am still more heartless and miserable in doing nothing. The author of the poem on the spleen, says, "Fling but a stone, the giant dies;" but such stones as I have to fling will not do the business.

James and Charles dined here, and kept the monster at a little distance, but he was here again the moment they were gone. I try to read, and pronounce the words "without understanding one of them," as Johnson said in reading my dissertation on the music of the ancients.

The 'Monthly Review' has come in to-day, and it

does not satisfy me, or raise my spirits, or anything but my indignation. James has read the remarks in it on 'Camilla,' and we are all dissatisfied. Perhaps a few of the verbal criticisms may be worth your attention in the second edition; but these have been picked out and displayed with no friendly view, and without necessity, in a work of such length and intrinsic sterling worth. *J'enrage! Morbleu!*

I thought when I began that I should not be able to write three lines, but this subject has been both a whip and a spur to me. God bless you, my dear Fanny! Pray, always remember me kindly and cordially to our dear chevalier, and talk of me at least to the cherub. I want some employment that will interest me like my canons during the rheumatism, and make me forget myself and my sorrows; but I have not yet found such an opiate. Once more, God bless you, my ever dear Fanny!

C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, November, 1796.

I HAD intended writing to my dearest father by a return of goods, but I find it impossible to defer the overflowings of my heart at his most kind and generous indignation with the Reviewer. What censure can ever so much hurt as such compensation can heal? And, in fact, the praise is so strong that, were it neatly put together, the writer might challenge my best enthusiasts to find it insufficient. The truth, however, is, that the criticisms come forward, and the panegyric is entangled, and so blended with blame as to lose almost all effect.

The Reviews, however, as they have not made, will not, I trust, mar me. 'Evelina' made its way all by

itself; it was well spoken of, indeed, in all the Reviews, compared with general novels, but it was undistinguished by any quotation, and only put in the Monthly Catalogue, and only allowed a short single paragraph. It was circulated only by the general public, till it reached, through that unbiased medium, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke, and thence it wanted no patron. Works of this kind are judged always by the many; works of science, history and philosophy, voyages and travels, and poetry, frequently owe their fate to the sentiments of the first critics who brand or extol them.

Miss Cambridge asked me, early, if I should not take some care about the Reviews? "No," I said, "none. There are two species of composition which may nearly brave them—politics and novels; for these will be sought and will be judged by the various multitude, not the fastidious few. With the latter, indeed, they may be aided or injured, by criticism, but it will not stop their being read, though it may prejudice their readers. They want no recommendation for being handed about but that of being new, and they frequently become established, or sunk into oblivion, before that high literary tribunal has brought them to a trial."

She laughed at my composure; but, though I am a good deal chagrined, it is not broken. If I had begun by such a perusal I might, indeed, have been disturbed, but it has succeeded to so much solace and encouragement that it cannot penetrate deeply.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

Bookham, November 7, 1798.

YES, my beloved Susan safe landed at Dublin was indeed all-sufficient for some time; nor, indeed,

could I even read any more for many minutes. That, and the single sentence at the end "My Norbury is with me,"—completely overset me, though only with joy. After your actual safety, nothing could so much touch me as the picture I instantly viewed of Norbury in your arms. Yet I shall hope for more detail hereafter.

The last letter I had from you addressed to myself shows me your own sentiment of the fatal event * which so speedily followed your departure, and which my dear father has himself announced to you, though probably the newspapers will anticipate his letter. I am very sorry, now, I did not write sooner; but while you were still in England, and travelling so slowly, I had always lurking ideas that disqualified me from writing to Ireland.

The minute I received, from Sally, by our dearest father's desire, the last tidings, I set out for Chelsea. I was much shocked by the news, long as it has been but natural to look forward to it. My better part spoke even before myself upon the propriety of my instant journey, and promised me a faithful nursing attendance during my absence. I went in a chaise, to lose no time; but the uncertainty how I might find my poor father made me arrive with a nervous seizure upon my voice that rendered it as husky as Mr. Rishton's.

While I settled with the postilion, Sally, James, Charlotte, and Marianne, came to me. Esther and Charles had been there the preceding day; they were sent to as soon as the event had happened. My dearest father received me with extreme kindness, but though far, far more calm and quiet than I could expect, he was much shaken, and often very faint. However, in the course of the evening, he suffered me

* The death of Dr. Burney's second wife.

to read to him various passages from various books, such as conversation introduced, and, as his nature is as pure from affectation as from falsehood, encouraged in himself, as well as permitted in us, whatever could lead to cheerfulness.

Let me not forget to record one thing that was truly generous in my poor mother's last voluntary exertions. She charged Sally and her maid both not to call my father when she appeared to be dying; and not disturb him if her death should happen in the night, nor to let him hear it till he arose at his usual time. I feel sensibly the kindness of this sparing consideration and true feeling.

Yet, not so would I be served! O never should I forgive the misjudged prudence that should rob me of one little instant of remaining life in one who was truly dear to me! Nevertheless, I shall not be surprised to have his first shock succeeded by a sorrow it did not excite, and I fear he will require much watching and vigilance to be kept as well as I have quitted him.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, November 14, '96.

I COVET much to hear that the melancholy task of ransacking, examining, depositing, or demolishing regretful records is over. Sometimes I wish this search could be mixed with collecting for copying, your numerous— and so many of them beautiful—manuscript poems. Some particular pursuit is absolutely necessary. How I wish we could engage in any conjointly! If Mr. Twining and two or three other such—(only, where are

they to be found?)—would bear a part, I know nothing that might better interest my dearest father, nor in which he would more, and in a thousand ways, excel, than in superintending some periodical work.

Upon a second reading the 'Monthly Review' upon 'Camilla,' I am in far better humour with it, and willing to confess to the criticisms, if I may claim by that concession any right to the eulogies. They are stronger and more important, upon re-perusal, than I had imagined, in the panic of a first survey and an unprepared-for disappointment in anything like severity from so friendly an editor. The recommendation at the conclusion of the book, as a warning guide to youth, would recompense me, upon the least reflection, for whatever strictures might precede it. I hope my kind father has not suffered his generous—and to me most cordial—indignation against the reviewer to interfere with his intended answer to the affectionate letter of Dr. Griffiths.

I must now inform you of a grand event: Alex has made his entrance into the polite circle. Last week he accompanied me in returning about the sixth visit for one of Lady Rothes. I left him in Mr. Lock's carriage, which I had borrowed for the occasion, till I was preparing to take leave, and then I owned I had a little beau in waiting. You will suppose he was immediately demanded.

The well, for water, seems impervious. I grow rather uneasy about it; it is now at near ninety feet depth. M. d'Arblay works all day long at his new garden and orchard, and only comes home to a cold spoiled dinner, at tea-time. Baby and I are just going to take a peep at him at his work, which various affairs of *ménage*, joined to frequent evenings at Norbury, to meet the excellent and

most worthy Count de Lally Tolendal, have hitherto prevented.

Adieu, my dear, dear father!

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

Bookham, November 25, 1796.

NEVER was a sweeter letter written, my dearest Susanna, than that I have this moment read; and though my *quinze jours* are but half over, I cannot forbear answering it immediately, to tell you of my delight in all your accounts, especially of the Kiernan family, which is so peculiarly interesting to you. I was well prepared to love it from the fine branch I saw at Mickleham; pray make her remember me, and assure her she has a friend in England who, though but of a few hours' growth, thinks of her always with pleasure, and every sort of presentiment of good.

The anxiety I have been in to know how the weather agreed with you, in so trying a journey, makes what you say a relief, though, alas! anxiety must still live in such a season! I want to know more of Belcotton; a description of every room, when nothing else occurs more pressing, would much gratify me, by giving me a nearer view, in idea, of how and where my dearest Susan is seated, standing, or walking. The interview, as you describe it, with Mrs. Hill, brings fresh to me my tendency of loving that respectably singular and amiable character.

You will have heard that the Princesse d'Henin and M. de Lally have spent a few days at Norbury Park.

We went every evening regularly to meet them, and they yet contrive to grow higher and higher in our best opinions and affections; they force that last word; none other is adequate to such regard as they excite.

M. de Lally read us a pleading for *émigrés* of all descriptions, to the people and government of France, for their re-instalment in their native land, that exceeds in eloquence, argument, taste, feeling, and every power of oratory and truth united, anything I ever remember to have read. It is so affecting in many places, that I was almost ill from restraining my nearly convulsive emotions. My dear and honoured partner gives me, perhaps, an interest in such a subject beyond what is its mere natural due and effect, therefore I cannot be sure such will be its universal success; yet I shall be nothing less than surprised to live to see his statue erected in his own country, at the expense of his own restored exiles. 'Tis, indeed, a wonderful performance. And he was so easy, so gay, so unassuming, yet free from condescension, that I almost worshipped him. M. d'Arblay cut me off a bit of the coat in which he read his pleading, and I shall preserve it, labelled!

The Princess was all that was amiable and attractive, and she loves my Susanna so tenderly, that her voice was always caressing when she named her. She would go to Ireland, she repeatedly said, on purpose to see you, were her fortune less miserably cramped. The journey, voyage, time, difficulties, and sea-sickness, would be nothing for obstacles. You have made, there, that rare and exquisite acquisition—an ardent friend for life.

I have not heard very lately of my dearest father; all accounts speak of his being very much lower in spirits

than when I left him. I sometimes am ready to return to him; for my whole heart yearns to devote itself to him; but the babe, and the babe's father—and there is no going *en famille* uninvited—and my dear father does not feel equal to making the invitation.

One of the Tichfield dear girls seems to be constantly with Sally, to aid the passing hours; but our poor father wants something more than cheerfulness and affection, though nothing without them could do; he wants some one to find out pursuits—to entice him into reading, by bringing books, or starting subjects; some one to lead him to talk of what he thinks, or to forget what he thinks of, by adroitly talking of what may catch other attention. Even where deep sorrow is impossible, a gloomy void must rest in the total breaking up of such a long and such a last connexion.

I must always grieve at your absence at such a period. Our Esther has so much to do in her own family, and fears so much the cold of Chelsea, that she can be only of day and occasional use, and it is nights and mornings that call for the confidential companion that might best revive him. He is more amiable, more himself, if possible, than ever. God long preserve him to bless us all!

Our new house is stopped short in actual building, from the shortness of the days, &c., but the master surveyor has still much to settle there, and three workmen to aid preparing the ground for agricultural purposes. The foundation is laid, and on the 1st of March the little dwelling will begin to be run up. The well is just finished; the water is a hundred and odd feet deep, and it costs near 22*l.* which, this very morning, thank Heaven! has been paid.

Your old acquaintance, Miss ——, has been passing ten days in this neighbourhood. She is become very pleasingly formed in manners, whenever she wishes to oblige, and all her roughnesses and ruggednesses are worn off. I believe the mischief done by her education, and its wants, not cured, if curable, *au fond*; but much amended to all, and apparently done away completely to many. What really rests is a habit of exclusively consulting just what she likes best, not what would be or prove best for others. She thinks, indeed, but little of anything except with reference to herself; and that gives her an air, and will give her a character, for inconstancy, that is in fact the mere result of seeking her own gratification alike in meeting or avoiding her connexions. If she saw this, she has understanding sufficient to work it out of her; but she weighs nothing sufficiently to dive into her own self. She knows she is a very clever girl, and she is neither well contented with others, nor happy in herself, but where this is evidently acknowledged.

We spent an evening together at Norbury Park; she was shown all Mr. William's pictures and drawings. I knew her expectations of an attention she had no chance of exciting, and therefore devoted myself to looking them over with her; yet, though Mr. Lock himself led the way to see them, and explained several, and though Amelia addressed her with the utmost sweetness, and Mrs. Lock with perfect good breeding, I could not draw from her one word relative to the evening, or the family, except that she did not think she had heard Mr. William's voice once. A person so young, and with such good parts, that can take no pleasure but in personal distinction, which is all her visit can have wanted, will soon cut all real improvement short, by confining her-

self to such society alone as elevates herself. There she will always make a capital figure, for her conversation is sprightly and entertaining, and her heart and principles are both good: she has many excellent qualities, and various resources in herself; but she is good enough to make me lament that she is not modest enough to be yet better.

* * * * *

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, Nov. 29, 1796.

OUR cottage-building stops now, from the shortness of the days, till the beginning of March. The foundation is laid, and it will then be run up with great speed. The well, at length, is finished, and it is a hundred and odd feet deep. The water is said to be excellent, but M. d'Arblay has had it now stopped to prevent accidents from hazardous boys, who, when the field is empty of owners, will be amusing themselves there. He has just completed his grand plantations; part of which are in evergreens, part in firewood for future time, and part in an orchard.

But, my dearest sir, I think I would risk my new cottage against sixpence, that I have guessed the author of 'The Pursuits of Literature.' Is it not Mr. Mason? The verses I think equal to anybody; those on Shakspeare, "His pen he dipt in mind," are demi-divine. And who else could so well interweave what

concerns music?—could so well attack Dr. Parr for his severity against Dr. Hurd, who had to himself addressed his Essay on the marks of imitation?—Who be so interested, or so difficult to satisfy, about the exquisite Gray?—Who know so well how to appreciate works upon gardening?—Who, so singularly, be for *the sovereign—the government*, yet, palpably, not for George the Third, nor for William Pitt? And then, the lines which form his sort of epitaph seem for *him* (Mason) alone designed. How wickedly he has flogged all around him, and how cleverly!

But I am very angry about the excellent Marchioness of Buckingham. The fear of popery in these days seems to me most marvellous; the fears of infidelity seem a thousand times more rational. 'Tis, however, a very first-rate production. The hymns, in his open name, are most gratefully accepted by my excellent neighbour, Mr. Cooke.

We have not yet read Le Vaillant. We are not much struck with 'The Creole:' it is too full of trite observations introduced sententiously. 'Clarentine' is written with much better taste. We have just been lent 'Caleb Williams, or Things as they are.' Mr. Lock, who says its *design* is execrable, avers that one little word is omitted in its title, which should be thus — "or Things as they are NOT."

Adieu, most dear sir; I shall be very unquiet till I have some news of your health.

Most dutifully and affectionately,
Ever yours,
F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, December 16, 1796.

WHAT cruel and most unnecessary disturbance might I have been spared if accident had not twice stood my enemy! All's well that ends well, however; and I will forget the inquietude, and all else that is painful, to dwell upon the sweet meeting in store. and the sight that my eye's mind, equally with my mind's eye, presents to me continually, of my innocent Alic restoring, by his playful spirits, the smiles of his dearest grandfather, whose heart, were it as hard as it is soft, could not resist what all mankind consent to find irresistible—the persuasive gaiety of happy childhood.

M. le Comte de Lally Tolendal, who has been on a visit to Norbury Park, says he can never forgive me the laugh I have brought against him by the scene of Sir Hugh on the birthday, 'tis so exactly the description of himself when an amiable child comes in his way. He left an only daughter in Paris, where she is now at school, under the superintendence of la Princesse de Poix, whose infirmities and constant illness have detained her in that wretched city during the whole Revolution, though under the compulsion of a pretended divorce from le Prince, who is in London. M. de Lally had just received, by a private hand, a letter from his daughter, now eleven years old, extremely pretty and touching, half in French, half in broken English, which language he has particularly ordered she may study, and enclosed a ribbon

with her height and breadth. She tells him she has just learnt by heart his translation of Pope's 'Universal Prayer,' and she hopes, when he comes to fetch her, he will meet her upon the Terrace, where she walks with her companions, and know her at once from everybody.

I, too, thought the prose of the 'Pursuits of Literature' too spirited and good for Mr. Mason, when compared with what I have seen of his general letters; but he has two styles, in prose as well as poetry, and I have seen compositions, rather than epistles, which he wrote formerly to Mrs. Delany, so full of satire, point, and epigrammatic severity and derision, upon those of their mutual acquaintance whom he confidentially named, that I feel not the least scruple for my opinion. In those letters with which that revered old friend intrusted me, when her eye-sight failed for reading them herself, there were also many ludicrous sketches of certain persons, and caricatures as strong of the pencil as of the pen. They were written in his season of democracy, and my dear Mrs. Delany made me destroy all that were mischievous. The highest personages, with whom she was not then peculiarly, as afterwards, connected, were held up to so much ridicule, that her early regard and esteem diminished as her loyalty increased; and immediately upon taking possession of the house given her at Windsor by the King, she struck the name of Mr. Mason from her will, in which she had bequeathed him her 'Sacharissa,' which he had particularly admired, and left it to me. I did not know this till she was no more, when Mrs. Agnew informed me of the period of the alteration.

My little man waits for your lessons to get on in elo-

cution: he has made no further advance but that of calling out, as he saw our two watches hung on two opposite hooks over the chamber chimney-piece, "Watch, papa,—watch, mamma;" so, though his first speech is English, the idiom is French. We agree this is to avoid any heartburning in his parents. He is at this moment so exquisitely enchanted with a little penny trumpet, and finding he can produce such harmony his own self, that he is blowing and laughing till he can hardly stand. If you could see his little swelling cheeks, you would not accuse yourself of a misnomer in calling him cherub. I try to impress him with an idea of pleasure in going to see grandpapa, but the short visit to Bookham is forgotten, and the permanent engraving remains, and all his concurrence consists in pointing up to the print over the chimney-piece, and giving it one of his concise little bows.

Are not people a little revived in the political world by this unexampled honour paid to Mr. Pitt? Mr. Lock has subscribed 3000*l.*

How you rejoiced me by what you say of poor Mr. Burke! for I had seen the paragraph of his death with most exceeding great concern.

The Irish reports are, I trust, exaggerated; few things come quite plainly from Hibernia: yet what a time, in all respects, to transport thither, as you too well term it, our beloved Susan! She writes serenely, and Norbury seems to repay a world of sufferings: it is delightful to see her so satisfied there, at least; but they have all, she says, got the brogue.

Our building is to be resumed the 1st of March; it will then soon be done, as it is only of lath and plaster, and the roof and wood-work are already prepared. My

indefatigable superintendent goes every morning for two, three, or four hours to his field, to work at a sunk fence that is to protect his garden from our cow. I have sent Mrs. Boscawen, through Miss Cambridge, a history of our plan. The dwelling is destined by M. d'Arblay to be called the Camilla Cottage.

F. D'A.

PART III.

Perils of Travelling—Invasion of Ireland—Dr. Burney's Lines to Madame d'Arblay—Her drama of Cerulia—Illness of Lord Orford—Dr. Burney's poem "Astronomy"—Vaccination School founded by Mr. Burke for the sons of French emigrants—His funeral—Character of Edmund Burke—News of M. d'Arblay's relatives—Etruria—Visit to Lichfield—Dr. James, inventor of the Fever powder—Visit to Dr. Herschel—Conversations on Astronomy—Letter of Lafayette—Removal of M. and Madame d'Arblay to their new house—Visit from the Princess d'Henin and M. de Lally Tolendal—Madame d'Arblay visits the Royal Family—The mutiny and the honest sailor—Admiral Duncan's victory—Interview with the Queen—Conversation with her Majesty—The Princess and the King—The Prince of Orange—Prince Ernest (King of Hanover)—Miss Farren—Mrs. Siddons and Sadler's Wells—Prince William (William IV.)—Condescension of the Royal Family.

PART III.

1797.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, January 8, '97

I WAS extremely vexed at missing our uncertain post yesterday, and losing, unavoidably, another to-day, before I return my dearest father our united thanks for the kind and sweet fortnight passed under his roof.

Our adventures in coming back were better adapted to our departure than our arrival, for they were rather rueful. One of the horses did not like his business, and wanted to be off, and we were stopped by his gambols continually, and, if I had not been a soldier's wife, I should have been terribly alarmed; but my soldier does not like to see himself disgraced in his other half, and so I was fain to keep up my courage, till, at length, after we had passed Fetcham, the frisky animal plunged till he fastened the shaft against a hedge, and then, little Betty beginning to scream, I inquired of the postilion if we had not better alight. If it were not, he said, for the dirt, yes. The dirt then was defied, and I prevailed, though with difficulty, upon my chieftain to consent to a general dismounting. And he then found it was not too soon, for the horse became inexorable to all menace, caress, chastisement, or harangue, and was obliged to be loosened.

Meanwhile, Betty, Bab, and I trudged on, vainly looking back for our vehicle, till we reached our little home

mile and a half. Here we found good fires, though not a morsel of food; this, however, was soon procured, and our walking apparel changed for drier raiment; and I sent forth our nearest cottager, and a young butcher, and a boy, towards Fetcham, to aid the vehicle, or its contents, for my Chevalier had stayed on account of our chattels: and about two hours after the chaise arrived, with one horse, and pushed by its hirer, while it was half dragged by its driver. But all came safe; and we drank a dish of tea, and ate a mutton-chop, and kissed our little darling, and forgot all else of our journey but the pleasure we had had at Chelsea with my dearest father and dear Salkin.

And just now I received a letter from our Susanna, which tells me the invasion has been made in a part of Ireland where all is so loyal there can be no apprehension from any such attempt; but she adds, that if it had happened in the north everything might have been feared. Heaven send the invaders far from all the points of the Irish compass! and that's an Irish wish for expression, though not for meaning. All the intelligence she gathers is encouraging, with regard to the spirit and loyalty of all that surround her. But Mr. Brabazon is in much uneasiness for his wife, whose situation is critical, and he hesitates whether or not to convey her to Dublin, as a place of more security than her own habitation. What a period this for the usual journey of our invaluable Susan!

* * * *

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, January 26, '97.

How is it, my dearest, kindest father, you have made me so in love with my own tears that no laughter ever

gave my heart such pleasure as those I have shed—even plentifully— over these sweet lines? How do they endear to me my little books—which, with the utmost truth, I can aver, never, in all their circle of success, have procured me any satisfaction I can put on a par with your approbation of them! My little boy will be proud hereafter, however poor a gentleman now, to read such lines, addressed by such a grandfather to his mother. M. d'Arblay himself could not keep the tears within his eyes —hard as is his heart—when he perused what so much touched me. He confesses your English grows upon him; and he does not much wonder if I, like Mr. Courtney, class it with the very first class—though I cannot boast quite as disinterested a generosity as that democratical friend.

By the way, I hope soon to receive some copies of some of the early effusions of my partner. After he had left you yesterday, he saw a lady formerly very high in his good graces, who told him she had brought over with her, in her flight from her unhappy country, several of his juvenile pieces; and he begged them for his hermit. She thought him, probably, horribly John Bullified, yet promised to look them out. Indeed, she asked him if he did not find her *bien changée?* and he replied, "*Ma foi, je ne peux pas vous le cacher.*"

I delight in the reference my dearest father has made to the Queen's trust for her daughters in his most sweet lines. I am quite enchanted to hear of the two hundred additionals to my very favourite poem on Astronomy, or rather its history. Yet I am provoked you have found no scattered verses to help on; for so many could never have been completed and refined without many more sketched and imagined—at least, not if you compose like anybody else. Pope had always myriads

half-finished, and dispersed, for future parts, while he corrected and polished the preceding. Dr. Johnson told me that.

I am very glad indeed you proceed with this design, which is likely, according to the best of my judgment, such as it is, to add very considerably to the stock of literature, and in a walk perhaps the most unhackneyed. To conduct to any science by a path strewed over with flowers is giving beauty to labour, and making study a luxury.

When left alone the other day with the "poor gentleman," in the interval of our sports I took it into my mind to look at a certain melancholy ditty of four acts, which I had once an idea of bringing forth upon the stage, and which you may remember Kemble had accepted,* but which I withdrew before he had time to show it to Sheridan, from preferring to make trial of 'Edwy and Elgiva,' because it was more dramatic—but which 'Edwy and Elgiva,' I must always aver, never was acted. This other piece you have seen, and it lost you, you told me, a night's rest—which, in the spirit of the black men in the funeral, made me all the gayer. However, upon this re-perusal, after near three years' interment, I feel fixed never to assay it for representation. I shall therefore restore it to its first form, that of a tale in dialogue, and only revise and endeavour to make it readable for a fire-side. And this will be my immediate occupation in my episodical moments taken from my two companions and my *maisonnette*: for since 'Camilla' I have devoted myself, as yet, wholly to them, as the solace of the fatigue that my engagement with time occasioned me—an engagement which I earnestly hope never more to make; for the fright and anxiety attending it can scarce be repaid.

* Cerulia.

I rejoice Mrs. Crewe is in town. I hope you will see her often. No one can be more genial to you. I rejoice, too, Mr. Coxe has got hold of you. I know his friendly zeal will be at work to do all that is in his power to cheer you, and my dearest father has all the kind consideration for others that leads to accepting good offices. Nothing is so cruel as rejecting them. My Monsieur was very sorry to see so little of you, but he would not disappoint my expectations of his return. He did not imagine what a gem he brought me into the bargain. My own "little gem," as Etty (ill-naturedly) calls the poor gentleman, is blithe and well.

F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

Monday, February 6, '97.

MY DEAR FANNY,—I shall prepare a scrap for parcellina, which will contain a communication of Mrs. Crewe's further ideas about a periodical paper. You have her first sketch, and here she displays great fertility of resources. All I ever said to her about your notions was that you thought her plan a good one, and pregnant with much matter for putting it in execution. She is very eager about it, and talks to Windham, the Duchess of Portland, &c., about it; and thinks, without being political, it may improve taste, morals, and manners. Her notion is that Sir Hugh would be an admirable successor to Sir Roger de Coverley. He is quite popular; and traits of his character, and benevolence and simplicity, sayings and "bothers," now and then would be delightful. I told her that I thought you would never have courage or activity sufficient to be the principal editor of such a paper; but that, if well arranged and under an able conductor, you

would have no objection to contribute your mite now and then: did I go too far?

The answer to inquiries of poor Lord Orford on Saturday were bad, and to-day the papers say there is little hope of his recovery. His papers are left (say the news-writers) to the care of Lord Cholmondely, Mr. Owen Cambridge, and Mr. Jerningham.

I am glad you like my *varses*. If they should be good for anything, people would say, "you have met with your desert."

I shall like to see some of our Chevalier's effusions before he was John Bullified—I believe I have a few in an old 'Almanac des Muses.'

I think I can report (a little) progress in my astronomic poem, but am more and more frightened every day in seeing more of the plan of the building I have to construct, of which little more than a corner had caught my eye at first. Above six hundred lines are now added to what I read to you, and yet I am now only arrived at Ptolemy. To describe his system in verse will be very difficult, as technical Greek words are unwieldy in our monosyllabic measures. I think, if I could a little get up my spirits and perseverance, this business would fasten on me. But, alas, 'tis too late in the day for amendment of any sort!

I am glad you have taken up your tale in dialogue. It pleased me, I remember, but seemed too simple for our stage; but, as a tale, I have no doubt but you will make it most pleasantly interesting. On! On!

How does the poor dear little gentleman? You cannot be so dull with him as we are without him. However backward in speech, he is certainly eloquent in countenance and tones of voice. Give him, with my be-

nediction, as many kisses as you think his due, and as I should give him if on my knee.

C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, February, '97.

I HARDLY know whether I am most struck with the fertility of the ideas Mrs. Crewe has started, or most gratified by their direction: certainly I am flattered where most susceptible of pleasure, when a mind such as hers would call me forth from my retirement to second views so important in their ends, and demanding such powers in their progress. But though her opinion would give me courage, it cannot give me means. I am too far removed from the scene of public life to compose anything of public utility in the style she indicates. The "manners as they rise," the morals or their deficiencies, as they preponderate, should be viewed, for such a scheme, in all their variations, with a diurnal eye. For though it may not be necessary this gentleman-author should be a frequenter himself of public places, he must be sufficiently in the midst of public people, to judge the justice of what is communicated to him by his correspondents. The plan is so excellent it ought to be well adopted, and really fulfilled. Many circumstances would render its accomplishment nearly impossible for me: wholly to omit politics would mar all the original design; yet what would be listened to unabused from a writer who is honoured by a testimony such as mine of having resigned royal service without resigning royal favour? Personal abuse would make a dreadful breach into the peace of my happiness; though censure of my works I can endure with tolerable firmness: the latter I submit to as

the public right, by prescription; the former I think authorised by no right, and recoil from with mingled fear and indignation.

I could mention other embarrassments as to politics—but they will probably occur to you, though they may escape Mrs. Crewe, who is not so well versed in the history and strong character of M. d'Arblay, to whom the misfortunes of his general and friend are but additional motives to invincible adherence. And how would Mr. Windham, after his late speech, endure a paper in which M. de Lafayette could never be named but with respect and pity? You will feel, I am sure, for his constancy and his honour; his *profession de foi* in politics is exactly, he says, what you have so delightfully drawn in what you call your Lilliputian verses, and his attachment, his reverence, his gratitude for our King, are like my own. His arm, his life is at his service—as I have told the Princess Augusta, and he has told Lord Leslie.

To a paper of such a sort, upon a plan less extensive, I feel no repugnance, though much apprehension. I have many things by me that, should I turn my thoughts upon such a scheme, might facilitate its execution; and there *my* admirable mother's—and, let me proudly say, *her* admirable godmother's—work might and should, as I know she wishes, appear with great propriety; but even this is a speculation from which my agitated and occupied heart at present turns aside, from incapability of attention; for I am just now preparing our little darling for his first sufferings and first known danger: he is to be inoculated about a week hence.

Do, I entreat, dearest Sir, tell Mrs. Crewe I am made even the happier by her kind partiality. Had matters been otherwise situated, how I should have delighted in any scheme in which she would have taken a part!

I long to see the six hundred lines: pray work up Ptolemy, but don't ask me how! I can hardly imagine anything more difficult for poetry.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, March 16, '97.

MY DEAREST PADRE,—Relieved at length from a terror that almost from the birth of my little darling has hung upon my mind, with what confidence in your utmost kindness do I call for your participation in my joy that all alarm is over, and Mr. Ansel has taken his leave! I take this large sheet, to indulge in a Babiana which "dea gandpa" will, I am sure, receive with partial pleasure, upon this most important event to his poor little gentleman.

When Mr. Ansel came to perform the dreaded operation, he desired me to leave the child to him and the maid: but my agitation was not of that sort. I wished for the experiment upon the most mature deliberation; but while I trembled with the suspense of its effect, I could not endure to lose a moment from the beloved little object for and with whom I was running such a risk.

He sat upon my lap, and Mr. Ansel gave him a bit of barley-sugar, to obtain his permission for pulling off one sleeve of his frock and shirt. He was much surprised at this opening to an acquaintance—for Mr. Ansel made no previous visit, having sent his directions by M. d'Arblay. However, the barley-sugar occupied his mouth, and inclined him to a favourable interpretation, though he stared with upraised eyebrows. Mr. Ansel bid Betty hold him a plaything at the other side, to draw off his eyes from what was to follow; and I began a little history to him of the mis-

fortunes of the toy we chose, which was a drummer, maimed in his own service, and whom he loves to lament, under the name of "the poor man that has lost his face." But all my pathos and all his own ever-ready pity were ineffectual to detain his attention when he felt his arm grasped by Mr. Ansel; he repulsed Betty, the soldier, and his mamma, and turned about with a quickness that disengaged him from Mr. Ansel, who now desired me to hold his arm. This he resisted; yet held it out himself, with unconscious intrepidity, in full sight of the lancet, which he saw hovering over it, without the most remote suspicion of its slaughtering design, and with a rather amused look of curiosity to see what was intended. When the incision was made he gave a little scream, but it was momentary, and ended in a look of astonishment at such an unprovoked infliction, that exceeds all description, all painting—and in turning an appealing eye to me, as if demanding at once explanation and protection.

My fondest praises now made him understand that non-resistance was an act of virtue, and again he held out his little arm, at our joint entreaty, but resolutely refused to have it held by any one. Mr. Ansel pressed out the blood with his lancet again and again, and wiped the instrument upon the wound for two or three minutes, fearing, from the excessive strictness of his whole life's regimen, he might still escape the venom. The dear child coloured at sight of the blood, and seemed almost petrified with amazement, fixing his wondering eyes upon Mr. Ansel with an expression that sought to dive into his purpose, and then upon me, as if inquiring how I could approve of it.

When this was over, Mr. Ansel owned himself still apprehensive it might not take, and asked if I should object to his inoculating the other arm. I told him I com-

mitted the whole to his judgment, as M. d'Arblay was not at home. And now, indeed, his absence from this scene, which he would have enjoyed with the proudest forebodings of future courage, became doubly regretted; for my little hero, though probably aware of what would follow, suffered me to bare his other arm, and held it out immediately, while looking at the lancet; nor would he again have it supported or tightened; and he saw and felt the incision without shrinking, and without any marks of displeasure.

But though he appeared convinced by my caresses that the thing was right, and that his submission was good, he evidently thought the deed was unaccountable as it was singular; and all his faculties seemed absorbed in profound surprise. I shall never cease being sorry his father did not witness this, to clear my character from having adulterated the chivalric spirit and courage of his race. Mr. Ansel confessed he had never seen a similar instance in one so very young, and, kissing his forehead when he had done, said, "Indeed, little Sir, I am in love with you."

Since this, however, my stars have indulged me in the satisfaction of exhibiting his native bravery where it gives most pride as well as pleasure; for his father was in the room when, the other day, Mr. Ansel begged leave to take some matter from his arm for some future experiments. And the same scene was repeated. He presented the little creature with a bonbon, and then showed his lancet: he let his arm be bared unresistingly, and suffered him to make four successive cuts, to take matter for four lancets, never crying, nor being either angry or frightened; but only looking inquisitively at us all in turn, with eyes you would never have forgotten had you beheld, that seemed disturbed by a curiosity they could

not satisfy, to find some motive for our extraordinary proceedings.

Immediately before the inoculation, the faculty of speech seemed most opportunely accorded him, and that with a sudden facility that reminds me of your account of his mother's first, though so late, reading. At noon he repeated after me, when I least expected it, "How do do?" and the next morning, as soon as he awoke, he called out, "How do, mamma? How do, papa?" I give you leave to guess if the question was inharmonious. From that time he has repeated readily whatever we have desired; and yesterday, while he was eating his dry toast, perceiving the cat, he threw her a bit, calling out, "Eat it, Buff!" Just now, taking the string that fastens his gown round the neck, he said, "Ett's [Let's] tie it on, mamma." And when, to try him, I bid him say, Naughty papa, he repeated, "Naughty papa," as if mechanically; but the instant after, springing from mine to his arms, he kissed him, and said, "Dood papa," in a voice so tender it seemed meant as an apology.

* * * * *

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Burney

April 3, '97.

Launcelot Gobbo—or Gobbo Launcelot—was never more cruelly tormented by the struggles between his conscience and the fiend than I between mine and the pen. Says my conscience, "Tell dear Etty you have conquered one of your worst fears for your little pet." Says my pen, "She will have heard it at Chelsea." Says my conscience, "She knows what you must have suffered, call, therefore, for her congratulations." Says my pen,

"I am certain of her sympathy; and the call will be only a trouble to her." Says my conscience, "Are you sure this is not a delicate device to spare yourself?" Says my pen, "Mr. Conscience, you are a terrible bore. I have thought so all my life, for one odd quirk or another that you are always giving people when once you get possession of them, never letting them have their own way, unless it happens to be just to your liking, but pinching and grating, and snarling, and causing bad dreams, for every little private indulgence they presume to take without consulting you. There is not a more troublesome inmate to be found. Always meddling and making, and poking your nose into everybody's concerns. Here's me, for example; I can't be four or five months without answering a letter, but what you give me as many twitches as if I had committed murder; and often and often you have consumed me more time in apologies, and cost me more plague in repentance, than would have sufficed for the most exact punctuality. So that either one must lead the life of a slave in studying all your humours, or be used worse than a dog for following one's own. I tell you, Mr. Conscience, you are an inconceivable bore."

Thus they go on, wrangling and jangling, at so indecent a rate I can get no rest for them—one urging you would like to hear from myself something of an event so deeply interesting to my happiness; the other assuring me of the pardon of perfect coincidence in my aversion to epistolary exertion. And, hitherto, I have listened, whether I would or not, to one, and yielded, whether I would or not, to the other. And how long the contest might yet have endured I know not, if Mrs. Lock had not told me, yesterday, she should have an opportunity of forwarding some letters to town to-morrow. So now—

"I wish you were further!" I hear you cry; so now you get out of your difficulties just to make me get into them.

"But consider, my dear Esther, the small-pox——"

"I have considered it at least six times, in all its stages, Heaven help me!"

"But then so sweet a bantling!——"

"I have half a dozen, every one of which would make three of him."

I was interrupted in this my pathetic appeal, and now I must finish off-hand, or lose my conveyance.

I entreat, whenever you see Mrs. Chapone, you will present my affectionate respects to her, and ask if she received a long letter I directed to her in Francis Street.

* * * * *

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. ——.

June, 1797.

It was a very sweet thought to make my little namesake write to me, and I beg her dear mamma to thank her for me, and to tell her how pleased I should have been at the sight of her early progress, had it not proved the vehicle of anxious intelligence.

It is but lately I have thought my little boy entirely recovered, for his appetite had never returned since the eruptive fever till this last fortnight. Thank Heaven! he is now completely restored to all his strength and good looks, and to all my wishes, for 'tis the gayest and most companionable little soul I ever saw.

And now, what shall I tell you? You ask me "what information any of my late letters have given you, except of my health and affection?" None, I confess!—Yet

they are such as all my other friends have borne with, since my writing-weariness has seized me, and such as I still, and upon equally shabby morsels of paper, continue to give them. Nor have I yet thought, that to accept was to abuse their indulgence. When they understood that writing was utterly irksome to me, except as a mere vehicle to prevent uneasiness on their part, and to obtain intelligence on mine, they concurred not to make my silence still more oppressive to me than my writing, by a kind reception of a few words, and returning me letters for notes.

And why are you so much more severe and tenacious?

Why, rather, you will perhaps ask, should you, because you see me thus spoilt, join in spoiling me?

My faithful attachment I am sure you cannot doubt; and why should that affection in your estimation be so little, which in mine, where I dare believe I possess it, predominates over all things, save my opinion of the worth of the character from which I may receive it?—by little, I only mean little satisfactory, unless unremittingly and regularly proved by length of letters. I do not imagine you to slight it in itself; but I see you utterly dissatisfied without its constant manifestation.

It appears to me, perhaps wrongly, you have wrought yourself into a fit of fancied resentment against a succession of short letters, which could only have been merited by letters that were unfriendly. You forget, meanwhile, the numerous letters I have, at various epochs, received from yourself, not merely of half-pages, but of literally three lines; and you forget them because they were never received with reproach, nor answered with coldness. By me they were equally valued with the longest, though they gave me not equal entertainment, for I prized them as marks of affection, and I required them as bulletins of

health. Entertainment, or information, I never considered as a basis of correspondence, though no one, you may believe, can more delight to meet with them. The basis of letters, as of friendship, must be *kindness*, which does not count lines or words, but expressions and meaning; which is indulgent to brevity, puts a favourable construction upon silence, grants full liberty to inclination, and makes every allowance for convenience. Punctuality, with respect to writing, is a quality in which I know myself deficient; but which, also, I have to no one ever promised. To two persons only I have practised it,—my father, and my sister Phillips; there is a third whose claims are still higher; but uninterrupted intercourse has spared all trial to my exactness. My other friends, however near, and however tender, have all accepted my letters, like myself, for better and for worse, and, finding my heart unalterable, have left my pen to its own propensities.

Nor am I quite aware what species of "information" you repine at not receiving. *An elaborate composition*, written for admiration, and calculated to be exhibited to strangers, I should not be more the last to write than you —quick and penetrating to whatever is ridiculous—would be the first to deride and despise. *A gay and amusing rattle*, you must be sensible, can flow only from the humour of the moment, which an idea of raised expectation represses rather than promotes. *A communication of private affairs* * * * no,—the very letter which produced this complaint contained a statement of personal concerns the most important I have had to write since my marriage.

From all this, which reluctantly, though openly, I have written, you will deduce, that, while you think me unkind (as I apprehend), I think you unjust.

But I have *written*, now, as well as *read*,—and have emptied my mind of all ungenial thoughts; hasten, then, dear ——, to fill up the space once more with those fairer materials which the estranged style of your late letters has wofully compressed. You will think of me, you say, always *as you ought*: if you do, I may venture to send you again the shabby paper, or wide margin, you have received so indignantly, by reminding you, in the first place, that the zealous advocate for public liberty must not be an imposer of private exactions; and in the second, that, though the most miserable of correspondents, I am the most unchangeable of friends.

And now, if I could draw, I would send you the olive-branch, with our arms mutually entwining it. Enclose me the design, and I will return you its inscriptions.

F. D'A.

I find my father has heard just the same high character of the supereminent powers and eloquence of the Abbé Legard that you sent me in a former letter.

The Lock family have not yet returned from town. They did not go thither till late in April. Have you seen Mr. Williams's beautiful sketch of Lady Templetown's two eldest daughters?

We have begun, at last, the little Hermitage we have so long purposed rearing for our residence; and M. d'Arblay, who is his own architect and surveyor, is constantly with his workmen, whom Bab and I do not spare visiting and admiring. God bless you!

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

Saturday Night, July 20, 1797.

MY DEAR FANNY.—The close of the season is always hurry-scurry. I shall begin a letter to-night, and leave it

on the stocks, that is, the table, to stare me in the face, lest in the hurry I am and shall be in, you should lose your turn. I was invited to poor Mr. Burke's funeral, by Mrs. Crewe and two notes from Beaconsfield. Malone and I went to Bulstrode together in my car, this day sevennight, with two horses added to mine. Mrs. Crewe had invited me thither when she went down first. We found the Duke of P. there; and the Duke of Devonshire and Windham came to dinner. The Chancellor and Speaker of the House of Commons could not leave London till four o'clock, but arrived a little after seven. We all set off together for Beaconsfield, where we found the rest of the pall-bearers—Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Inchiquin, and Sir Gilbert Eliot, with Drs. King and Lawrence, Fred North, Dudley North, and many of the deceased's private friends, though by his repeated injunction the funeral was to be very private. We had all hatbands, scarfs, and gloves; and he left a list to whom rings of remembrance are to be sent, among whom my name occurred; and a jeweller has been here for my measure. I went back to Bulstrode, by invitation, with the two Dukes, the Chancellor, and Speaker, Windham, Malone, and Secretary King. I stayed there till Sunday evening, and got home just before the dreadful storm. The Duke was extremely civil and hospitable,—pressed me much to stay longer and go with them, the Chancellor, Speaker, Windham, and Mrs. Crewe, to Pinn, to see the school, founded by Mr. Burke, for the male children of French emigrant nobles; but I could not with prudence stay, having a couple of ladies waiting for me in London, and two extra horses with me.

So much for poor Mr. Burke, certainly one of the greatest men of the present century; and I think I might say the best orator and statesman of modern

He had his passions and prejudices to which I did not subscribe; but I always admired his great abilities, friendship, and urbanity; and it would be ungrateful in you and me, to whom he was certainly partial, not to feel and lament his loss.

* * * *

C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, July 27, '97.

MY DEAREST PADRE,—A letter of so many dates is quite delicious to me; it brings me so close to you from day to day, that it seems nearest to verbal intercourse. How "agreeable" I should be to your keeping one upon the stocks for me thus in your journey! And how I should like to receive a letter from Shrewsbury! Nevertheless, I am sensible Shrewsbury will be but a melancholy view now, but interest does not dwell alone with merriment, merry as we all like to be.

Your most kind solicitude for Alex makes me never like to take a letter in hand to you when his health gives me inquietude; his health alone can do it, for his disposition opens into all our fondest hopes could form, either for our present gratification or future prospects. 'Tis the most enjoyable little creature, Norbury Phillips excepted, I ever saw at so early an age.

I was surprised, and almost frightened, though at the same time gratified, to find you assisted in paying the last honours to Mr. Burke. How sincerely I sympathise in all you say of that truly great man! That his enemies say he was not perfect is nothing compared with his immense superiority over almost all those who are merely exempted from his peculiar defects. That he was upright in heart, even where he acted wrong, I do truly believe;

and it is a great pleasure to me that Mr. Lock believes it too, and that he asserted nothing he had not persuaded himself to be true, from Mr. Hastings's being the most rapacious of villains, to the King's being incurably insane. He was as generous as kind, and as liberal in his sentiments as he was luminous in intellect and extraordinary in abilities and eloquence. Though free from all little vanity, high above envy, and glowing with zeal to exalt talents and merit in others, he had, I believe, a consciousness of his own greatness, that shut out those occasional and useful self-doubts which keep our judgment in order, by calling our motives and our passions to account. I entreat you to let me know how poor Mrs. Burke supports herself in this most desolate state, and who remains to console her when Mrs. Crewe will be far off.

Our cottage is now in the act of being rough cast. Its ever imprudent and *téméraire* builder made himself very ill t'other day, by going from the violent heat of extreme hard work in his garden to drink out of a fresh-drawn pail of well-water, and dash the same over his face.. A dreadful headache ensued; and two days' confinement, with James's powders, have but just reinstated him. In vain I represent he has no right now to make so free with himself—he has such a habit of disdaining all care and precaution, that, though he gives me the fairest promises, I find them of no avail. Mr. Angerstein went to see his field lately, and looked everywhere for him, having heard he was there; but he was not immediately to be known, while digging with all his might and main, without coat or waistcoat, and in his green leather cap.

Imagine my surprise the other day, my dearest Padre, at receiving a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld! We had never visited, and only met one evening at Mr. Bur-

rows's, by appointment, whither I was carried to meet her by Mrs. Chapone. They are at Dorking, on a visit to Dr. Aikin, her brother, who is there at a lodging for his health. I received them with great pleasure, for I think highly both of her talents and her character, and he seems a very gentle, good sort of man.

I am told, by a French priest who occasionally visits M. d'Arblay, that the commanding officer at Dorking says he knows you very well, but I cannot make out his name.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, August 10, '97.

MY dearest Father will, I know, be grieved at any grief of M. d'Arblay's, though he will be glad his own truly interesting letter should have arrived by the same post. You know, I believe, with what cruel impatience and uncertainty my dear companion has waited for some news of his family, and how terribly his expectations were disappointed upon a summons to town some few months since, when the hope of intelligence carried him thither under all the torment of his recently wounded foot, which he could not then put to the ground; no tidings, however, could he procure, nor has he ever heard from any part of it till last Saturday morning, when two letters arrived by the same post, with information of the death of his only brother.

Impossible as it has long been to look back to France without fears amounting even to expectation of horrors, e had never ceased cherishing hopes some favourable urn would, in the end, unite him with this last branch of his house; the shock, therefore, has been terribly severe, and has cast a gloom upon his mind and spirits which

nothing but his kind anxiety to avoid involving mine can at present suppress. He is now the last of a family of seventeen, and not one relation of his own name now remains but his own little English son. His father was the only son of an only son, which drives all affinity on the paternal side into fourth and fifth kinsmen.

On the maternal side, however, he has the happiness to hear that an uncle, who is inexpressibly dear to him, who was his guardian and best friend through life, still lives, and has been permitted to remain unmolested in his own house, at Joigny, where he is now in perfect health, save from rheumatic attacks, which though painful are not dangerous. A son, too, of this gentleman, who was placed as a *commissaire-de-guerre* by M. d'Arblay during the period of his belonging to the War Committee, still holds the same situation, which is very lucrative, and which M. d'A. had concluded would have been withdrawn as soon as his own flight from France was known.

He hears, too, that M. de Narbonne is well and safe, and still in Switzerland, where he lives, says the letter, "très modestement, obscurément, et tranquillement," with a chosen small society forced into similar retreat. This is consolatory, for the long and unaccountable silence of this his beloved friend had frequently filled him with the utmost uneasiness.

The little property of which the late Chevalier d'Arblay died possessed, this same letter says, has been "vendu pour la nation," because his next heir was an *émigré;* though there is a little niece, Mlle. Girardin, daughter of an only sister, who is in France, and upon whom the succession was settled, if her uncles died without immediate heirs.

Some little matter, however, what we know not, has

been reserved by being bought in by this respectable uncle, who sends M. d'Arblay word he has saved him what he may yet live upon, if he can find means to return without personal risk, and who solicits to again see him with urgent fondness, in which he is joined by his aunt with as much warmth as if she, also, was his relation by blood, not alliance. The letter is written from Switzerland by a person who passed through Joigny, from Paris, at the request of M. d'Arblay, to inquire the fate of his family, and to make known his own. The commission, though so lately executed, was given before the birth of our little Alex. The letter adds that no words can express the tender joy of this excellent uncle and his wife in hearing M. d'Arblay was alive and well.

The late Chevalier, my M. d'A. says, was a man of the softest manners and most exalted honour; and he was so tall and so thin, he was often nicknamed Don Quixote, but he was so completely aristocratic with regard to the Revolution, at its very commencement, that M. d'A. has heard nothing yet with such unspeakable astonishment as the news that he died, near Spain, of his wounds from a battle in which he had fought for the Republic. "How strange," says M. d'A., "is our destiny! that that Republic which I quitted, determined to be rather an hewer of wood and drawer of water all my life than serve, he should die for." The secret history of this may some day come out, but it is now inexplicable, for the mere fact, without the smallest comment, is all that has reached us. In the period, indeed, in which M. d'A. left France, there were but three steps possible for those who had been bred to arms—flight, the guillotine, or fighting for the Republic. "The former this brother," M. d'A. says, "had not energy of character to undertake in the desperate manner in which he risked it himself, friendless and for-

tuneless, to live in exile as he could. The guillotine no one could elect; and the continuing in the service, though in a cause he detested, was, probably, his hard compulsion. No one was allowed to lay down his arms and retire."

A gentleman born in the same town as M. d'A., Joigny, has this morning found a conductor to bring him to our Hermitage. He confirms the account that all in that little town has been suffered to remain quiet, his own relations there still existing undisturbed. M. d'Arblay is gone to accompany him back as far as Ewell. He has been evidently much relieved by the visit, and the power of talking over, with an old townsman as well as countryman, early scenes and connexions. It is a fortunately timed rencounter, and I doubt not but he will return less sad.

* * * * *

F. D'A.

Our new habitation will very considerably indeed exceed our first intentions and expectations. I suppose it has ever been so, and so ever must be; for we sought as well as determined to keep within bounds, and M. d'A. still thinks he has done it; however, am more aware of our tricks upon travellers than to enter into the same delusion.

The pleasure, however, he has taken in this edifice is my first joy, for it has constantly shown me his heart has invariably held to those first feelings which, before our union, determined him upon settling in England. O! if you knew how he has been assailed, by temptations of every sort that either ambition, or interest, or friendship could dictate, to change his plan,—and how his heart sometimes yearns towards those he yet can love in his native soil, while his firmness still remains unshaken, nay, not even one moment wavering or hesitating,—you

would not wonder I make light of even extravagance in a point that shows him thus fixed to make this object a part of the whole system of his future life.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

Friday Night, September 13, 1797.

MY DEAR FANNY,—Where did I leave off?—hang me if I know!—I believe I told you, or all when with you, of the Chester and Liverpool journey and voyage. On Saturday, 26th August, the day month from leaving London, M. le Président de Frondeville and I left Crewe Hall on our way back. The dear Mrs. Crewe kindly set us in our way as far as Hetruria. We visited Trentham Hall, in Staffordshire, the famous seat of the Marquis of Stafford,—a very fine place—fine piece of water—fine hanging woods,—the valley of Tempe—and the river Trent running through the garden. Mrs. C. introduced us to the Marchioness, who did us the honour of showing us the house herself; it has lately been improved and enlarged by Wyatt:—fine pictures, library, &c.

After a luncheon here, we went to Hetruria, which I had never seen. Old Mr. Wedgwood is dead, and his son and successor not at home; but we went to the pottery manufacture, and saw the whole process of forming the beautiful things which are dispersed all over the universe from this place. Mrs. C. offered to send you a little hand churn for your breakfast butter; but I should have broke it to pieces, and durst not accept of it. But if it would be of any use, when you have a cow, I will get you one at the Wedgwood warehouse in London. Here we parted.

The President and I got to Lichfield by about ten

o'clock that night. In the morning, before my companion was up, I strolled about the city with one of the waiters, in search of Frank Barber, who I had been told lived there; but on inquiry I was told his residence was in a village three or four miles off. I however soon found the house where dear Dr. Johnson was born, and his father's shop. The house is stuccoed, has five sash-windows in front, and pillars before it. It is the best house thereabouts, near St. Mary's Church, in a broad street, and is now a grocer's shop.

I went next to the Garrick House, which has been lately repaired, stuccoed, enlarged, and sashed. Peter Garrick, David's eldest brother, died about two years ago, leaving all his possessions to the apothecary that had attended him. But the will was disputed and set aside not long since, it having appeared at a trial that the testator was insane at the time the will was made; so that Mrs. Doxie, Garrick's sister, a widow with a numerous family, recovered the house and 30,000*l*. She now lives in it with her family, and has been able to set up a carriage. The inhabitants of Lichfield were so pleased with the decision of the Court on the trial, that they illuminated the streets, and had public rejoicings on the occasion.

After examining this house well, I tried to find the residence of Dr. James, inventor of the admirable fever powders, which have so often saved the life of our dear Susey, and others without number. But the ungrateful inhabitants knew nothing about him. I could find but one old man who remembered that he was a native of that city!—that man "who has lengthened life, whose skill in physic will be long remembered," to be forgotten at Lichfield! I felt indignant, but went round the cathedral, which has been lately thoroughly repaired in-

ternally, and is the most complete and beautiful Gothic building I ever saw. The outside was *très mal traité* by the fanatics of the last century; but there are three beautiful spires still standing, and more than fifty whole-length figures of saints in their original nichés. The choir is exquisitely beautiful. A fine new organ is erected, and was well played, and I never heard the cathedral service so well performed to that instrument only before. The services and anthems were middle-aged music, neither too old and dry, nor too modern and light; the voices subdued, and exquisitely softened and sweetened by the building.

While the lessons were reading, which I could not hear, I looked for monuments, and found a beautiful one to Garrick, and another just by it to Johnson; the former erected by Mrs. Garrick, who has been daily abused for not erecting one to her husband in Westminster Abbey; but sure that was a debt due to him from the public, and that due from his widow best paid here. Johnson's has been erected by his friends:—both are beautiful, and alike in every particular.

There is a monument here to Johnson's first patron, Mr. Walmsley, whose amplitude of learning and copiousness of communication were such, that our revered friend said "it might be doubted whether a day passed in which he had not some advantage from his friendship." There is a monument likewise to Lady M. W. Montagu, and to the father of Mr. Addison, &c.

We left Lichfield about two o'clock, and reached Daventry that night, stopping a little at Coventry to look at the great church and Peeping Tom. Next day got to St. Alban's time enough to look at the church and neighbouring ruins. Next morning breakfasted at Barnet, where my car met me, and got to Chelsea by three o'clock,

leaving my agreeable *compagnon de voyage*, M. le Président, at his apartments in town.

I only stayed at home a week, after which I went to Richmond for four or five days;—slept at Charlotte's, but dined with her but once; Tuesday, Wednesday, with dear good Mrs. Boscawen; visiting, first, Mrs. Gell, at Twickenham, and Dr. Morton; Mrs. Garrick, at Hampton; and Lady Polly, at Hampton Court, with whom Hetty and I dined and spent a very laughing and agreeable day on Thursday, hearing the band of the 11th regiment play in the gardens to the Prince and Princess of Orange during their *lonchon*—then saw the palace, in which Lady M. performed the part of cicerone.

Thursday dine with Mrs. Ord in Sir Joshua Reynolds's house, on Friday morning go with her and Mrs. Otley, sister of Sir W. Young, to see Mrs. Garrick, but she was gone London; however, Mrs. Ord being a privileged person, we saw the house, pictures, and gardens.

I visited the Cambridges, and they me. Mr. C. is as active and lively as ever. Dined again with Mrs. Bos. on Saturday.

On Sunday went with Hetty and Mrs. B. to Richmond Gardens to see the kangaroos, then carried them to town, and carried to Chelsea, myself, a miserable cold, which I have been nursing ever since. But I am now thinking of my visit to Lord Chesterfield and Herschel. I have just received a very polite and friendly letter from the latter, just returned from Ramsgate, who "will be happy to talk over with me any subject of astronomy that I may be pleased to lead him to."

But when is your Windsor visit to take place? The Royal Family return, 't is said, the 16th. A levee is announced for Wednesday next week, and a drawing-room on Thursday. If this very dreadful weather does not

continue, I think of going to Bailie next week. If we should meet at Windsor, how nice it would be! *Pensez-y.*

C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, September 25, '97.

I MUST not vex my dearest Padre with my vexation, especially as the season is so much farther advanced than when we had regaled our fancies with seeing him, that many fears for what is still more precious to me than his sight,—his health—would mix with the joy of his presence.

The return of Lord M. has been a terrible stroke to every fond hope of M. d'Arblay of embracing his venerable uncle. Not even a line, now, must again pass between them! This last dreadful revolution shook him almost as violently as the loss of his brother; but constant exercise and unremitting employment are again, thank Heaven! playing the part of philosophy. Indeed, he has the happiest philosophy to join to them—that of always endeavouring to balance blessings against misfortunes. Many for whom he had a personal regard are involved in this inhuman banishment, though none with whom he was particularly connected. Had the Parisians not all been disarmed in a former epoch, it is universally believed they would have risen in a mass to defend the legislators from this unheard-of proscription. Such is the report of a poor returned *émigré.* But such measures had been taken, that there is little doubt but that military government will be now finally established. M. d'Arblay had been earnestly pressed to go over, and pass *les vendanges* at Joigny, and try what he could recover from the shipwreck of his family's fortune: but not, thank

God! by his uncle: that generous, parental friend crushes every personal wish while danger hangs upon its indulgence.

* * * * *

Dear, kind, deserving Kitty Cooke! I was struck quite at heart with concern at her sudden and unexpected death.

I pity Mrs. R. with all my soul. She could have been so happy under your protection! And now two are unhappy, for those tyrants who rob others wilfully of all comfort take what they never enjoy. I question if even a vicious character is as internally wretched as an ill-natured one.

F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

Chelsea College, Thursday, 2 o'clock, September 28.

MY DEAR FANNY,—I read your letter pen in hand, and shall try to answer it by to-day's post. But first let me tell you that it was very unlikely to find me at home, for on Tuesday I went to Lord Chesterfield's at Bailie's, and arrived there in very good time for a four o'clock dinner; when, behold! I was informed by the porter that "both my Lord and Lady were in town, and did not return till Saturday!" Lord Chesterfield had unexpectedly been obliged to go to town by indisposition. Though I was asked to alight and take refreshment, I departed immediately, intending to dine and lie at Windsor, to be near Dr. Herschel, with whom a visit had been arranged by letter. But as I was now at liberty to make that visit at any time of the day I pleased, I drove through Slough in my way to Windsor, in order to ask at Dr. Herschel's door when my visit would be least inconvenient to him—that night or next morning. The good soul was at dinner, but came to the door himself, to press me to

alight immediately and partake of his family repast; and this he did so heartily that I could not resist. I was introduced to the family at table, four ladies, and a little boy about the age and size of Martin. I was quite shocked at seeing so many females: I expected (not knowing that Herschel was married) only to have found Miss Herschel; but there was a very old lady, the mother, I believe, of Mrs. Herschel, who was at the head of the table herself, and a Scots lady (a Miss Wilson, daughter of Dr. Wilson, of Glasgow, an eminent astronomer), Miss Herschel, and the little boy. I expressed my concern and shame at disturbing them at this time of the day; told my story, at which they were so cruel as to rejoice, and went so far as to say they rejoiced at the accident which had brought me there, and hoped I would send my carriage away, and take a bed with them. They were sorry they had no stables for my horses. I thought it necessary, you may be sure, to *faire la petite bouche*, but in spite of my blushes I was obliged to submit to my trunk being taken in, and the car sent to the inn just by.

We soon grew acquainted,—I mean the ladies and I; and before dinner was over we seemed old friends just met after a long absence. Mrs. Herschel is sensible, good-humoured, unpretending, and well-bred; Miss Herschel all shyness and virgin modesty; the Scots lady sensible and harmless, and the little boy entertaining, promising, and comical. Herschel, you know, and everybody knows, is one of the most pleasing and well-bred natural characters of the present age, as well as the greatest astronomer.

Your health was drunk after dinner (put that into your pocket); and after much social conversation and a few hearty laughs, the ladies proposed to take a walk, in order, I believe, to leave Herschel and me together. We

walked and talked round his great telescopes till it grew damp and dusk, then retreated into his study to philosophize.

I had a string of questions ready to ask, and astronomical difficulties to solve, which, with looking at curious books and instruments, filled up the time charmingly till tea, which being drank with the ladies, we two retired again to the *starry*. Now having paved the way, we began to talk of my poetical plan, and he pressed me to read what I had done. Heaven help his head! my eight books, of from 400 to 820 lines, would require two or three days to read. He made me unpack my trunk for my MS., from which I read him the titles of the chapters, and begged he would choose any book or character of a great astronomer he pleased. "Oh, let us have the beginning." I read him the first eighteen or twenty lines of the exordium, and then said I rather wished to come to modern times; I was more certain of my ground in high antiquity than after the time of Copernicus, and began my eighth chapter, entirely on Newton and his system. He gave me the greatest encouragement; said repeatedly that I perfectly understood what I was writing about; and only stopped me at two places: one was at a word too strong for what I had to describe, and the other at one too weak. The doctrine he allowed to be quite orthodox, concerning gravitation, refraction, reflection, optics, comets, magnitudes, distances, revolutions, &c. &c., but made a discovery to me which, had I known sooner, would have overset me, and prevented my reading any part of my work: he said he had almost always had an aversion to poetry, which he regarded as the arrangement of fine words, without any useful meaning or adherence to truth; but that, when truth and science were united to these fine words, he liked poetry very well;

and next morning, after breakfast, he made me read as much of another chapter on Des Cartes, &c., as the time would allow, as I had ordered my carriage at twelve. I read, talked, asked questions, and looked at books and instruments till near one, when I set off for Chelsea.

C. B.

General de Lafayette to the Chevalier d'Arblay.

Trilmuld près Ploen, 16me Oct. 1797.

JE savois bien d'avance que votre intérêt nous suivroit partout, mon cher d'Arblay, et je n'ai pas été surpris d'apprendre que vous avez été sans cesse occupé de vos amis prisonniers ; ils ne vous oublioient pas dans leur captivité, et soit dans les premiers tems où nous fûmes quelquefois réunis, soit pendant les derniers quarante mois où nous avons été totalement et constamment separés,—Maubourg et moi pensions avec la plus tendre amitié au sentiment que vous nous conserviez, et au bonheur dont vous jouissiez.

C'est dans la prison de Magdebourg que nous apprimes votre mariage; j'avois joint au tribut de l'admiration universelle pour Miss Burney, un hommage de reconnoissance particulier pour celle qui presque seule avoit pu me faire oublier momentanément mon sort; c'est au milieu des jouissances de cette illusion enchanteresse que je sçus tout à coup les nouveaux droits qu'elle avoit à mon sentiment pour elle, et qui me donnaient à moi-même quelques droits à ses bontés. Toute ma famille serait bien heureuse de lui être présentée, et la prie de vouloir bien agréer le vœu qu'elles forment toutes trois de mériter son amitié. Recevez aussi, mon cher d'Arblay, les tendres complimens de ma femme et de mes filles. . .

Nous sommes pour quelques jours chez Madame de Tessé; Maubourg et Pusy sont restés à Altona, mais Maubourg arrivera ici aujourd'hui ou demain, et nous allons passer l'hiver dans une campagne solitaire, à vingt-deux lieues d'Hambourg, sur le territoire Danois du Holstein, où nous soignerons tranquillement nos santés délabrées. Celle de ma femme est surtout dans le plus déplorable état. Maubourg a beaucoup souffert, mais se rétablit depuis la délivrance; et quoique j'aie éte à la mort, j'ai résisté mieux que personne aux épreuves de la captivité, et je crois que bientôt, à la maigreur près, il n'y paroîtra plus. Mon fils étoit en Amérique, mais va, je pense, arriver avec la Colombe, parce que sur la nouvelle des premières promesses données il y a plusieurs mois par la Cour de Vienne à la République, ils se sont déterminés à venir nous trouver.

Adieu, mon cher d'Arblay; présentez mes hommages à Madame d'Arblay; donnez moi de vos nouvelles, et aimez toujours votre ancien compagnon d'armes et ami, qui vous est à jamais bien tendrement attaché.

LAFAYETTE.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Francis.

Westhamble, November 16, 1797.

YOUR letter was most welcome to me, my dearest Charlotte, and I am delighted Mr. Broome and my dear father will so speedily meet. If they steer clear of politics, there can be no doubt of their immediate exchange of regard and esteem. At all events, I depend upon Mr. B.'s forbearance of such subjects, if their opinions clash. Pray let me hear how the interview went off;

I need not say how I shall rejoice to see you again, nor how charmed we shall both be to make a nearer acquaintance with Mr. Broome; but, for Heaven's sake, my dear girl, how are we to give him a dinner?—unless he will bring with him his poultry, for ours are not yet arrived from Bookham; and his fish, for ours are still at the bottom of some pond we know not where; and his spit, for our jack is yet without one; and his kitchen grate, for ours waits for Count Rumford's next pamphlet;—not to mention his table-linen;—and not to speak of his knives and forks, some ten of our poor original twelve having been massacred in M. d'Arblay's first essays in the art of carpentering;—and to say nothing of his large spoons, the silver of our plated ones having feloniously made off under cover of the whitening-brush;—and not to talk of his cook, ours being not yet hired;—and not to start the subject of wine, ours, by some odd accident, still remaining at the wine-merchant's!

With all these impediments, however, to convivial hilarity, if he will eat a quarter of a joint of meat (his share, I mean), tied up by a packthread, and roasted by a log of wood on the bricks,—and declare no potatoes so good as those dug by M. d'Arblay out of our garden,—and protest our small beer gives the spirits of champagne,—and make no inquiries where we have deposited the hops he will conclude we have emptied out of our table-cloth,—and pronounce that bare walls are superior to tapestry,—and promise us the first sight of his epistle upon visiting a new-built cottage,—we shall be sincerely happy to receive him in our Hermitage; where I hope to learn, for my dearest Charlotte's sake, to love him as much as, for his own, I have very long admired him.

Manage all this, my dear girl, but let us know the

day, as we have resumed our Norbury Park excursions, where we were yesterday. God bless you, my love, and grant that your happiness may meet my wishes!

Ever and ever yours most affectionately,

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

Westhamble, December, '97.

THIS moment I receive, through our dearest friend, my own Susanna's letter. I grieve to find she ever waits anxiously for news; but always imagine all things essential perpetually travelling to her, from so many of our house, all in nearly constant correspondence with her. This leads me to rest quiet as to her, when I do not write more frequently; but as to myself, when I do not hear I am saddened even here, even in my own new paradise,—for such I confess it is to me; and were my beloved Susan on this side the Channel, and could I see her dear face, and fold her to my breast, I think I should set about wishing nothing but to continue just so. For circumstances—pecuniary ones I mean—never have power to distress me, unless I fear exceeding their security; and that fear these times will sometimes inflict. The new threefold assessment of taxes has terrified us rather seriously; though the necessity, and therefore justice, of them, we mutually feel. My father thinks his own share will amount to 80*l.* a-year! We have, this very morning, decided upon parting with four of our new windows,—a great abatement of *agrémens* to ourselves, and of ornament to our appearance; and a still greater sacrifice to *l'amour propre* of my architect, who, indeed,—his fondness for his edifice considered,—does not ill deserve praise that the scheme had not his mere consent, but his own free proposition.

Your idea that my builder was not able to conduct us hither, I thank God, is unfounded. His indiscretion was abominable, but so characteristic that I will tell it you. Some little time before, he brought me home a dog, a young thing, he said, which had hit his fancy at Ewell, where he had been visiting M. Bourdois, and that we should educate it for our new house-guard. It is a *barbette*, and, as it was not perfectly precise in cleanliness, it was destined to a kitchen residence till it should be trained for the parlour: this, however, far from being resented by the young stranger as an indignity, appeared to be still rather too superb; for "Muff" betook to the coal-hole, and there seemed to repose with native ease. The purchaser, shocked at the rueful appearance of the curled coat, and perhaps piqued by a few flippancies upon the delicacy of my present, resolved one night to prepare me a divine surprise the following morning; and, when I retired to my downy pillow, at eleven o'clock, upon a time severely cold, he walked forth with the unfortunate delinquent to a certain lake, you may remember, nearly in front of our Bookham habitation, not very remarkable for its lucid purity, and there immersed poor Muff, and stood rubbing him, curl by curl, till each particular one was completely bathed. This business was not over till near midnight, and the impure water which he agitated, joined to the late hour and unwholesome air, sent him in shivering with a dreadful pain in the head and a violent feverish and rheumatic cold.

This happened just as we were beginning to prepare for our removal. You will imagine, untold, all its alarm and all its inconveniences; I thank God, it is long past, but it had its full share, at the moment, of disquieting and tormenting powers.

We quitted Bookham with one single regret—that of

leaving our excellent neighbours the Cookes. The father is so worthy, and the mother so good, so deserving, so liberal, and so infinitely kind, that the world certainly does not abound with people to compare with them. They both improved upon us considerably since we lost our dearest Susan—not, you will believe, as substitutes, but still for their intrinsic worth and most friendly partiality and regard.

We languished for the moment of removal with almost infantine fretfulness at every delay that distanced it; and when at last the grand day came, our final packings, with all their toil and difficulties and labour and expense, were mere acts of pleasantry: so bewitched were we with the impending change, that, though from six o'clock to three we were hard at work, without a kettle to boil the breakfast, or a knife to cut bread for a luncheon, we missed nothing, wanted nothing, and were as insensible to fatigue as to hunger.

M. d'Arblay set out on foot, loaded with remaining relics of things, to us precious, and Betty afterwards with a remnant glass or two; the other maid had been sent two days before. I was forced to have a chaise for my Alex and me, and a few looking-glasses, a few folios, and not a few other oddments; and then, with dearest Mr. Lock, our founder's portrait, and my little boy, off I set, and I would my dearest Susan could relate to me as delicious a journey.

My mate, striding over hedge and ditch, arrived first, though he set out after, to welcome me to our new dwelling; and we entered our new best room, in which I found a glorious fire of wood, and a little bench, borrowed of one of the departing carpenters: nothing else. We contrived to make room for each other, and Alex disdained all rest. His spirits were so high upon finding

two or three rooms totally free for his horse (alias any stick he can pick up) and himself, unincumbered by chairs and tables and such-like lumber, that he was as merry as a little Andrew and as wild as twenty colts. Here we unpacked a small basket containing three or four loaves, and, with a garden-knife, fell to work; some eggs had been procured from a neighbouring farm, and one saucepan had been brought. We dined, therefore, exquisitely, and drank to our new possession from a glass of clear water out of our new well.

At about eight o'clock our goods arrived. We had our bed put up in the middle of our room, to avoid risk of damp walls, and our Alex had his dear Willy's crib at our feet.

We none of us caught cold. We had fire night and day in the maids' room, as well as our own—or rather in my Susan's room; for we lent them that, their own having a little inconvenience against a fire, because it is built without a chimney.

We continued making fires all around us the first fortnight, and then found wood would be as bad as an apothecary's bill, so desisted; but we did not stop short so soon as to want the latter to succeed the former, or put our calculation to the proof.

Our first week was devoted to unpacking, and exulting in our completed plan. To have no one thing at hand, nothing to eat, nowhere to sit—all were trifles, rather, I think, amusing than incommodious. The house looked so clean, the distribution of the rooms and closets is so convenient, the prospect everywhere around is so gay and so lovely, and the park of dear Norbury is so close at hand, that we hardly knew how to require anything else in existence than the enjoyment of our own situation.

At this period I received my summons. I believe I

have already explained that I had applied to Miss Planta for advice whether my best chance of admission would be at Windsor, Kew, or London. I had a most kind letter of answer, importing my letter had been seen, and that her Majesty would herself fix the time when she could admit me. This was a great happiness to me, and the fixture was for the Queen's house in town.

The only drawback to the extreme satisfaction of such graciousness as allowing an appointment to secure me from a fruitless journey, as well as from impropriety and all fear of intrusion, was, that exactly at this period the Princesse d'Henin and M. de Lally were expected at Norbury. I hardly could have regretted anything else, I was so delighted by my summons; but this I indeed lamented. They arrived to dinner on Thursday: I was involved in preparations, and unable to meet them, and my mate would not be persuaded to relinquish aiding me.

The next morning, through mud, through mire, they came to our cottage. The poor Princesse was forced to change shoes and stockings. M. de Lally is more accustomed to such expeditions. Nothing could be more sweet than they both were, nor indeed, more grateful than I felt for my share in their kind exertion. The house was re-viewed all over, even the little *pot au feu* was opened by the Princesse, excessively curious to see our manner of living in its minute detail.

I have not heard if your letter has been received by M. de Lally; but I knew not then you had written, and therefore did not inquire. The Princesse talked of nothing so much as you, and with a softness of regard that quite melted me. I always tell her warmly how you feel about her. M. de Lally was most melancholy about France: the last new and most barbarous revolution has disheart-

ened all his hopes—alas! whose can withstand it? They made a long and kind visit, and in the afternoon we went to Norbury Park, where we remained till near eleven o'clock, and thought the time very short.

Madame d'Hénin related some of her adventures in this second flight from her terrible country, and told them with a spirit and a power of observation that would have made them interesting if a tale of old times; but now, all that gives account of those events awakens the whole mind to attention.

M. de Lally after tea read us a beginning of a new tragedy, composed upon an Irish story, but bearing allusion so palpable to the virtues and misfortunes of Louis XVI. that it had almost as strong an effect upon our passions and faculties as if it had borne the name of that good and unhappy Prince. It is written with great pathos, noble sentiment, and most eloquent language. I parted from them with extreme reluctance—nay, vexation.

I set off for town early the next day, Saturday. My time was not yet fixed for my Royal interview, but I had various preparations impossible to make in this dear, quiet, obscure cottage. *Mon ami* could not accompany me, as we had still two men constantly at work, the house without being quite unfinished; but I could not bear to leave his little representative, who, with Betty, was my companion to Chelsea. There I was expected, and our dearest father came forth with open arms to welcome us. He was in delightful spirits, the sweetest humour, and perfectly good looks and good health. My little rogue soon engaged him in a romp, which conquered his rustic shyness, and they became the best friends in the world.

Thursday morning I had a letter from Miss Planta,

written with extreme warmth of kindness, and fixing the next day at eleven o'clock for my Royal admission.

I went up-stairs to Miss Planta's room, where, while I waited for her to be called, the charming Princess Mary passed by, attended by Mrs. Cheveley. She recollected me, and turned back, and came up to me with a fair hand graciously held out to me. "How do you do, Madame d'Arblay?" she cried: "I am vastly glad to see you again; and how does your little boy do?"

I gave her a little account of the rogue, and she proceeded to inquire about my new cottage, and its actual state. I entered into a long detail of its bare walls and unfurnished sides, and the gambols of the little man unincumbered by cares of fractures from useless ornaments, that amused her good-humoured interest in my affairs very much; and she did not leave me till Miss Planta came to usher me to Princess Augusta.

That kind Princess received me with a smile so gay, and a look so pleased at my pleasure in again seeing her, that I quite regretted the etiquette which prevented a chaste embrace. She was sitting at her toilette having her hair dressed. The Royal Family were all going at night to the play. She turned instantly from the glass to face me, and insisted upon my being seated immediately. She then wholly forgot her attire and ornaments and appearance, and consigned herself wholly to conversation, with that intelligent animation which marks her character. She inquired immediately how my little boy did, and then with great sweetness after his father, and after my father.

My first subject was the Princess Royal, and I accounted for not having left my Hermitage in the hope of once more seeing her Royal Highness before her departure. It would have been, I told her, so melancholy a

pleasure to have come merely for a last view, that I could not bear to take my annual indulgence at a period which would make it leave a mournful impression upon my mind for a twelvemonth to come. The Princess said she could enter into that, but said it as if she had been surprised I had not appeared. She then gave me some account of the ceremony; and when I told her I had heard that her Royal Highness the bride had never looked so lovely, she confirmed the praise warmly, but laughingly added, " 'Twas the Queen dressed her! You know what a figure she used to make of herself, with her odd manner of dressing herself; but mamma said, 'Now really, Princess Royal, this one time is the last, and I cannot suffer you to make such a quiz of yourself; so I will really have you dressed properly.' And indeed the Queen was quite in the right, for everybody said she had never looked so well in her life."

The word *quiz*, you may depend, was never the Queen's. I had great comfort, however, in gathering, from all that passed on that subject, that the Royal Family is persuaded this estimable Princess is happy. From what I know of her disposition I am led to believe the situation may make her so. She is born to preside, and that with equal softness and dignity; but she was here in utter subjection, for which she had neither spirits nor inclination. She adored the King, honoured the Queen, and loved her sisters, and had much kindness for her brothers; but her style of life was not adapted to the royalty of her nature, any more than of her birth; and though she only wished for power to do good and to confer favours, she thought herself out of her place in not possessing it.

I was particularly happy to learn from the Princess Augusta that she has already a favourite friend in her

new court, in one of the Princesses of Wirtemberg, wife of a younger brother of the Hereditary Prince, and who is almost as a widow, from the Prince, her husband, being constantly with the army. This is a delightful circumstance, as her turn of mind, and taste, and employments, accord singularly with those of our Princess.

I have no recollection of the order of our conversation, but will give you what morsels occur to me as they arise in my memory.

The terrible mutiny occupied us some time. She told me many anecdotes that she had learnt in favour of various sailors, declaring, with great animation, her security in their good hearts, however drawn aside by harder and more cunning heads. The sweetness with which she delights to get out of all that is forbidding in her rank is truly adorable. In speaking of a sailor on board the St. Fiorenzo, when the Royal Family made their excursion by sea from Weymouth, she said, "You must know this man was a great favourite of mine, for he had the most honest countenance you can conceive, and I have often talked with him, every time we have been at Weymouth, so that we were good friends; but I wanted now in particular to ask him concerning the mutiny, but I knew I should not get him to speak out while the King and Queen and my sisters were by; so I told Lady Charlotte Bellasyse to watch an opportunity when he was upon deck, and the rest were in the cabin, and then we went up to him and questioned him; and he quite answered my expectations, for, instead of taking any merit to himself from belonging to the St. Fiorenzo, which was never in the mutiny, the good creature said he was sure there was not a sailor in the navy that was not sorry to have belonged to it, and would not have got out of it as readily as himself, if he had known but how."

We had then a good deal of talk about Weymouth, but it was all local; and as my Susan has not been there, it would be too long to scribble.

"One thing," cried she, her eyes brightening as she spoke, "I must tell you, though I am sure you know it a great deal better than me, that is about Mr. Lock's family, and so I think it will give you pleasure. General and Mrs. Harcourt went lately to see Norbury Park, and they were in the neighbourhood somewhere near Guildford some time, the General's regiment being quartered thereabouts; and the family they were with knew the Locks very well, and told them they were the best people in the world. They said Mr. Lock was always employed in some benevolent action, and all the family were good; and that there was one daughter quite beautiful, and the most amiable creature in the world, and very like Mrs. Lock."

"The very representative," cried I, "of both parents;" and thus encouraged I indulged myself, without restraint or conciseness, in speaking of the sweet girl and her most beloved and incomparable parents, and Mr. William, and all the house in general.

The Princess Elizabeth now entered, but she did not stay. She came to ask something of her sister relative to a little fête she was preparing, by way of a collation, in honour of the Princess Sophia, who was twenty this day. She made kind inquiries after my health, &c., and, being mistress of the birthday fête, hurried off, and I had not the pleasure to see her any more.

I must be less minute, or I shall never have done.

My charming Princess Augusta renewed the conversation.

Admiral Duncan's noble victory became the theme, but it was interrupted by the appearance of the lovely

Princess Amelia, now become a model of grace, beauty and sweetness, in their bud. She gave me her hand with the softest expression of kindness, and almost immediately began questioning me concerning my little boy and with an air of interest the most captivating. But again Princess Augusta declined any interruptors: "You shall have Madame d'Arblay all to yourself, my dear, soon," she cried, laughingly; and, with a smile a little serious, the sweet Princess Amelia retreated.

It would have been truly edifying to young ladies living in the great and public world to have assisted in my place at the toilette of this exquisite Princess Augusta. Her ease, amounting even to indifference, as to her ornaments and decoration, showed a mind so disengaged from vanity, so superior to mere personal appearance, that I could with difficulty forbear manifesting my admiration. She let the hair-dresser proceed upon her head without comment and without examination, just as if it was solely his affair; and when the man, Robinson, humbly begged to know what ornaments he was to prepare the hair for, she said, "O, there are my feathers, and my gown is blue, so take what you think right." And when he begged she would say whether she would have any ribbons or other things mixed with the feathers and jewels, she said, "You understand all that best, Mr. Robinson, I'm sure; there are the things, so take just what you please." And after this she left him wholly to himself, never a moment interrupting her discourse or her attention with a single direction.

She had just begun a very interesting account of an officer that had conducted himself singularly well in the mutiny, when Miss Planta came to summon me to the Queen. I begged permission to return afterwards for my

unfinished narrative, and then proceeded to the White Closet.

The Queen was alone, seated at a table, and working. Miss Planta opened the door and retired without entering. I felt a good deal affected by the sight of her Majesty again, so graciously accorded to my request; but my first and instinctive feeling was nothing to what I experienced when, after my profoundly respectful reverence, I raised my eyes, and saw in hers a look of sensibility so expressive of regard, and so examining, so penetrating into mine, as to seem to convey, involuntarily, a regret I had quitted her. This, at least, was the idea that struck me, from the species of look which met me; and it touched me to the heart, and brought instantly, in defiance of all struggle, a flood of tears into my eyes. I was some minutes recovering; and when I then entreated her forgiveness, and cleared up, the voice with which she spoke, in hoping I was well, told me she had caught a little of my sensation, for it was by no means steady. Indeed, at that moment, I longed to kneel and beseech her pardon for the displeasure I had felt in her long resistance of my resignation; for I think, now, it was from a real and truly honourable wish to attach me to her for ever. But I then suffered too much from a situation so ill adapted to my choice and disposition, to do justice to her opposition, or to enjoy its honour to myself. Now that I am so singularly, alas! nearly singularly happy, though wholly from my perseverance in that resignation, I feel all I owe her, and I feel more and more grateful for every mark of her condescension, either recollected or renewed.

She looked ill, pale, and harassed. The King was but just returned from his abortive visit to the Nore, and the

inquietude she had sustained during that short separation, circumstanced many ways alarmingly, had evidently shaken her: I saw with much, with deep concern, her sunk eyes and spirits; I believe the sight of me raised not the latter. Mrs. Schwellenberg had not long been dead, and I have some reason to think she would not have been sorry to have had me supply the vacancy; for I had immediate notice sent me of her death by Miss Planta, so written as to persuade me it was a letter by command. But not all my duty, all my gratitude, could urge me, even one short fleeting moment, to weigh any interest against the soothing serenity, the unfading felicity, of a Hermitage such as mine.

We spoke of poor Mrs. Schwelly,—and of her successor, Mlle. Backmeister,—and of mine, Mrs. Bremyere; and I could not but express my concern that her Majesty had again been so unfortunate, for Mlle. Jacobi had just retired to Germany, ill and dissatisfied with everything in England. The Princess Augusta had recounted to me the whole narrative of her retirement, and its circumstances. The Queen told me that the King had very handsomely taken care of her. But such frequent retirements are heavy weights upon the royal bounty. I felt almost guilty when the subject was started; but not from any reproach, any allusion,—not a word was dropped that had not kindness and goodness for its basis and its superstructure at once.

"How is your little boy?" was one of the earliest questions. "Is he here?" she added.

"O yes," I answered, misunderstanding her, "he is my shadow; I go nowhere without him."

"But *here*, I mean?"

"O no! ma'am, I did not dare presume——"

I stopped, for her look said it would be no presump-

[illegible] Miss Planta had already desired me to bring [illegible] her next time; which I suspect was by higher order than her own suggestion.

She then inquired after my dear father, and so graciously, that I told her not only of his good health, but his occupations, his new work, a 'Poetical History of Astronomy,' and his consultations with Herschel.

She permitted me to speak a good deal of the Princess of Wirtemberg, whom they still all call Princess Royal. She told me she had worked her wedding garment, and entirely, and the real labour it had proved, from her steadiness to have no help, well knowing that three stitches done by any other would make it immediately said it was none of it by herself. "As the bride of a widower," she continued, "I know she ought to be in white and gold; but as the King's eldest daughter she had a right to white and silver, which she preferred."

A little then we talked of the late great naval victory, and she said it was singularly encouraging to us that the three great victories at sea had been "against our three great enemies, successively: Lord Howe against the French, Lord St. Vincent against the Spaniards, and Lord Duncan against the Dutch."

She spoke very feelingly of the difficult situation of the Orange family, now in England, upon this battle; and she repeated me the contents of a letter from the Princess of Orange, whose character she much extolled, upon the occasion, to the Princess Elizabeth, saying she could not bear to be the only person in England to withhold her congratulations to the King upon such an occasion, when no one owed him such obligations; but all she had to regret was that the Dutch had not fought with, not against, the English, and that the defeat had not fallen

upon those who ought to be [illegible] admired and pitied inexpressibly this poor [illegible] Princess.

I told her of a note my father had received from Lady Mary Duncan, in answer to his wishing her joy of her relation's prowess and success, in which he says, "Lady Mary has been, for some days past, like the rest of the nation, drunk for joy." This led to more talk of this singular lady, and reciprocal stories of her oddities.

She then deigned to inquire very particularly about our new cottage,—its size, its number of rooms, and its grounds. I told her, honestly, it was excessively comfortable, though unfinished and unfitted up, for that it had innumerable little contrivances and conveniencies, just adapted to our particular use and taste, as M. d'Arblay had been its sole architect and surveyor. "Then I dare say," she answered, "it is very commodious, for there are no people understand enjoyable accommodations more than French gentlemen, when they have the arranging them themselves."

This was very kind, and encouraged me to talk a good deal of my partner, in his various works and employments; and her manner of attention was even touchingly condescending, all circumstances considered. And she then related to me the works of two French priests, to whom she has herself been so good as to commit the fitting up of one of her apartments at Frogmore. And afterwards she gave me a description of what another French gentleman,—elegantly and feelingly avoiding to say emigrant—had done in a room belonging to Mrs. Harcourt, at Sophia Farm, where he had the sole superintendence of it, and has made it beautiful.

When she asked about our field, I told her we hoped in time to buy it, as Mr. Lock had the extreme kindness

to consent to part with it to us, when it should suit our convenience to purchase instead of renting it. I thought I saw a look of peculiar satisfaction at this, that seemed to convey pleasure in the implication thence to be drawn, that England was our decided, not forced or eventual residence. And she led me on to many minute particulars of our situation and way of living, with a sweetness of interest I can never forget.

Nor even here stopped the sensations of gratitude and pleasure she thus awoke. She spoke then of my beloved Susan; asked if she were still in Ireland, and how the "pretty Norbury" did. She then a little embarrassed me by an inquiry "why Major Phillips went to Ireland?" for my answer, that he was persuaded he should improve his estate by superintending the agriculture of it himself, seemed dissatisfactory; however, she pressed it no further. But I cannot judge by what passed whether she concludes he is employed in a military way there, or whether she has heard that he has retired. She seemed kindly pleased at all I had to relate of my dear Norbury, and I delighted to call him back to her remembrance.

She talked a good deal of the Duchess of York, who continues the first favourite of the whole Royal Family. She told me of hei beautiful works, lamented her indifferent health, and expatiated upon her admirable distribution of her time and plan of life, and charming qualities and character.

She asked me about Mr. Lock and his family, and honoured me with an ear of uninterrupted attention while I made an harangue of no small length upon the chief in particular, and the rest in general. She seems always to take pleasure in the quick gratification this subject affords me.

Of her own Royal daughters she permitted me also to talk, especially of my two peculiar idols. And she gave me a copious description of the new improvements still going on at Frogmore, with a detail of some surprises the King had given her, by orders and buildings erected in the gardens during her absence.

But what chiefly dwells upon me with pleasure is, that she spoke to me upon some subjects and persons that I know she would not for the world should be repeated, with just the same confidence, the same reliance upon my grateful discretion for her openness, that she honoured me with while she thought me established in her service for life. I need not tell my Susan how this binds me more than ever to her.

Very short to me seemed the time, though the whole conversation was serious, and her air thoughtful almost to sadness, when a page touched the door, and said something in German. The Queen, who was then standing by the window, turned round to answer him, and then, with a sort of congratulatory smile to me, said, "Now you will see what you don't expect—the King!"

I could indeed not expect it, for he was at Blackheath at a review, and he was returned only to dress for the levee.

* * * * * *

The King related very pleasantly a little anecdote of Lady ——. "She brought the little Princess Charlotte," he said, "to me just before the review. 'She hoped,' she said, 'I should not take it ill, for, having mentioned it to the child, she built so upon it that she had thought of nothing else!' Now this," cried he, laughing heartily, "was pretty strong! How can she know what a child is thinking of before it can speak?"

I was very happy at the fondness they both expressed

for the little Princess. "A sweet little creature," the King called her; "A most lovely child," the Queen turned to me to add; and the King said he had taken her upon his horse, and given her a little ride, before the regiment rode up to him. "'Tis very odd," he added, "but she always knows me on horseback, and never else." "Yes," said the Queen, "when his Majesty comes to her on horseback she claps her little hands, and endeavours to say 'Gan-pa!' immediately." I was much pleased that she is brought up to such simple and affectionate acknowledgment of relationship.

The King then inquired about my father, and with a look of interest and kindness that regularly accompanies his mention of that most dear person. He asked after his health, his spirits, and his occupations, waiting for long answers to each inquiry. The Queen anticipated my relation of his astronomic work, and he seemed much pleased with the design, as well as at hearing that his *protégé*, Dr. Herschel, had been consulted.

I was then a little surprised by finding he had heard of 'Clarentine.' He asked me, smilingly, some questions about it, and if it were true, what he suspected, that my youngest sister had a mind to do as I had done, and bring out a work in secret? I was very much pleased then when the Queen said, "I have seen it, sir, and it is very pretty."

There was time but for little more, as he was to change his dress for the levee; and I left their presence more attached to them, I really think, than ever.

I then, by her kind appointment, returned to my lovely and loved Princess Augusta. Her hair-dresser was just gone, and she was proceeding in equipping herself. "If you can bear to see all this work," cried she, "pray come and sit with me, my dear Madame d'Arblay."

Nothing could be more expeditious than her attiring herself,—nothing more careless than her examination how it succeeded. But judge my confusion and embarrassment, when, upon my saying I came to petition for the rest of the story she had just begun, and her answering by inquiring what it was about, I could not tell! It had entirely escaped my memory; and though I sought every way I could suggest to recall it, I so entirely failed, that, after her repeated demands, I was compelled honestly to own that the commotion I had been put in by my interview with their Majesties had really driven it from my mind.

She bore this with the true good humour of good sense; but I was most excessively ashamed.

She then resumed the reigning subject of the day, Admiral Duncan's victory; and this led to speak again of the Orange family; but she checked what seemed occurring to her about them, till her wardrobe-woman had done and was dismissed; then, hurrying her away, while she sat down by me, putting on her long and superb diamond earrings herself, and without even turning towards a glass, she said, "I don't like much to talk of that family before the servants, for I am told they already think the King too good to them."

The Princess of Orange is, I find, a great favourite with them all; the Prince Frederick also, I believe, they like very much; but the Prince himself, she said, "has never, in fact, had his education finished. He was married quite a boy; but, being married, concluded himself a man, and not only turned off all his instructors, but thought it unnecessary to ask, or hear, counsel or advice of any one. He is like a fallow field,—that is, not of a soil that can't be improved, but one that has been left

quite to itself, and therefore has no materials put in it for improvement."

She then told me that she had hindered him, with great difficulty, from going to a great dinner, given at the Mansion-house, upon the victory of Admiral Duncan. It was not, she said, that he did not feel for his country in that defeat, but that he never weighed the impropriety of his public appearance upon an occasion of rejoicing at it, nor the ill effect the history of his so doing would produce in Holland. She had the kindness of heart to take upon herself preventing him; "for no one," says she, "that is about him dares ever speak to him, to give him any hint of advice; which is a great misfortune to him, poor man, for it makes him never know what is said or thought of him." She related with a great deal of humour her arguments to dissuade him, and his *naïve* manner of combating them. But though she conquered at last, she did not convince.

The Princess of Orange, she told me, had a most superior understanding, and might guide him sensibly and honourably; but he was so jealous of being thought led by her counsel, that he never listened to it at all. She gave me to understand that this unhappy Princess had had a life of uninterrupted indulgence and prosperity till the late revolution; and that the suddenness of such adversity had rather soured her mind, which, had it met sorrow and evil by any gradations, would have been equal to bearing them even nobly; but so quick a transition from affluence, and power, and wealth, and grandeur, to a fugitive and dependent state, had almost overpowered her.

A door was now opened from an inner apartment, where, I believe, was the grand collation for the Princess

Sophia's birthday, and a tall thin young man appeared at it, peeping and staring, but not entering.

"How do you do, Ernest?" cried the Princess; "I hope you are well; only pray do shut the door."

He did not obey, nor move, either forwards or backwards, but kept peering and peeping. She called to him again, beseeching him to shut the door; but he was determined to first gratify his curiosity, and, when he had looked as long as he thought pleasant, he entered the apartment; but Princess Augusta, instead of receiving and welcoming him, only said, "Good by, my dear Ernest; I shall see you again at the play."

He then marched on, finding himself so little desired, and only saying, "No, you won't; I hate the play."

I had risen when I found it one of the Princes, and with a motion of readiness to depart; but my dear Princess would not let me.

When we were alone again, "Ernest," she said, "has a very good heart; only he speaks without taking time to think."

She then gave me an instance. The Orange family by some chance were all assembled with our Royal Family when the news of the great victory at sea arrived; or at least upon the same day. "We were all," said she, "distressed for them upon so trying an occasion: and at supper we talked, of course, of every other subject; but Ernest, quite uneasy at the forbearance, said to me, 'You don't think I won't drink Admiral Duncan's health to-night?' 'Hush!' cried I. 'That's very hard indeed!' said he, quite loud. I saw the Princess of Orange looking at him, and was sure she had heard him; I trod upon his foot, and made him turn to her. She looked so disturbed, that he saw she had understood him, and he coloured very high. The Princess of Orange

then said, 'I hope my being here will be no restraint upon anybody: I know what must be the subject of everybody's thoughts, and I beg I may not prevent its being so of their discourse.' Poor Ernest now was so sorry, he was ready to die, and the tears started into his eyes; and he would not have given his toast after this for all the world."

The play they were going to was 'The Merchant of Venice,' to see a new actress, just now much talked of—Miss Betterton; and the indulgent King, hearing she was extremely frightened at the thoughts of appearing before him, desired she might choose her own part for the first exhibition in his presence. She fixed upon Portia.

In speaking of Miss Farren's marriage with the Earl of Derby, she displayed that sweet mind which her state and station has so wholly escaped sullying; for, far from expressing either horror, or resentment, or derision at an actress being elevated to the rank of second countess of England, she told me, with an air of satisfaction, that she was informed she had behaved extremely well since her marriage, and done many generous and charitable actions.

She spoke with pleasure, too, of the high marriage made by another actress, Miss Wallis, who has preserved a spotless character, and is now the wife of a man of fortune and family, Mr. Campbell.

In mentioning Mrs. Siddons, and her great and affecting powers, she much surprised me by intelligence that she had bought the proprietorship of Sadler's Wells. I could not hear it without some amusement; it seemed, I said, so extraordinary a combination—so degrading a one, indeed,—that of the first tragic actress, the living Melpomene, and something so burlesque as Sadler's

Wells. She laughed, and said it offered her a very ludicrous image, for "Mrs. Siddons and Sadler's Wells," said she, "seems to me as ill fitted as the dish they call a toad in a hole; which I never saw, but always hink of with anger,—putting a noble sirloin of beef into a poor, paltry batter-pudding!"

The door now again opened, and another Royal personage put in his head; and upon the Princess saying, "How d'ye do, William?" I recollected the Duke of Clarence.

I rose, of course, and he made a civil bow to my courtsy. The Princess asked him about the House of Lords the preceding evening, where I found he had spoken very handsomely and generously in eulogium of Admiral Duncan.

Finding he was inclined to stay, the Princess said to me, "Madame d'Arblay, I beg you will sit down."

"Pray, madam," said the Duke, with a formal motion of his hand, "let me beg you to be seated."

"You know—you recollect Madame d'Arblay, don't you, William?" said the Princess.

He bowed civilly an affirmative, and then began talking to me of Chesington. How I grieved poor dear Kitty was gone! How great would have been her gratification to have heard that he mentioned her, and with an air of kindness, as if he had really entered into the solid goodness of her character. I was much surprised and much pleased, yet not without some perplexity and some embarrassment, as his knowledge of the excellent Kitty was from her being the dupe of the mistress of his aide-de-camp.

The Princess, however, saved me any confusion beyond apprehension, for she asked not one question. He

moved on towards the next apartment, and we were again alone.

She then talked to me a great deal of him, and gave me, admirably, his character. She is very partial to him, but by no means blindly. He had very good parts, she said, but seldom did them justice. "If he has something of high importance to do," she continued, "he will exert himself to the utmost, and do it really well; but otherwise, he is so fond of his ease, he lets everything take its course. He must do a great deal, or nothing. However, I really think, if he takes pains, he may make something of a speaker by and by in the House."

She related a visit he had made at Lady Mary Duncan's, at Hampton Court, upon hearing Admiral Duncan was there; and told me the whole and most minute particulars of the battle, as they were repeated by his Royal Highness from the Admiral's own account. But you will dispense with the martial detail from me. "Lady Mary," cried she, "is quite enchanted with her gallant nephew. 'I used to look,' says she, 'for honour and glory from my other side, the T——s; but I receive it only from the Duncans! As to the T——s, what good do they do their country?—why, they play all day at tennis, and learn with vast skill to notch and scotch and go one! And that's what their country gets from them!' "

I thought now I should certainly be dismissed, for a page came to the door to announce that the Duke of York was arrived: but she only said, "Very well; pray shut the door;" which seemed her gentle manner of having it understood she would not be disturbed, as she used the same words when messages were brought her from the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary.

She spoke again of the Duchess of York with the same

fondness as at Windsor. "I told you before," she said, "I loved her like one of my own sisters, and I can tell you no more: and she knows it; for one day she was taken ill, and fainted, and we put her upon one of our beds, and got her everything we could think of ourselves, and let nobody else wait upon her; and when she revived she said to my brother, 'These are my sisters—I am sure they are! they must be my own!'"

Our next and last interruption, I think, was from a very gentle tap at the door, and a "May I come in?" from a soft voice, while the lock was turned, and a youthful and very lovely female put in her head.

The Princess immediately rose, and said, "O yes," and held out her two hands to her; turning at the same time to me, and saying, "Princess Sophia."

I found it was the Duke of Gloucester's daughter. She is very fat, with very fine eyes, a bright, even dazzling bloom, fine teeth, a beautiful skin, and a look of extreme modesty and sweetness.

She courtesied to me so distinguishingly, that I was almost confused by her condescension, fearing she might imagine, from finding me seated with the Princess Augusta and in such close conference, I was somebody.

"You look so fine and so grand," cried she, examining the Princess's attire, which was very superb in silver and diamonds, "that I am almost afraid to come near you!"

Her own dress was perfectly simple, though remarkably elegant.

"O!—I hate myself when so fine!" cried Princess Augusta; "I cannot bear it; but there is no help—the people at the play always expect it."

They then conversed a little while, both standing; and then Princess Augusta said, "Give my love to the Duke" (meaning of Gloucester), "and I hope I shall see him

by and bye; and to William" (Meaning the Duke's son).

And this, which was not a positive request that she would prolong her visit, was understood; and the lovely cousin made her courtsy and retired.

To me, again, she made another, so gravely low and civil, that I really blushed to receive it, from added fear of being mistaken. I accompanied her to the door, and shut it for her; and the moment she was out of the room, and out of sight of the Princess Augusta, she turned round to me, and with a smile of extreme civility, and a voice very soft, said, "I am so happy to see you!—I have longed for it a great, great while—for I have read you with such delight and instruction, so often!"

I was very much surprised indeed: I expressed my sense of her goodness as well as I could; and she courtsied again, and glided away.

"How infinitely gracious is all your Royal Highness's House to me!" cried I, as I returned to my charming Princess; who again made me take my seat next her own, and again renewed her discourse.

I stayed on with this delightful Princess till near four o'clock, when she descended to dinner. I then accompanied her to the head of the stairs, saying, "I feel quite low that this is over! How I wish it might be repeated in half a year instead of a year!"

"I'm sure, and so do I!" were the last kind words she condescendingly uttered.

I then made a little visit to Miss Planta, who was extremely friendly, and asked me why I should wait another year before I came. I told her I had leave for an annual visit, and could not presume to encroach beyond such a permission. However, as she proposed my calling upon her, at least when I happened to be in town

or at Chelsea, I begged her to take some opportunity to hint my wish of admission, if possible, more frequently.

In the evening I went to the play with James and Marianne. It was a new comedy called 'Cheap Living,' by Reynolds or Morton, and full of absurdities, but at times irresistibly comic.

Very soon afterwards I had a letter from Miss Planta, saying she had mentioned to her Majesty my regret of the long intervals of annual admissions; and that her Majesty had most graciously answered, "She should be very glad to see me whenever I came to town."

PART IV.

Talleyrand—Madame d'Arblay's interview with the Queen in behalf of her father—The Princesses—The Duke of Norfolk and the majesty of the people—Queen Charlotte's benevolence —Royal contributions in support of the war—Madame Schwellenberg's successor—The royal party at the theatre—Secrets worth knowing—Mrs. Chapone — Lady Strange—Mysterious donation—Sheridan seconding Dundas —Last moments of Louis XVI.—Professor Young—Rogers the poet—French emigrants —Sir Lucas Pepys and Lady Rothes—Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld —Mr. Strachan the printer—Carnot's pamphlet—Madame d'Arblay visits the Princess Amelia—Her Royal Highness's condescension—Herschel—Lord Macartney.

PART IV.

1798.

DIARY RESUMED.

Addressed to Mrs. Phillips.

Westhamble.

JANUARY 18TH.—I am very impatient to know if the invasion threat affects your part of Ireland. Our 'Oracle' is of opinion the French soldiers will not go to Ireland, though there flattered with much help, because they can expect but little advantage, after all the accounts spread by the Opposition of its starving condition; but that they will come to England, though sure of contest, at least, because there they expect the very road to be paved with gold.

Nevertheless, how I wish my heart's beloved here! to share with us at least the same fears, instead of the division of apprehension we must now mutually be tormented with I own I am sometimes affrighted enough. These sanguine and sanguinary wretches will risk all for the smallest hope of plunder; and Barras assures them they have only to enter England to be lords of wealth unbounded.

But Talleyrand!—how like myself must you have felt at his conduct! indignant—amazed—ashamed! Our first prepossession against him was instinct—he conquered it by pains indefatigable to win us, and he succeeded astonishingly, for we became partial to him almost

to fondness. The part he now acts against England may be justified, perhaps, by the spirit of revenge; but the part he submits to perform of coadjutor with the worst of villains—with Barras—Rewbel—Merlin—marks some in ternal atrocity of character that disgusts as much as disappoints me. And now, a last stroke, which appears in yesterday's paper, gives the finishing hand to his portrait in my eyes. He has sent (and written) the letter which exhorts the King of Prussia to order the Duke of Brunswick to banish and drive from his dominions all the emigrants there in asylum; and among these are the Archbishop of Rennes (his uncle) and—his own mother!

Poor M. de Narbonne! how will he be shocked and let down! where he now is we cannot conjecture: all emigrants are exiled from the Canton of Berne, where he resided; I feel extremely disturbed about him. If that wretch Talleyrand has not given him some private intimation to escape, and where to be safe, he must be a monster.

We have no further news from France of any sort.

This very day, I thank God! we paid the last of our workmen. Our house now is our own fairly; that it is our own madly too you will all think, when I tell you the small remnant of our income that has outlived this payment. However, if the Carmagnols do not seize our walls, we despair not of enjoying, in defiance of all straitness and strictness, our dear dwelling to our hearts' content. But we are reducing our expenses and way of life, in order to go on. in a manner you would laugh to see, though almost cry to hear.

But I never forget Dr. Johnson's words. When somebody said that a certain person "had no turn for economy," he answered, "Sir, you might as well say that he has no turn for honesty."

We know nothing yet of our taxes—nothing of our assessments; but we are of good courage, and so pleased with our *maisonnette*, we think nothing too dear for it, provided we can but exist in it.

I should like much to know how you stand affected about the assessment, and about the invasion.

O that all these public troubles would accelerate your return! private blessings they would then, at least, prove. Ah, my Susan, how do I yearn for some little ray upon this subject!

Charles and his family are at Bath, and Charlotte is gone to them for a fortnight. All accounts that reach me of all the house and race are well. Mr. Lock gives us very frequent peeps indeed, and looks with such benevolent pleasure at our dear cottage and its environs! and seems to say, "I brought all this to bear!" and to feel happy in the noble trust he placed in our self-belief that he might venture to show that kind courage without which we could never have been united. All this retrospection is expressed by his penetrating eyes at every visit. He rarely alights; but I frequently enter the phaëton, and take a conversation in an airing. And when he comes without his precious Amelia, he indulges my Alex in being our third.

And now I have to prepare another Court relation for my dearest Susanna.

I received on Wednesday morn a letter from our dearest father, telling me he feared he should be forced to quit his Chelsea apartments, from a new arrangement among the officers, and wishing me to represent his difficulties, his books, health, time of life, and other circumstances, through Miss Planta, to the Queen. M. d'Arblay

and I both thought that, if I had any chance of being of the smallest use, it would be by endeavouring to obtain an audience—not by letter; and as the most remote hope of success was sufficient to urge every exertion, we settled that I should set out instantly for Chelsea; and a chaise, therefore, we sent for from Dorking, and I set off at noon. M. d'A. would not go, as we knew not what accommodation I might find; and I could not, uninvited and unexpected, take my little darling boy; so I went not merrily, though never more willingly.

My dear father was at home, and, I could see, by no means surprised by my appearance, though he had not hinted at desiring it. Of course he was not very angry nor sorry, and we communed together upon his apprehensions, and settled our plan. I was to endeavour to represent his case to the Queen, in hopes it might reach his Majesty, and procure some order in his favour.

I wrote to Miss Planta, merely to say I was come to pass three days at Chelsea, and, presuming upon the gracious permission of her Majesty, I ventured to make known my arrival, in the hope it might possibly procure me the honour of admittance.

The next morning, Thursday, I had a note from Miss Planta, to say that she had the pleasure to acquaint me her Majesty desired I would be at the Queen's house next day at ten o'clock.

Miss Planta conducted me immediately, by order, to the Princess Elizabeth, who received me alone, and kept me *tête-à-tête* till I was summoned to the Queen, which was near an hour. She was all condescension and openness, and inquired into my way of life and plans, with a sort of kindness that I am sure belonged to a real wish to find them happy and prosperous. When I mentioned how much of our time was mutually given to books and

writing, M. d'Arblay being as great a scribbler as myself, she good-naturedly exclaimed, "How fortunate he should have so much the same taste!"

"It was that, in fact," I answered, "which united us; for our acquaintance began, in intimacy, by reading French together, and writing themes, both French and English, for each other's correction."

"Pray," cried she, "if it is not impertinent, may I ask to what religion you shall bring up your son?"

"The Protestant," I replied; telling her it was M. d'Arblay's own wish, since he was an Englishman born, he should be an Englishman bred,—with much more upon the subject that my Susan knows untold.

She then inquired why M. d'Arblay was not naturalised.

This was truly kind, for it looked like wishing our permanently fixing in this his adopted country. I answered that he found he could not be naturalised as a Catholic, which had made him relinquish the plan; for though he was firmly persuaded the real difference between the two religions was trifling, and such as even appeared to him, in the little he had had opportunity to examine, to be in favour of Protestantism, he could not bring himself to study the matter with a view of changing that seemed actuated by interest; nor could I wish it, earnest as I was for his naturalisation. But he hoped, ere long, to be able to be naturalised as an Irishman, that clause of religion not being there insisted upon; or else to become a denizen, which was next best, and which did not meddle with religion at all. She made me talk to her a great deal of my little boy, and my father, and M. d'Arblay; and when Miss Planta came to fetch me to her Majesty, she desired to see me again before my departure.

The Queen was in her White Closet, working at a round table, with the four remaining Princesses, Augusta, Mary, Sophia, and Amelia. She received me most sweetly, and with a look of far better spirits than upon my last admission. She permitted me, in the most gracious manner, to inquire about the Princess Royal, now Duchess of Wirtemberg, and gave me an account of her that I hope is not flattered; for it seemed happy, and such as reconciled them all to the separation. When she deigned to inquire, herself, after my dear father, you may be sure of the eagerness with which I seized the moment for relating his embarrassment and difficulties. She heard me with a benevolence that assured me, though she made no speech, my history would not be forgotten, nor remembered vainly. I was highly satisfied with her look and manner.

The Princesses Mary and Amelia had a little opening between them; and when the Queen was conversing with some lady who was teaching the Princess Sophia some work, they began a whispering conversation with me about my little boy. How tall is he?—how old is he?—is he fat or thin?—is he like you or M. d'Arblay? &c. &c.—with sweet vivacity of interest,—the lovely Princess Amelia finishing her listening to my every answer with a "dear little thing!" that made me long to embrace her as I have done in her childhood. She is now full as tall as Princess Royal, and as much formed; she looks seventeen, though only fourteen, but has an innocence, an Hebe blush, an air of modest candour, and a gentleness so caressingly inviting, of voice and eye, that I have seldom seen a more captivating young creature.

Then they talked of my new house, and inquired about every room it contained; and then of our grounds, and

they were mightily diverted with the mixtures of roses and cabbages, sweet briers and potatoes, &c.

The Queen, catching the domestic theme, presently made inquiries herself, both as to the building and the child, asking, with respect to the latter, "*Is he here?*" as if she meant in the palace. I told her I had come so unexpectedly myself upon my father's difficulties, that I had not this time brought my little shadow. I believed, however, I should fetch him, as, if I lengthened my stay, M. d'Arblay would come also. "To be sure!" she said, as if feeling the trio's full objections to separating.

She asked if I had seen a play just come out, called 'He 's much to Blame;' and, on my negative, began to relate to me its plot and characters, and the representation and its effect; and, warming herself by her own account and my attention, she presently entered into a very minute history of each act, and a criticism upon some incidents, with a spirit and judiciousness that were charming. She is delightful in discourse when animated by her subject, and speaking to auditors with whom, neither from circumstance nor suspicion, she has restraint. But when, as occasionally she deigned to ask my opinion of the several actors she brought in review, I answered I had never seen them,—neither Mrs. Pope, Miss Betterton, Mr. Murray, &c.,—she really looked almost concerned. She knows my fondness for the theatre, and I did not fear to say my inability to indulge it was almost my only regret in my hermit life. "I, too," she graciously said, "prefer plays to all other amusements."

By degrees all the Princesses retired, except the Princess Augusta. She then spoke more openly upon less public matters,—in particular upon the affair, then just recent, of the Duke of Norfolk, who, you may have heard, had drunk, at the Whig Club, "To the majesty of the

people;" in consequence of which the King had erased his name from the Privy Council. His Grace had been caricatured drinking from a silver tankard, with the burnt bread still in flames touching his mouth, and exclaiming, "Pshaw! my *toast* has burnt my mouth."

This led me to speak of his great brick house, which is our immediate *vis-à-vis*. And much then ensued upon Lady ——, concerning whom she opened to me very completely, allowing all I said of her uncommon excellence as a mother, but adding, "Though she is certainly very clever, she thinks herself so a little too much, and instructs others at every word. I was so tired with her beginning everything with 'I think,' that, at last, just as she said so, I stopped her, and cried, 'O, I know what you think, Lady ——!' Really, one is obliged to be quite sharp with her to keep her in her place."

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Lady C——, she had been informed, had a considerable sum in the French funds, which she endeavoured from time to time to recover; but upon her last effort, she had the following query put to her agent by order of the Directory: how much she would have deducted from the principal, as a contribution towards the loan raising for the army of England?

If Lady C—— were not mother-in-law to a minister who sees the King almost daily, I should think this a made story.

When, after about an hour and a half's audience, she dismissed me, she most graciously asked my stay at Chelsea, and desired I would inform Miss Planta before I returned home.

This gave me the most gratifying feeling, and much hope for my dearest father.

Returning then, according to my permission, to Prin-

cess Elizabeth, she again took up her netting, and made me sit by her. We talked a good deal of the new-married daughter of Lady Templetown, and she was happy, she said, to hear from me that the ceremony was performed by her own favourite Bishop of Durham, for she was sure a blessing would attend his joining their hands. She asked me much of my little man, and told me several things of the Princess Charlotte, her niece, and our future Queen; she seems very fond of her, and says 'tis a lovely child, and extremely like the Prince of Wales. "She is just two years old," said she, "and speaks very prettily, though not plainly. I flatter myself Aunt Liby, as she calls me, is a great favourite with her."

My dearest Princess Augusta soon after came in, and, after staying a few minutes, and giving some message to her sister, said, "And when you leave Elizabeth, my dear Madame d'Arblay, I hope you'll come to me."

This happened almost immediately, and I found her hurrying over the duty of her toilette, which she presently despatched, though she was going to a public concert of Ancient Music, and without scarcely once looking in the glass, from haste to have done, and from a freedom from vanity I never saw quite equalled in any young woman of any class. She then dismissed her hairdresser and wardrobe-woman, and made me sit by her.

Almost immediately we began upon the voluntary contributions to the support of the war; and when I mentioned the Queen's munificent donation of five thousand pounds a-year for its support, and my admiration of it, from my peculiar knowledge, through my long residence under the Royal roof, of the many claims which Her Majesty's benevolence, as well as state, had raised upon her powers, she seemed much gratified by the justice I did her Royal mother, and exclaimed eagerly, "I do assure

you, my dear Madame d'Arblay, people ought to know more how good the Queen is, for they don't know it half." And then she told me that she only by accident had learnt almost all that she knew of the Queen's bounties. "And the most I gathered," she continued, laughing, "was, to tell you the real truth, by my own impertinence; for when we were at Cheltenham, Lady Courtown (the Queen's lady-in-waiting for the country) put her pocket-book down on the table, when I was alone with her, by some chance open at a page where mamma's name was written: so, not guessing at any secret commission, I took it up, and read—Given by Her Majesty's commands—so much, and so much, and so much. And I was quite surprised. However, Lady Courtown made me promise never to mention it to the Queen; so I never have. But I long it should be known, for all that; though I would not take such a liberty as to spread it of my own judgment."

I then mentioned my own difficulties formerly, when Her Majesty, upon my ill state of health's urging my resigning the honour of belonging to the Royal household, so graciously settled upon me my pension, that I had been forbidden to name it. I had been quite distressed in not avowing what I so gratefully felt, and hearing questions and surmises and remarks I had no power to answer. She seemed instantly to comprehend that my silence might do wrong, on such an occasion, to the Queen, for she smiled, and with great quickness cried, "O, I dare say you felt quite guilty in holding your tongue." And she was quite pleased with the permission afterwards granted me to be explicit.

When I spoke of her own and her Royal sisters' contributions, 100*l.* per annum, she blushed, but seemed ready to enter upon the subject, even confidentially, and

related its whole history. No one ever advised or named it to them, as they have none of them any separate establishment, but all hang upon the Queen, from whose pin-money they are provided for till they marry, or have an household of their own granted by Parliament. "Yet we all longed to subscribe," cried she, "and thought it quite right, if other young ladies did, not to be left out. But the difficulty was, how to do what would not be improper for us, and yet not to be generous at mamma's expense. for that would only have been unjust. So we consulted some of our friends, and then fixed upon 100*l.* a-piece; and when we asked the Queen's leave, she was so good as to approve it. So then we spoke to the King; and he said it was but little, but he wished particularly nobody should subscribe what would really distress them; and that, if that was all we could conveniently do, and regularly continue, he approved it more than to have us make a greater exertion, and either bring ourselves into difficulties or not go on. But he was not at all angry."

She then gave me the history of the contribution of her brothers. The Prince of Wales could not give in his name without the leave of his creditors. "But Ernest," cried she, "gives 300*l.* a-year, and that's a tenth of his income, for the King allows him 3000*l.*"

All this leading to discourse upon loyalty, and then its contrast, democracy, she narrated to me at full length a lecture of Thelwall's, which had been repeated to her by M de Guiffardière. It was very curious from her mouth. But she is candour in its whitest purity, wherever it is possible to display it, in discriminating between good and bad, and abstracting rays of light even from the darkest shades. So she did even from Thelwall.

She made me, as usual, talk of my little boy, and was much amused by hearing that, imitating what he heard from me, he called his father "*mon ami*," and *tutoyé*'d him, drinking his health at dinner, as his father does to me—"*à ta santé*."

When at length the Princess Augusta gave me the bow of *congé*, she spoke of seeing me again soon: I said I should therefore lengthen my stay in town, and induce M. d'Arblay to come and bring my boy.

"We shall see you then certainly," said she, smiling; "and do pray, my dear Madame d'Arblay, bring your little boy with you."

"And don't say anything to him," cried she, as I was departing; "let us see him quite natural."

I understood her gracious, and let me say rational, desire, that the child should not be impressed with any awe of the Royal presence. I assured her I must obey, for he was so young, so wild, and so unused to present himself, except as a plaything, that it would not be even in my power to make him orderly.

My dear father was extremely pleased with what I had to tell him, and hurried me back to Westhamble, to provide myself with baggage for sojourning with him. My two Alexanders, you will believe, were now warmly invited to Chelsea, and we all returned thither together, accompanied by Betty Nurse.

I shall complete my next Court visit before I enter upon aught else.

I received, very soon, a note from Madame Bremyere, who is my successor. [I have told you poor Mlle. Jacobi is returned to Germany, I think; and that her niece, La Bettina, is to marry a rich English merchant and settle

in London.] This note says; "Mrs. Bremyere has received the Queen's commands to invite Madame d'Arblay to the play to-morrow night"—with her own desire I would drink coffee in her apartment before we went to the theatre.

Could anything more sweetly mark the real kindness of the Queen than this remembrance of my fondness for plays?

My dear father lent me his carriage, and I was now introduced to the successor of Mrs. Schwellenberg, Mlle. Bachmeister, a German, brought over by M. De Luc, who travelled into Germany to accompany her hither. I found she was the lady I had seen with the Queen and Princesses, teaching some work. Not having been to the so-long-known apartments since the death of Mrs. Schwellenberg, I knew not how they were arranged, and had concluded Madame Bremyere possessed those of Mrs. Schwellenberg. Thither, therefore, I went, and was received, to my great surprise, by this lady, who was equally surprised by my entrance, though without any doubt who I might be, from having seen me with the Queen, and from knowing I was to join the play-party to my *ci devant* box. I inquired if I had made any mistake; but though she could not say no, she would not suffer me to rectify it, but sent to ask Madame Bremyere to meet me in her room.

Mlle. Bachmeister is extremely genteel in her figure, though extremely plain in her face; her voice is gentle and penetrating; her manners are soft, yet dignified, and she appears to be both a feeling and a cultivated character. I could not but lament such had not been the former possessor of an apartment I had so often entered with the most cruel antipathy. I liked her exceedingly; she is a marked gentlewoman in her whole deportment,

though whether so from birth, education, or only mind, I am ignorant.

Since she gave me so pleasant a prejudice in her favour, you will be sure our acquaintance began with some spirit. We talked much of the situation she filled; and I thought it my duty to cast the whole of my resignation of one so similar upon ill health. Mrs. Bremyere soon joined us, and we took up Miss Barbara Planta in our way to the theatre.

When the King entered, followed by the Queen and his lovely daughters, and the orchestra struck up "God save the King," and the people all called for the singers, who filled the stage to sing it, the emotion I was suddenly filled with so powerfully possessed me, that I wished I could, for a minute or two, have flown from the box, to have sobbed; I was so gratefully delighted at the sight before me, and so enraptured at the continued enthusiasm of the no longer volatile people for their worthy, revered sovereign, that I really suffered from the restraint I felt of being forced to behave decorously.

The play was the 'Heir at Law,' by Colman the younger I liked it extremely. It has a good deal of character, a happy plot, much interest in the under parts, and is combined, I think, by real genius, though open to innumerable partial criticisms.

I heard a gentleman's voice from the next box call softly to Miss Barbara Planta, "Who is that lady?" and heard her answer my name, and him rejoin "I thought so." I found it was Lord Aylesbury, who also has resigned, and was at the play only for the pleasure of sitting opposite his late Royal Mistress.

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About a week after this theatrical regale, I went to the Queen's house, to make known I had only a few more

days to remain at Chelsea. I arrived just as the Royal Family had set out for Windsor; but Miss Bachmeister, fortunately, had only ascended her coach to follow. I alighted, and went to tell my errand. Mrs. Bremyere, Mrs. Cheveley, and Miss Planta were her party. The latter promised to speak for me to the Queen; but, gathering I had my little boy in my father's carriage, she made me send for him. They took him in, and loaded him with *bonbons* and admiration, and would have loaded him with caresses to boot, but the little wretch resisted that part of the entertainment.

Upon their return from Windsor, you will not suppose me made very unhappy to receive the following billet:—

March 8th, 1798.

My dear Friend,—The Queen has commanded me to acquaint you that she desires you will be at the Queen's house on Thursday morning at ten o'clock, with your lovely boy. You are desired to come up stairs in Princess Elizabeth's apartments, and Her Majesty will send for you as soon as she can see you. Adieu!

Yours most affectionately,
M. Planta.

A little before ten, you will easily believe, we were at the Queen's house, and were immediately ushered into the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth, who, to show she expected my little man, had some playthings upon one of her many tables; for her Royal Highness has at least twenty in her principal room. The child, in a new muslin frock, sash, &c., did not look to much disadvantage, and she examined him with the most good-humoured pleasure, and, finding him too shy to be seized, had the graciousness, as well as sense, to play round, and court him by sportive wiles, instead of

being offended at his insensibility to her Royal notice. She ran about the room, peeped at him through chairs, clapped her hands, half caught without touching him, and showed a skill and a sweetness that made one almost sigh she should have no call for her maternal propensities.

There came in presently Miss D——, a young lady about thirteen, who seems in some measure under the protection of her Royal Highness, who had rescued her poor injured and amiable mother, Lady D——, from extreme distress, into which she had been involved by her unworthy husband's connexion with the infamous Lady W——, who, more hardhearted than even bailiffs, had forced certain of those gentry, in an execution she had ordered in Sir H. D——'s house, to seize even all the children's playthings! as well as their clothes, and that when Lady D—— had but just lain in, and was nearly dying! This charming Princess, who had been particularly acquainted with Lady D—— during her own illness at Kew Palace, where the Queen permitted the intercourse, came forward upon this distress, and gave her a small independent house, in the neighbourhood of Kew, with every advantage she could annex to it. But she is now lately no more, and, by the sort of reception given to her daughter, I fancy the Princess transfers to her that kind benevolence the mother no longer wants.

Just then, Miss Planta came to summon us to the Princess Augusta.

She received me with her customary sweetness, and called the little boy to her. He went fearfully and cautiously, yet with a look of curiosity at the state of her head, and the operations of her *friseur*, that seemed to draw him on more powerfully than her

commands. He would not, however, be touched, always flying to my side at the least attempt to take his hand. This would much have vexed me, if I had not seen the ready allowance she made for his retired life, and total want of use to the sight of anybody out of our family, except the Locks, amongst whom I told her his peculiar preference for Amelia. "Come then," cried she, "come hither, my dear, and tell me about her, —is she very good to you?—do you like her very much?"

He was now examining her fine carpet, and no answer was to be procured. I would have apologised, but she would not let me. "'Tis so natural," she cried, "that he should be more amused with those shapes and colours than with my stupid questions."

Princess Mary now came in, and, earnestly looking at him, exclaimed, "He's beautiful!—what eyes!—do look at his eyes!"

"Come hither, my dear," again cried Princess Augusta, "come hither;" and, catching him to her for a moment, and, holding up his hair, to lift up his face and make him look at her, she smiled very archly, and cried, "O! horrid eyes!—shocking eyes!—take them away!"

Princess Elizabeth then entered, attended by a page, who was loaded with playthings, which she had been sending for. You may suppose him caught now! He seized upon dogs, horses, chaise, a cobbler, a watchman, and all he could grasp; but would not give his little person or cheeks, to my great confusion, for any of them.

I was fain to call him a little savage, a wild deer, a creature just caught from the woods, and whatever could indicate his rustic life, and apprehension of new

faces,—to prevent their being hurt; and their excessive good nature helped all my excuses, nay, made them needless, except to myself.

Princess Elizabeth now began playing upon an organ she had brought him, which he flew to seize. "Ay, do! that's right, my dear!" cried Princess Augusta, stopping her ears at some discordant sounds: "take it to *mon ami,* to frighten the cats out of his garden."

And now, last of all, came in Princess Amelia, and, strange to relate! the child was instantly delighted with her! She came first up to me, and, to my inexpressible surprise and enchantment, she gave me her sweet beautiful face to kiss!—an honour I had thought now for ever over, though she had so frequently gratified me with it formerly. Still more touched, however, than astonished, I would have kissed her hand, but, withdrawing it, saying, "No, no,—you know I hate that!" she again presented me her ruby lips, and with an expression of such ingenuous sweetness and innocence as was truly captivating. She is and will be another Princess Augusta.

She then turned to the child, and his eyes met hers with a look of the same pleasure that they were sought. She stooped down to take his unresisting hands, and, exclaiming, "Dear little thing!" took him in her arms, to his own as obvious content as hers.

"He likes her!" cried Princess Augusta; "a little rogue! see how he likes her!"

"Dear little thing!" with double the emphasis, repeated the young Princess, now sitting down and taking him upon her knee; "and how does M. d'Arblay do?"

The child now left all his new playthings, his admired carpet, and his privilege of jumping from room to room, for the gentle pleasure of sitting in her lap and receiving her caresses. I could not be very angry, you will believe,

yet I would have given the world I could have made him equally grateful to the Princess Augusta.

This last charming personage, I now found, was going to sit for her picture—I fancy to send to the Duchess of Würtemberg. She gave me leave to attend her, with my bantling. The other Princesses retired to dress for court.

It was with great difficulty I could part my little love from his grand collection of new playthings, all of which he had dragged into the painting-room, and wanted now to pull them down-stairs to the Queen's apartment. I persuaded him, however, to relinquish the design without a quarrel, by promising we would return for them.

I was not a little anxious, you will believe, in this presentation of my unconsciously honoured rogue, who entered the White Closet totally unimpressed with any awe, and only with a sensation of disappointment in not meeting again the gay young party, and variety of playthings, he had left above. The Queen, nevertheless, was all condescending indulgence, and had a Noah's ark ready displayed upon the table for him.

But her look was serious and full of care, and, though perfectly gracious, none of her winning smiles brightened her countenance, and her voice was never cheerful. I have since known that the Irish conspiracy with France was just then discovered, and O'Connor that very morning taken. No wonder she should have felt a shock that pervaded her whole mind and manners! If we all are struck with horror at such developments of treason, danger, and guilt, what must they prove to the Royal Family, at whom they are regularly aimed? How my heart has ached for them in that horrible business!

"And how does your papa do?" said the Queen.

"He's at Telsea," answered the child.

"And how does grandpapa do?"

"He's in the toach," he replied.

"And what a pretty frock you've got on! who made it you, mamma, or little aunty?"

The little boy now grew restless, and pulled me about, with a desire to change his situation. I was a good deal embarrassed, as I saw the Queen meant to enter into conversation as usual; which I knew to be impossible, unless he had some entertainment to occupy him. She perceived this soon, and had the goodness immediately to open Noah's ark herself, which she had meant he should take away with him to examine and possess at once. But he was now soon in raptures; and, as the various animals were produced, looked with a delight that danced in all his features; and when any appeared of which he knew the name, he capered with joy; such as, "O! a tow [cow]!" But, at the dog, he clapped his little hands, and running close to her Majesty, leant upon her lap, exclaiming, "O; it's bow wow!"

"And do you know this, little man?" said the Queen, showing him a cat.

"Yes," cried he, again jumping as he leant upon her, "its name is talled pussey!"

And, at the appearance of Noah, in a green mantle, and leaning on a stick, he said, "At's [that's] the shepherd's boy!"

The Queen now inquired about my dear father, and heard all I had to say relative to his apartments, with an air of interest, yet not as if it was new to her. I have great reason to believe the accommodation then arranging, and since settled, as to his continuance in the College, has been deeply influenced by some Royal hint. I know they are extremely kind to my dear father, and, though they will not openly command anything not immediately under their control, I have no doubt they have

made known they wished such an accommodation might be brought about.

I imagine she had just heard of the marriage of Charlotte, for she inquired after my sister Francis, whom she never had mentioned before since I quitted my post. I was obliged briefly to relate the transaction, seeking to adorn it, by stating Mr. Broome's being the author of 'Simkin's Letters.' She agreed in their uncommon wit and humour.

My little rebel, meanwhile, finding his animals were not given into his own hands, but removed from their mischief, was struggling all this time to get at the Tunbridge-ware of the Queen's work-box, and, in defiance of all my efforts to prevent him, he seized one piece, which he called a hammer, and began violently knocking the table with it. I would fain have taken it away silently; but he resisted such grave authority, and so continually took it back, that the Queen, to my great confusion, now gave it him. Soon, however, tired also of this, he ran away from me into the next room, which was their Majesties' bed-room, and in which were all the jewels ready to take to St. James's, for the court attire.

I was excessively ashamed, and obliged to fetch him back in my arms, and there to keep him. "Get down, little man," said the Queen; "you are too heavy for your mamma."

He took not the smallest notice of this admonition.

The Queen, accustomed to more implicit obedience, repeated it; but he only nestled his little head in my neck, and worked about his whole person, so that I with difficulty held him.

The Queen now imagined he did not know whom she meant, and said, "What does he call you? Has he any particular name for you?"

He now lifted up his head, and, before I could answer, called out, in a fondling manner, "Mamma, mamma!"

"O!" said she, smiling, "he knows who I mean!"

His restlessness still interrupting all attention, in defiance of my earnest whispers for quietness, she now said, "Perhaps he is hungry?" and rang her bell, and ordered a page to bring some cakes.

He took one with great pleasure, and was content to stand down to eat it. I asked him if he had nothing to say for it; he nodded his little head, and composedly answered, "Sanky, Queen!"

This could not help amusing her, nor me, neither, for I had no expectation of quite so succinct an answer.

The carriages were now come for St. James's, and the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth came into the apartment. The little monkey, in a fit of renewed lassitude after his cake, had flung himself on the floor, to repose at his ease. He rose, however, upon their appearance, and the sweet Princess Augusta said to the Queen, "He has been so good, up-stairs, mamma, that nothing could be better behaved." I could have kissed her for this instinctive kindness, excited by a momentary view of my embarrassment at his little airs and liberties.

The Queen heard her with an air of approving, as well as understanding, her motive, and spoke to me with the utmost condescension of him, though I cannot recollect how, for I was a good deal fidgeted lest he should come to some disgrace, by any actual mischief or positive rebellion. I escaped pretty well, however, and they all left us with smiles and graciousness.

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You will not be much surprised to hear that papa came to help us out of the coach, at our return to Chelsea, eager to know how our little rebel had conducted himself,

and how he had been received. The sight of his play-things, you will believe, was not very disagreeable. The ark, watchman, and cobbler I shall keep for him till he may himself judge their worth beyond their price.

I returned to the Queen's house in the afternoon to drink coffee with Mlle. Bachmeister, whom I found alone, and spent a half-hour with very pleasantly, though very seriously, for her character is grave and feeling, and I fear she is not happy. Afterwards we were joined by Madame Bremyere, who is far more cheerful.

The play was called 'Secrets Worth Knowing;' a new piece. In the next box to ours sat Mrs. Ariana Egerton, the bedchamber-woman to her Majesty, who used so frequently to visit me at Windsor. She soon recollected me, though she protested I looked so considerably in better health, she took me for my own younger sister; and we had a great deal of chat together, very amicable and cordial. I so much respect her warm exertions for the emigrant ladies, that I addressed her with real pleasure, in pouring forth my praises for her kindness and benevolence.

When we returned to the Queen's house my father's carriage was not arrived, and I was obliged to detain Mlle. Bachmeister in conversation for full half an hour, while I waited; but it served to increase my good disposition to her. She is really an interesting woman. Had she been in that place while I belonged to the Queen, Heaven knows if I had so struggled for deliverance; for poor Mrs. Schwellenberg so wore, wasted, and tortured all my little leisure, that my time for repose was, in fact, my time of greatest labour. So all is for the best! I have escaped offending lastingly the Royal Mistress I love and honour, and — I live at Westhamble with my two precious Alexanders.

I have not told you of my renewed intercourse with Mrs. Chapone, who had repeatedly sent me kind wishes and messages, of her desire to see me again. She was unfortunately ill, and I was sent from her door without being named; but she sent me a kind note to Chelsea, which gave me very great pleasure. Indeed, she had always behaved towards me with affection as well as kindness, and I owe to her the blessing of my first acquaintance with my dear Mrs. Delany. It was Mrs. Chapone who took me to her first, whose kind account had made her desire to know me, and who always expressed the most generous pleasure in the intimacy she had brought about, though it soon took place of all that had preceded it with herself. I wrote a very long answer, with a little history of our way of life, and traits of M. d'Arblay, by which her quick discernment might judge both of that and my state of mind.

When we came again to Chelsea at this period, our Esther desired, or was desired by Mrs. Chapone, to arrange a meeting.

I was really sorry I could not call upon her with my urchin; but I could only get conveyed to her one evening, when I went with our Esther, but was disappointed of M. d'Arblay, who had been obliged to go to Westhamble. This really mortified me, and vexed Mrs. Chapone.

We found her alone, and she received me with the most open affection.

Mrs. Chapone knew the day I could be with her too late to make any party, and would have been profuse in apologies if I had not truly declared I rejoiced in seeing her alone. Indeed, it would have been better if we had been so completely, for our dearest Esther knew but few

of the old connexions concerning whom I wished to inquire and to talk, and she knew too much of all about myself and my situation of which Mrs. Chapone wished to ask and to hear. I fear, therefore, she was tired, though she would not say so, and though she looked and conducted herself with great sweetness.

Mrs. Chapone spoke warmly of 'Camilla,' especially of Sir Hugh, but told me she had detected me in some Gallicisms, and pointed some out. She pressed me in a very flattering manner to write again; and dear Hetty, forgetting our relationship's decency, seconded her so heartily you must have laughed to hear her hoping we could never furnish our house till I went again to the press. When Mrs. Chapone heard of my father's difficulties about Chelsea, and fears of removal, on account of his twenty thousand volumes,--"Twenty thousand volumes!" she repeated; "bless me! why, how can he so encumber himself? Why does he not burn half? for how much must be to spare that never can be worth his looking at from such a store! And can he want to keep them all? I should not have suspected Dr. Burney, of all men, of being such a Dr. Orkborne!"

* * * * * *

The few other visits which opportunity and inclination united for my making during our short and full fortnight were—

To Mrs. Boscawen, whither we went all three, for I knew she wished to see our little one, whom I had in the coach with Betty, ready for a summons. Mrs. Boscawen was all herself,—that is, all elegance and good-breeding. Do you remember the verses on the blues which we attributed to Mr. Pepys?—

> Each art of conversation knowing,
> High-bred, elegant Boscawen.

To Miss Thrales, where I also carried my little Alex.

To Lady Strange, whom I had not seen for more years than I know how to count. She was at home, and alone, except for her young grandchild, another Bell Strange, daughter of James, who is lately returned from India with a large fortune, is become Member of Parliament, and has married, for his second wife, a niece of Secretary Dundas's. Lady Strange received me with great kindness, and, to my great surprise, knew me instantly. I found her more serious and grave than formerly; I had not seen her since Sir Robert's death, and many events of no enlivening nature; but I found, with great pleasure, that all her native fire and wit and intelligence were still within, though less voluntary and quick in flashing out, for every instant I stayed she grew brighter and nearer her true self.

Her little grandchild is a delightful little creature, the very reverse of the other Bell in appearance and disposition, for she is handsome and open and gay; but I hope, at the same time, her resemblance in character, as Bell is strictly principled and upright.

Lady Strange inquired if I had any family, and, when she gathered I had a little one down stairs in the carriage, she desired to see it, for little Bell was wild in the request. "But—have *nae mair!*" cried she; "the times are bad and hard,—ha' nae mair! if you take my advice, you'll ha' nae mair! you 've been vary discreet, and, faith, I commend you!"

Little Bell had run down-stairs to hasten Betty and the child, and now, having seized him in her arms, she sprang into the room with him. His surprise, her courage, her fondling, her little form, and her prettiness, had astonished him into consenting to her seizure; but he sprang from her to me the moment they entered the drawing-room.

I begged Lady Strange to give him her blessing. She looked at him with a strong and earnest expression of examining interest and pleasure, and then, with an arch smile, turning suddenly about to me, exclaimed, "Ah! faith and troth, you mun ha' some mair! if you can make 'em so pratty as this, you mun ha' some mair! sweet bairn! I gi' you my benediction! be a comfort to your papa and mamma! Ah, madam!" (with one of her deep sighs) "I must gi' my consent to your having some mair! if you can make 'em so pratty as this, faith and troth I mun let you have a girl!"

I write all this without scruple to my dearest Susan, for *prattiness* like this little urchin's is not likely to spoil either him or ourselves by lasting. 'Tis a juvenile flower, yet ere my Susan will again, I hope, view while still in its first bloom.

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I was extremely pleased in having an interview again with my old, and I believe very faithful, friend Mr. Seward, whom I had not seen since my marriage, but whom I had heard, through the Locks, was indefatigable in inquiries and expressions of good-will upon every occasion. He had sent me his compilation of anecdotes of distinguished characters, and two little letters have passed between us upon them. I was unluckily engaged the morning he was at Chelsea, and obliged to quit him before we had quite overcome a little awkwardness which our long absence and my changed name had involuntarily produced at our first meeting; and I was really sorry, as I have always retained a true esteem for him, though his singularities and affectation of affectation always struck me. But both those and his spirit of satire are mere quizziness; his mind is all solid benevolence and worth.

Good Mr. punning Townshend called upon us twice, and showed me the telegraph that is fixed up at Chelsea, and was as simple, and sensible, and gentle, and odd, as ever.

And now I must finish this Chelsea narrative, with its most singular, though brief, adventure. One morning, at breakfast, my father received a letter, which he opened, and found to be only a blank cover, with a letter enclosed, directed "A Madame, Madame d'Arblay."

This, upon opening, produced a little bank-note of five pounds, and these words:—

"Madame d'Arblay need not have any scruple in accepting the enclosed trifle, as it is considered only as a small tribute of gratitude and kindness, so small, indeed, that every precaution has been taken to prevent the least chance of discovery; and the person who sends it even will never know whether it was received or not. Dr. Burney is quite ignorant of it."

This is written evidently in a feigned hand, and I have not the most remote idea whence it can come. But for the word gratitude I might have suggested many; but, upon the whole, I am utterly unable to suggest any one creature upon earth likely to do such a thing. I might have thought of my adorable Princess, but that it is so little a sum. Be it as it may, it is certainly done in great kindness, by some one who knows 5*l.* is not so small a matter to us as to most others; and after vainly striving to find out or conjecture whence it came, we determined to devote it to our country. There's patriotism! we gave it in voluntary subscription for the war; and it was very seasonable to us for this purpose.

This magnificent patriotic donation was presented to the Bank of England by Mr. Angerstein, through Mr. Lock, and we have had thanks from the Committee which

made us blush. Many reasons have prevented my naming this anecdote, the principal of which were fears that, if it should be known such a thing was made use of. and, as it chanced, when we should otherwise have really been distressed how to come forward or hold back, any other friend might adopt the same method, which, gratefully as I feel the kindness that alone could have instigated it, has yet a depressing effect, and I would not have it become current. Could I, or should I, ever trace it, I must, in some mode or other, attempt retaliation.

Behold us now back again at our dear Westhamble.

Dr Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

April 24, '98.

* * * * * * * *

I HAVE terminated the twelfth book of my poem, and transcribed it fair for your hearing or perusal. Mrs. and Miss Crewe, and Miss Hayman (now Privy-purse to the Princess of Wales), have been attending Walker's astronomical lectures, and wanted much to hear some at least of my "*Shtoff*," read to Windham and Canning. An evening was fixed, when after dinner Windham was to read us his Balloon-journal, Canning a MS. poem, and I a book of my Astronomy.

The lot fell on me to begin. When I had finished the first book, "*Tocca lei*," quo' I to Mr. Windham. "No, no, not yet; another of your books first." Well, when that was read, "*Tocca lei*," said I to Mr. Canning. "No, no," they all cried out, "let us go on,—another book." Well, though hoarse, I read on; Mrs. Crewe relieved me, and then Miss Hayman, and then supper was announced;

and so I was taken in: the rest, and the 'Balloon' and MS. poem, are to be read comfortably at Mrs. Crewe's villa at Hampstead, as soon as finished.

C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Westhamble, Dorking, April 25, '98.

"*Bouder*," my dearest Father?—But I am sure you do not think it, therefore I will not disgrace myself with a defence. But I have intended writing every day, and the constant glimmering hope that to-morrow I should hear, with the idea that you were always packing up and removing, have made another to-morrow and to-morrow always keep off to-day. Indeed, that is the cruel trick of to-morrow, which does more mischief to one's fair resolves than any philosophy of to-day ever rectifies.

I delight in the account of your conviviality; nobody was ever so formed for society, in its best state, as my dearest father.

How interesting is your account of M. Clery! I should like extremely to meet with him. If your list is not closed of scrip, my chevalier begs you will have the goodness to trust him with the 6*s*. and enter his name Your description of him is just what his conduct had made my mind describe him.

I am very glad to hear of your sweethearts, old and new, but of Mrs. Garrick chiefly. I rejoice Mrs. Carter is so well again. Does Lady Rothes tell you how nearly we are neighbours? We see her house whenever we see our own; it is a constant object. But we have not yet

been very sociable, for the weather would not do for my carriage, though hers, before she went to town, kindly found its way to us three times.

Pray, when next you can indulge me, tell me how the dinner went off at Lady Inchiquin's, and if she seems happy. All you find time to name of those my old connexions is peculiarly interesting to me.

I have some hope the public affairs may now wear a better aspect, from the tremendous danger so narrowly escaped of utter destruction, and so notorious as to defy the plausibility and sophistry of contest.

We have had papers, through dear Charles, up to Monday, and the King's message made me thrill through every vein; but the sign of Mr. Sheridan seconding Dundas struck me as a good to undo many an evil. M. d'A. thinks it will show the Carmagnols the species of friends who were to abet them, beyond all the speeches of all the ministers; for if even the opposition, even the supporters of the war being our aggression, and the Republic so glorious, &c., point out the real aim of our enemies,—that our money and credit is all they want, that their pretences of giving us liberty, &c., are incapable of duping even their admirers,—surely they must see that their chance of reception here, through our own means, is shallow and unfounded. No very late news from our Susan.

I am so little generous or noble that I feel almost vexed, instead of glad, that the twelfth book is finished; for I had made a sort of regale to myself that something should have been written of it in our *chaumière*. Don't forget what we build upon this summer: we shall dare you with our fare and tackle, our Alex, and our prospects—with our true joy in your sight; and your own view of my virtuous companion at the daily cultivation of

his garden will supply to your kind paternal heart all deficiencies, and make you partake of our pleasure. Adieu, most dear Sir! My mate embraces you with cordial respect.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Westhamble, June 7, 98.

INDEED, my dearest Father, M. Clery's book has half killed us; we have read it together, and the deepest tragedy we have yet met with is slight to it. The extreme plainness and simplicity of the style, the clearness of the detail, the unparading yet evident worth and feeling of the writer, make it a thousand times more affecting than if it had been drawn out with the most striking eloquence. What an angel—what a saint, yet breathing, was Louis XVI.!—the last meeting with the venerable M. de Malesherbes, and the information which, prostrate at his feet, he gives of the King's condemnation, makes the most soul-piercing scene, and stopped us from all reading a considerable time; frequently, indeed, we have been obliged to take many minutes' respite before we could command ourselves to go on. But the last scene with the Royal Family, the final parting, is the most heartbreaking picture that ever was exhibited.

How much we are obliged to you for it, dearest Sir, infinitely as it has pained and agitated us! It arrived by the very same messenger that took my last letter to you, with an account of our sweet Susanna. How interested it leaves one for the good writer, the faithful, excellent, modest M. Clery! I want a second part; I want to know if he was able to deliver the ring and seal—if he saw any more the unhappy Queen, the pious Princess

Elizabeth, the poor Madame Royale whom he left painting, and that fair lovely blossom the sweet Dauphin. I feel extremely dissatisfied to be left in the dark about all this.

I am shocked not to see your name in the subscription, after an interest such as you have both felt and shown for this worthy man; it is infinitely provoking you knew not in time of the publication. M. d'Arblay is vexed, too, not to have his own name there, in testimony of respect to this faithful creature, who will be revered to his last hour by whoever has any heart for fidelity, gratitude, and duty.

Have you Mr. Twining still? O that he would come and mortify upon our bread and cheese, while he would gladify upon our pleasure in his sight! The weather now is such as to make bare walls rather agreeable, and without he would see what he loves in fair views, and what he so strikingly denominates "God's gallery of pictures;" and our one little live piece would not, I think, excite in him much black bile. If he is still with you, do speak for us.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

After sundry abortive proposals of our new brother-in-law, Mr. Broome, for our meeting, he and Charlotte finally came, with little Charlotte, to breakfast and spend a day with us. He has by no means the wit and humour and hilarity his 'Simkin's Letters' prepare for; but the pen and the tongue are often unequally gifted. He is said to be very learned, deeply skilled in languages, and general erudition, and he is full of information upon most subjects that can be mentioned. We talked of India,

and he permitted me to ask what questions I pleased upon points and things of which I was glad to gather accounts from so able a traveller.

Another family visit which took place this summer gave us pleasure of a far more easy natnre, because unmixed with watchful anxiety; this was from Charles and his son, who, by an appointment for which he begged our consent, brought with him also Mr. Professor Young, of Glasgow, a man whose learning sits upon him far lighter than Mr. Broome's! Mr. Young has the *bonhomie* of M. de Lally, with as much native humour as he has acquired erudition: he has a face that looks all honesty and kindness, and manners gentle and humble; an enthusiasm for whatever he thinks excellent, whether in talents or character, in art or in nature; and is altogether a man it seems impossible to know, even for a day, and not to love and wish well. This latter is probably the effect of his own cordial disposition to amity. He took to us, all three, so evidently and so warmly, and was so smitten with our little dwelling, its situation and simplicity, and so much struck with what he learned and saw of M. d'Arblay's cultivating literally his own grounds, and literally being his own gardener, after finding, by conversation, what a use he had made of his earlier days in literary attainments, that he seemed as if he thought himself brought to a vision of the golden age,—such was the appearance of his own sincere and upright mind in rejoicing to see happiness where there was palpably no luxury, no wealth.

It was a most agreeable surprise to me to find such a man in Mr. Professor Young, as I had expected a sharp though amusing satirist, from his very comic but sarcastic imitation of Dr. Johnson's 'Lives,' in a criticism upon Gray's 'Elegy.'

Charles was all kind affection, and delighted at our approbation of his friend, for the Professor has been such many years, and very essentially formerly,—a circumstance Charles is now gratefully and warmly returning. It is an excellent part of Charles's character that he never forgets any kind office he has received.

I learned from them that Mr. Rogers, author of the 'Pleasures of Memory,' that most sweet poem, had ridden round the lanes about our domain to view it, and stood—or made his horse stand,—at our gate a considerable time, to examine our Camilla Cottage,—a name I am sorry to find Charles, or some one, had spread to him; and he honoured all with his good word. I should like to meet with him.

Our beloved father came to us in August for five days, to our inexpressible delight. He brought his present work, a poetical history of Astronomy, with him, and read it throughout to us. It seems to me a work to do him great honour, as well as to be highly useful to the young in astronomical knowledge.

He brought Alex six little golden-covered books, to begin his library, but he is grown now so extremely studious, that, when not engaged with company, or in discourse upon literary matters, it is evident he is impatient of lost time. Alex, therefore, had not the chance of occupying or amusing him he would have had some time since; this is easily accounted for by his way of life.

M. la Jard spent nearly a week with M. d'Arblay. He was Minister-of-War at the unhappy 10th of August, and his account of his endeavours to save the unhappy oppressed King on that fatal day, by dissuading him from going to the cruel Assembly, and to defend himself in his palace, is truly afflictive. His own escape after his failures was wonderful: he was

concealed a fortnight in Paris. He is now tolerably easy, with regular economy, in his circumstances, receiving help privately through Hamburg from his mother and brother. He is a steady, upright, respectable character, and wins and wears esteem. He had a principal command, before he was raised to the ministry, in the National Guard under Lafayette, and with M. d'Arblay.

M. Bourdois, also, spent a week here twice. He was born and bred at Joigny, and therefore is dear to M. d'Arblay by earliest juvenile intimacy, though the gradations of opinions in the Revolution had separated them: for he remained in France when M. d'A. would serve there no longer. He became aide-de-camp to Dumourier, and is celebrated for his bravery at the battle of Jemappe. He is a very pleasant and obliging character, and dotingly fond of little Alex, from knowing and loving and honouring all his family from his birth; and this you will a little guess is something of an *avenue* to a certain urchin's *madre*. Besides, I like to see anybody who has seen Joigny.

I was really quite sorry when he came again to take leave, upon voyaging to the Continent; but before that time he brought hither M. le Comte de Ricce, the officer whom M. d'Arblay immediately succeeded at Metz, and a gentleman in manners, deportment, and speech, such as rarely is to be met with; elegantly polite and well bred; serious even to sadness, and silent and reserved; yet seizing all attention by the peculiar interest of his manner.

As soon as he entered our book-room, he exclaimed "Ah, de Narbonne!" looking at our drawing; and this led me to speak of that valued person, with whom I found he had always been much connected. He corresponds

with him still, and made me happy in talking of his hard fate and difficulties, when he told me he had some money of his still in his hands, which he could call for at pleasure, but never demanded, though frequently reminded of the little deposit. But when I mentioned this to M. d'Arblay, he said he fancied it was only money that M. de Ricce insisted upon appropriating as a loan for him; for that De Ricce who, by a very rich marriage, and entering into a commercial business with his wife's relations (Dutch people), is himself as rich as if not an emigrant, is the most benevolent of human beings, and lives parsimoniously in every respect, to devote all beyond common comforts to suffering emigrants! His rich wife is dead, and he has married a cousin of hers, who was poor M. d'Arblay says he knows of great and incredible actions he has done in assisting his particular friends. I never saw a man who looked more like a chevalier of old times. He accompanied M. Bourdois here again when he came to take leave, and indeed they left us quite sad. He was going to Hambro'.

* * * *

Lady Rothes, constant in every manifestation of regard, came hither the first week of our establishment, and came three times to denials, when my gratitude forced open my doors. Her daughter, Lady Harriet, was with her: she is a pretty and pleasing young woman. Sir Lucas came another morning, bringing my old friend Mr. Pepys.

Alex was in high spirits and amused them singularly. He had just taken to spelling; and every word he heard, of which he either knew or could guess the orthography, he instantly, in a little concise and steady manner, pronounced all the letters of, with a look of great but very grave satisfaction at his own performances, and a familiar nod at every word so conquered, as thus:—

Mr. Pepys. You are a fine boy, indeed!

Alex. B, O, Y, boy. (Every letter articulated with strong, almost heroic emphasis.)

Mr. P. And do you run about here in this pleasant place all day long?

Alex. D, A, Y, day.

Mr. P. And can you read your book, you sweet little fellow?

Alex. R, E, A, D, read. &c. &c.

He was in such good looks that all this nonsense won nothing but admiration, and Mr. Pepys could attend to nothing else, and only charged me to let him alone. "For mercy's sake, don't make him study," cried Sir Lucas also; "he is so well disposed that you must rather repress than advance him, or his health may pay the forfeit of his application."

"O, leave him alone!" cried Mr. Pepys: "take care only of his health and strength; never fear such a boy as that wanting learning."

I forget if I have mentioned that Lady Rothes and Sir Lucas (the wife will come first here) have bought Juniper Hall—not Hole; as, from its being lower, the residence M. de Narbonne had was called;—nor am I sure if they had not made the purchase before you left us. When we returned our many visits, we were let in by Lady Rothes, who was with only her daughter, Lady Harriet, and who told us the Princess Amelia had just passed by with her suite, in her way to Worthing. I was so much vexed not to have been a little earlier that I might have had a glance of her lovely countenance, that it quite spoiled my visit, by occupying me with regret.

Fatigue, joined to a kind reception, led us to make a long visit at Lady Templetown's; and while we were there, Lady Henry Fitzgerald arrived. You know, I

dare say, she was my old acquaintance Miss Boyle, daughter to my friend Mrs. Walsingham. I had never seen her since she was a mere girl; but she recollected me the moment she looked at me. She had purposed repeatedly coming to our cottage, but Mrs. Lock, fearing it might be inconvenient to us, had deterred her. I was very glad to see the happiness and hilarity that beamed in her eyes and spoke in her voice and manner.

The younger Lady Templetown seemed enchanted with the view of our simple dwelling, and all the more in the romance of early youth, unhackneyed and unspoiled; for seeing it unfinished and unfurnished, and conceiving that we could be happy and gay in such a state, she ran up-stairs, uninvited, and seemed longing to visit the kitchen, the bed-chambers, and the tool-house. The name of a *cottage* had interested her, and to know people who inhabited one appeared to give her a romantic pleasure that, in her rank and situation, seemed very amiable.

Amongst the Norbury visitors of this summer were the V——s, now emigrated from Holland; and reduced from their splendid establishment to so small a little dwelling, at Islington, that they call ours a great estate in its comparison! What lamentable changes has that eventful and dreadful revolution brought to bear! I never hear but of one good change it has caused, which is that of name in a certain sister of yours.

* * * *

I was extremely surprised to be told by the maid a gentleman and lady had called at the door, who sent in a card and begged to know if I could admit them; and to see the names on the card were Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld. I had never seen them more than twice; the first time by their own desire, Mrs. Chapone carried me to meet them at Mr. Burrows's: the other time, I think, was at

Mrs. Chapone's. You must be sure I could not hesitate to receive, and receive with thankfulness, this civility from the authoress of the most useful books, next to Mrs. Trimmer's, that have been yet written for dear little children; though this with the world is probably her very secondary merit, her many pretty poems, and particularly songs, being generally esteemed. But many more have written those as well, and not a few better; for children's books she began the new walk, which has since been so well cultivated, to the great information as well as utility of parents.

Mr. Barbauld is a dissenting minister—an author also, but I am unacquainted with his works. They were in our little dining-parlour—the only one that has any chairs in it—and began apologies for their visit; but I interrupted and finished them with my thanks. She is much altered, but not for the worse to me, though she is for herself, since the flight of her youth, which is evident, has taken also with it a great portion of an almost set smile, which had an air of determined complacence and prepared acquiescence that seemed to result from a sweetness which never risked being off guard. I remember Mrs. Chapone's saying to me, after our interview, "She is a very good young woman, as well as replete with talents; but why must one always smile so? It makes my poor jaws ache to look at her."

We talked, of course, of that excellent lady; and you will believe I did not quote her notions of smiling. The Burrows family, she told me, was quite broken up; old Mrs. Amy alone remaining alive. Her brother, Dr. Aiken, with his family, were passing the summer at Dorking, on account of his ill-health, the air of that town having been recommended for his complaints. The Barbaulds were come to spend some time with him, and

would not be so near without renewing their acquaintance. They had been walking in Norbury Park, which they admired very much; and Mrs. Barbauld very elegantly said, "If there was such a public officer as a legislator of taste, Mr. Lock ought to be chosen for it."

They inquired much about M. d'Arblay, who was working in his garden, and would not be at the trouble of dressing to appear. They desired to see Alex, and I produced him; and his orthographical feats were very well-timed here, for as soon as Mrs. Barbauld said "What is your name, you pretty creature?" he sturdily answered, "B, O, Y, boy."

Almost all our discourse was upon the Irish rebellion. Mr Barbauld is a very little, diminutive figure, but well-bred and sensible.

I borrowed her poems, afterwards, of Mr. Daniel, who chanced to have them, and have read them with much esteem of the piety and worth they exhibit, and real admiration of the last amongst them, which is an epistle to Mr. Wilberforce in favour of the demolition of the slave-trade, in which her energy seems to spring from the real spirit of virtue, suffering at the luxurious depravity which can tolerate, in a free land, so unjust, cruel, and abominable a traffic.

We returned their visit together in a few days, at Dr. Aiken's lodgings, at Dorking, where, as she permitted M. d'Arblay to speak French, they had a very animated discourse upon buildings, French and English, each supporting those of their own country with great spirit, but my monsieur, to own the truth, having greatly the advantage both in manner and argument. He was in spirits, and came forth with his best exertions. Dr. Aiken looks very sickly, but is said to be better: he has a good countenance.

The poor Mr. Daniel, whom you may remember, as a very good and melancholy French priest, visiting us at Bookham, ventured over to France before the barbarous 4th of September, believing he might be restored to his friends; but he was seized, imprisoned many months, and then turned adrift into fresh exile, penniless and hopeless. He returned so mournful, so depressed, that we have, perforce, made much more intimacy with him from compassion for his undeserved sufferings. He lives at Mr. Swaine's, the apothecary, at Dorking, upon the little pittance he obtains from Government and a few scholars to whom he teaches French. He is now much revived and cheered with the hope of a new turn in affairs.

One new acquaintance we have found it impossible to avoid. The only house in Westhamble village which is not occupied by farmers or poor people is now inhabited by a large family from the City, of the name of Dickenson. They called here immediately upon our establishing ourselves in our cottage. It was indispensable to return a first visit. You have been at the house, my dearest Susan, to see Madame de Broglie; it is now, they say, greatly improved. Mr. Dickenson, or Captain Dickenson, as his name-card says, is a very shy but seems a sensible man, and his lady is open, chatty, fond of her children, and anxious to accomplish them. She seems between thirty and forty, and very lively. She is of French origin, though born here, and of parents immediately English; but her grandfather was a M. de Brissac.

A gentleman, who seemed to belong to them but whom we knew not, meanwhile, was yet more assiduous than themselves to make acquaintance here. He visited M. d'Arblay while working in his garden, brought him newspapers, gazettes extraordinary, political letters with

recent intelligence, and exerted himself to be acceptable by intelligence as well as obligingness. M. d'Arblay, at length, one very bitterly cold morning, thought it incumbent upon him to invite his anonymous acquaintance into the house. He knew not how to name him, but, opening the door where I was waiting breakfast for him with Alex, he only pronounced my name. The gentleman, smilingly entering, said, "I must announce mine myself, I believe—Mr. Strachan:" and we then found it was the printer to the King, who is Member of Parliament, son of the Andrew Strachan who was the friend of Johnson and the principal printer of 'Camilla.'

Much recollection of the many messages of business which had passed between us, while unknown, during the printing of that long work, made me smile also at his name, and we easily made acquaintance. He has all the appearance of a very worthy, sensible, unpretending man, well-bred and good-natured. Long connected with the Dickensons, he seems to have an apartment at pleasure in their house, and to love their children as if they were his own. He told us he had known Mrs. Dickenson from the time she was seven years old.

I have been eagerly, though with great disgust, wading through Carnot's pamphlet. I think Mr. Pitt might pay in letters of gold for such authentic intelligence of the frequent pecuniary distresses of the Directory, as well as for the many dissensions and evil propensities which must be excited between the civil and military powers, by the anecdotes he has related and disclosures he has made. He seems but few degrees less wicked than Barras, Rewbel, &c.; and those few, perhaps, only because a few degrees less powerful. Certainly there is nothing to im-

press his readers with any respect for his superiority of virtue upon more solid grounds.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

Westhamble, August 28, '98.

IF I could find words,—but the language does not afford any,—my dearest, dearest Susan, to tell what this final blow has been to me, I am sure I should be a brute to make use of them; but after so much of hope, of fear, of doubt, of terror, to be lifted up at length to real expectation, and only to be hurled down to disappointment! And you—sweetest soul!—that can think of anybody else in such a situation!—for though your neighbours are so good, Ireland is so unsettled, in our estimation, that I believe there is hardly one amongst us would not at least have parted with a little finger by the hatchet to have possessed you for a few months in England.

I write because I must write, but I am not yet fit for it; I can offer no fortitude to my Susan, and it is wrong to offer anything else: but I must write, because I must let her see my hand, to tempt a quicker sight again of her own to eyes which yearn after it incessantly. Why did the Major desire me to look after our old cottage at Bookham? and so obligingly, so pleasantly, so truly say he was certain of the pleasure he gave me by the commission?—Can you tell?

M. d'Arblay is at this time spending two days chez M. la Jard, the last Minister of War to poor Louis XVI. If he should return before Mrs. Lock sends off the packet, I am sure he will add a line.

I have many things to say and talk of, but they all get behind the present overbearing, engrossing disappoint-

ment, which will take no consolation or occupation, except my dear boy, who fortunately was out of the way when I first received it; for else he would have used the letter very ill: when I got that which announced that you were coming, the one before the last, in which the Major himself wrote to James, and which James most kindly forwarded to me instantly, saying, "We may now expect to see dear Susan in a few days;" those words from him, less easily elated than most of us, so transported me, that I appeared to my poor Alex in deep grief from a powerful emotion of surprise and joy, which forced its way down my cheeks.

The little creature, who was playing on the sofa, set up a loud cry, and instantly, with a desperate impulse, ran to me, darted up his little hands, before I could imagine his design, and seized the letter with such violence, that I must have torn it to have prevented him: and then he flew with it to the sofa, and, rumpling it up in his little hands, poked it under the cushions, and then resolutely sat down upon it. I was too happy at that moment to oppose his little enterprise, and he sat still till my caresses and evident re-establishment brought him to my lap. However, when I put him down and made up to the sofa for my letter, he began crying again, and flying to his booty, put himself into such an agony that I was fain to quiet him by waiting till I could take it unobserved; yet he could not express himself better in words than by merely saying, "I don't ike ou to ead a letter, mamma!"—He had never happened to see me in tears before. happy boy!—and, oh, happy mother!

The little soul has a thousand traits of character that remind me of Norbury, both in what is desirable and what is fearful; for he is not only as sweet, but as impetuous, and already he has the same desire to hear me

recount to him his own good and bad conduct at the end of the day that dear Norbury had when I visited Mickleham. Just now, when we took leave for the night, he said, "And what was I to-day, mamma?" "Good, my dear." "But what was I to dinner?" "A little rude." He then looks down very conscious, but raises his brightened eyes, to say, "And what are I now, mamma?" "Quite good, my love."

* * * * *

And now, my beloved Susan, I will sketch my last Court history of this year.

The Princess Amelia, who had been extremely ill since my last Royal admittance, of some complaint in her knee which caused spasms the most deadfully painful, was now returning from her sea-bathing at Worthing, and I heard from all around the neighbourhood that her Royal Highness was to rest and stop one night at Juniper Hall, whither she was to be attended by Mr. Keate the surgeon, and by Sir Lucas Pepys, who was her physician at Worthing.

I could not hear of her approaching so near our habitation, and sleeping within sight of us, and be contented without an effort to see her; yet I would not distress Lady Rothes by an application she would not know how either to refuse or grant, from the established etiquette of bringing no one into the presence of their Royal Highnesses but by the Queen's permission. So infinitely sweet, however, that young love of a Princess always is to me, that I gathered courage to address a petition to her Majesty herself, through the medium of Miss Planta, for leave to pay my homage.—I will copy my answer, sent by return of post.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have infinite pleasure in acquainting you that the Queen has ordered me to say

that you have her leave to see dear Princess Amelia, provided Sir Lucas Pepys and Mr. Keate permit it. &c. &c. &c.

———

With so complete and honourable a credential, I now scrupled not to address a few lines to Lady Rothes, telling her my authority, to prevent any embarrassment, for entreating her leave to pay my devoirs to the young Princess on Saturday morning,—the Friday I imagined she would arrive too fatigued to be seen. I intimated also my wish to bring my boy, not to be presented unless demanded, but to be put into some closet where he might be at hand in case of that honour. The sweet Princess's excessive graciousness to him gave me courage for this request. Lady Rothes sent me a kind note which made me perfectly comfortable.

It was the 1st of December, but a beautifully clear and fine day. I borrowed Mr. Lock's carriage.

Sir Lucas came to us immediately, and ushered us to the breakfast-parlour, giving me the most cheering accounts of the recovery of the Princess. Here I was received by Lady Rothes, who presented me to Lady Albinia Cumberland, widow of Cumberland the author's only son, and one of the ladies of the Princesses. I found her a peculiarly pleasing woman, in voice, manner, look, and behaviour.

This introduction over, I had the pleasure to shake hands with Miss Goldsworthy, whom I was very glad to see, and who was very cordial and kind; but who is become, alas! so dreadfully deaf, there is no conversing with her but by talking for a whole house to hear every word! With this infirmity, however, she is still in her first youth and brightness. compared with her brother; who, though I knew him of the party, is so dreadfully altered, that I with difficulty could venture to speak to

him by the name of General Goldsworthy. He has had three or four more strokes of apoplexy since I saw him.

I fancy he had a strong consciousness of his alteration for he seemed embarrassed and shy, and only bowed to me, at first, without speaking. But I wore that off afterwards, by chatting over old stories with him.

The Princess breakfasted alone, attended by Mrs. Cheveley. When this general breakfast was over, Lady Albinia retired. But in a very few minutes she returned, and said, "Her Royal Highness desires to see Madame d'Arblay and her little boy."

The Princess was seated on a sofa, in a French gray riding-dress, with pink lapels, her beautiful and richly flowing and shining fair locks unornamented. Her breakfast was still before her, and Mrs. Cheveley in waiting. Lady Albinia announced me, and she received me with the brightest smile, calling me up to her, and stopping my profound reverence, by pouting out her sweet ruby lips for me to kiss.

She desired me to come and sit by her; but, ashamed of so much indulgence, I seemed not to hear her, and drew a chair at a little distance. "No, no," she cried, nodding, "come here; come and sit by me here, my dear Madame d'Arblay." I had then only to say 'twas my duty to obey her, and I seated myself on her sofa. Lady Albinia, whom she motioned to sit, took an opposite chair, and Mrs. Cheveley, after we had spoken a few words together, retired.

Her attention now was bestowed upon my Alex, who required not quite so much solicitation to take his part of the sofa. He came jumping and skipping up to her Royal Highness, with such gay and merry antics, that it was impossible not to be diverted with so sudden a change from his composed and quiet behaviour in the

other room. He seemed enchanted to see her again, and I was only alarmed lest he should skip upon her poor knee in his caressing agility.

I bid him, in vain, however, repeat Ariel's 'Come unto these Yellow Sands,' which he can say very prettily; he began, and the Princess, who knew it, prompted him to go on; but a fit of shame came suddenly across him—or of capriciousness—and he would not continue.

Lady Albinia soon after left the room; and the Princess, then, turning hastily and eagerly to me, said, "Now we are alone, do let me ask you one question, Madame d'Arblay—Are you — are you — [looking with strong expression to discover her answer] writing anything?"

I could not help laughing, but replied in the negative.

"Upon your honour?" she cried earnestly, and looking disappointed. This was too hard an interrogatory for evasion; and I was forced to say—the truth—that I was about nothing I had yet fixed if or not I should ever finish, but that I was rarely without some project. This seemed to satisfy and please her.

I told her of my having seen the Duke of Clarence at Leatherhead fair. "What, William?" she cried, surprised. This unaffected, natural way of naming her brothers and sisters is infinitely pleasing. She took a miniature from her pocket, and said, "I must show you Meney's picture," meaning Princess Mary, whom she still calls Meney, because it was the name she gave her when unable to pronounce Mary—a time she knew I well remembered. It was a very sweet miniature, and extremely like. "Ah! what happiness," I cried, "your Royal Highness will feel, and give, upon returning to their Majesties and their Royal Highnesses, after such an absence, and such sufferings!" "O! yes!—I shall be so glad!" she cried, and then Lady Albinia

came in and whispered her it was time to admit Lady Rothes, who then entered with Lady Harriet and the Miss Leslies.

When she was removing, painfully lifted from her seat between Sir Lucas and Mr. Keate, she stopped to pay her compliments and thanks to Lady Rothes with a dignity and self-command extremely striking.

F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

December 10th, 1798.

* * * *

HERSCHEL has been in town for short spurts, and back again, two or three times, leaving Mrs. Herschel behind (in town) to transact law business. I have had him here during two whole days. I read to him the first five books without any one objection, except a little hesitation at my saying, upon Bailly's authority, that, if the sun was to move round the earth, according to Ptolemy, instead of the earth round the sun, as in the Copernican system, the nearest fixed star in every second must constantly run at the rate of "near a hundred thousand miles."—"Stop a little," said he; "I fancy you have greatly underrated the velocity required—but I will calculate it at home." And at his second visit he brought me a slip of paper, written by his sister, as I suppose he had dictated—"Hence we see that Sirius, if it revolved round the earth, would move at the rate of 1426 millions of miles per second. Hence the required velocity of Sirius in its orbit would be above 7305 times greater than that of light." This was all that I had to correct of doctrine in the first five books: and he was so humble as to confess that I knew more of the history of

astronomy than he did, and had surprised him with the mass of information I had got together.

He thanked me for the entertainment and instruction I had given him—"Can anything be grander?"—and all this before he knows a word of what I have said of himself—all his discoveries, as you may remember, being kept back for the twelfth and last book. Adad! I begin to be a little conceited.

Mrs. M. Montagu has been singing our ditty at home and abroad. I have been at one bit of blue there. Mrs. M. so broke down as not to go out—almost wholly blind, and very feeble.

Did you know of Princess Amelia being at Sir Lucas Pepys's, in your neighbourhood, time enough to pay your respects to her Royal Highness? I hear a good account of her going on, which gratifies me much.

You will probably see in last week's papers that Lord Macartney is dead at the Cape of Good Hope. But I called myself at his house in town on Saturday, to inquire if any news had lately been received from his Lordship; and Lady M., who happened to be at home, sent her compliments and thanks for inquiring; and, supposing it occasioned by the report, said that what had appeared in the newspaper was not true; there had been no such account come to the India House as had been said—nor to any one else.

God bless you, and the dear gardener, and the Alexandretto!

C. B.

PART V.

Mrs. Chapone on a recent domestic affliction—Madame d'Arblay's consolation—Death of Mr. Seward—Wesley—Visit to Dr. Herschel—The Royal Family on Windsor terrace—The King's recognition of Dr. Burney—His Majesty's music-room—Conversation of the King—the Queen's kindness to Madame d'Arblay—The Princess of W——s—News from France—State of Ireland—Letter from the Comte de Narbonne to the Chevalier d'Arblay—The Emperor's Hymn and Suwarrow's march—Dancing Legislators.

PART V.

1799.

Mrs. Chapone to Madame d'Arblay.

MY DEAR MADAM,—If you have heard of the most recent of all my afflictions,—the death of my darling niece in childbirth (which happened not quite a month after the loss of my dearest brother),—you will not wonder that I have not been able to thank you for your last kind favour. It grieves me to think of the anxiety you have suffered for your lovely boy, nor shall I ever forget the tenderness you showed for me before you knew how completely all hopes of comfort respecting this world for my latter days were taken from me: but the hopes of another, I thank God, draw every day into a nearer view, and I trust will supply me with "patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill."

I had, with the folly and ignorance of human schemes, thought of seeking an asylum from the aching void I must every hour feel in London, by changing my abode to Winchester, where I expected my two kind nieces would soothe my heart and close my eyes; but this unexpected and most afflicting stroke, by taking away the next dearest object of my affection, has shown me where only I can look for support, and where I have hitherto found it in as great a degree as I could have expected.

Though I have still a niece, for whom I have great love and esteem, I know not yet what her own plans may be, nor whether Winchester will not now be the most melancholy scene for us both that we could fix on: so that I am inclined to no other exertion but waiting where I am, with humble submission and acquiescence, for

"Kind Nature's signal of retreat."

In the mean time I should be ungrateful for your kind solicitude if I did not mention the comfort I receive from that excellent man Mr. Pepys, whom you esteem, but whose worthy heart you do not half know, and whom compassion has improved, from a delightful companion and intimate old acquaintance, to the most tender, attentive, and affectionate son to me. All my other friends, too, have exceeded all my expectations in their attentions to me.

I hope soon to hear that your heart is quite at rest about M. d'Arblay and your son. Writing is at present so difficult and painful to me that I must bid you adieu, with the most grateful sense of your compassion for me, and every kind wish for yourself and M. d'Arblay.

Ever, dear Madam,

Your sincerely affectionate and obliged,

H. Chapone.

Have you yet read Mrs. H. More's new work? Don't *you* be idle.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Chapone.

Westhamble, April 4th, '99.

It was from your own affecting account, my dear Madam, that I learned your irreparable loss, though a letter by the same post from my sister Burney confirmed

the melancholy intelligence. I will not attempt to say with what extreme concern I have felt it. Your "darling niece," though I must now be glad I had never seen, I had always fancied I had known, from the lively idea you had enabled me, in common with all others, to form of what she ought to be. If this second terrible trial, and the manner in which you have supported it, had not shown me my mistake, I should have feared, from the agonized expression of your countenance—which I cannot forget—in our last mournful interview, that the cup was already full! But it is not for nothing you have been gifted,—or that so early you were led to pray "the ill you might not shun, to bear." Misfortunes of this accumulated—I had nearly said desolating—nature, always of late years sharpen to me the horrors of that part of the French Revolution which, to lessen the dread of guilt, gives death to eternal sleep. What alleviation can there be for sufferers who have imbibed such doctrine? I want to disperse among them an animated translation of the false principles, beautiful conviction, and final consolations of Fidelia. For since, in this nether sphere, with all our best hopes alive of times to come,

> "Ev'n Virtue sighs, while poor Affection mourns
> The blasted comforts of the desert heart,"

what must sorrow be where calamity sees no opening to future light? and where friends, when separated, can mark no haven for a future reunion, but where all terminates for ever in the poor visible grave?—against which all our conceptions and perceptions so entirely revolt, that I, for one, can never divest the idea of annihilation from despair.

I read with much more pleasure than surprise what you say of Mr. Pepys: I should have been disappointed

indeed had he proved a "summer friend." Yet I have found many more such, I confess, than I had dreamed of in my poor philosophy, since my retirement from the broad circle of life has drawn aside a veil which, till then, had made profession wear the same semblance as friendship. But few, I believe, escape some of these lessons, which are not, however, more mortifying in the expectations they destroy than gratifying in those they confirm. You will be sure, dear Madam, but I hope not angrily, of *one* honour I am here venturing to give myself.

Yours, &c.

F. d'A.

M. d'A. entreats you to accept his sincerest respects.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock.

Westhamble, May 2nd, 1799.

Poor Mr. Seward! I am indeed exceedingly concerned—nay, grieved—for his loss to us: to us I trust I may say; for I believe he was so substantially good a creature, that he has left no fear or regret merely for himself. He fully expected his end was quickly approaching. I saw him at my father's at Chelsea, and he spent almost a whole morning with me in chatting of othe times, as he called it; for we travelled back to Streatham, Dr. Johnson, and the Thrales. But he told me he knew his disease incurable. Indeed, he had passed a quarter of an hour in recovering breath, in a room with the servants, before he let me know he had mounted the College stairs. My father was not at home. He had thought himself immediately dying, he said, four days before, by certain sensations that he believed to be fatal, but he mentioned it with cheerfulness; and though active

in trying all means to lengthen life, declared himself perfectly calm in suspecting they would fail. To give me a proof, he said he had been anxious to serve Mr. Wesley, the Methodist musician, and he had recommended him to the patronage of the Hammersleys, and begged my father to meet him there to dinner; but as this was arranged, he was seized himself with a dangerous attack, which he believed to be mortal. And during this belief, "willing to have the business go on," said he, laughing, "and not miss me, I wrote a letter to a young lady, to tell her all I wished to be done upon the occasion, to serve Wesley, and to show him to advantage. I gave every direction I should have given in person, in a complete persuasion at the moment I should never hold a pen in my hand again."

This letter, I found, was to Miss Hammersley.

I had afterwards the pleasure of introducing M. d'Arblay to him, and it seemed a gratification to him to make the acquaintance. I knew he had been "curious" to see him, and he wrote my father word afterwards he had been much pleased.

My father says he sat with him an hour the Saturday before he died; and though he thought him very ill, he was so little aware his end was so rapidly approaching, that, like my dearest friend, he laments his loss as if by sudden death.

I was sorry, too, to see in the newspapers the expulsion of Mr. Barry from the Royal Academy. I suppose it is from some furious harangue. His passions have no restraint, though I think extremely well of his heart, as well as of his understanding.

* * * * *

Your affectionate

F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

Slough, Monday morning, July 22nd, 1799,
in bed at Dr. Herschel's, half-past five,
where I can neither sleep nor lie idle.

My dear Fanny,—I believe I told you on Friday that I was going to finish the perusal of my astronomical *varses* to the great astronomer on Saturday. Here I arrived at three o'clock,—neither Dr. nor Mrs. H. at home; went to London on Thursday on particular business. This was rather discouraging, as poor Mrs. Arne used to say when she was hissed; but all was set to rights by the appearance of Miss Baldwin, a sweet, timid, amiable girl, Mrs. Herschel's niece, who told me that if I was Dr. B. she was to entreat me to come in, as her uncle and aunt expected me, and would be back at dinner, half-past three.

When we had conversed about ten minutes, in came two other sweet girls, about the same age (from fifteen to seventeen), the daughters of Dr. Parry of Bath, on a visit here. More natural, obliging, charming girls I have seldom seen; and, moreover, very pretty. We soon got acquainted. I found they were musical, and in other respects very well educated. It being a quarter past four, and the lord and lady of the mansion not returned, Miss Baldwin would have dinner served, according to order, and an excellent dinner it was, and our chattation no disagreeable sauce.

After an admirable dessert, I made the Misses Parry sing and play, and sang and played with them so delightfully, "you can't think!" Mr. and Mrs. H. did not return till between seven and eight; but when they came, apologies for being out on pressing business, cordiality and kindness, could not be more liberally bestowed.

After tea Dr. H. proposed that we two should retire into a quiet room, in order to resume the perusal of my work, in which no progress had been made since last December. The evening was finished very cheerfully; and we went to our bowers not much out of humour with each other, or with the world.

We had settled a plan to go to the chapel at Windsor in the morning, the King and Royal Family being there, and the town very full. Dr. H. and Mrs. H. stayed at home, and I was accompanied by the three Graces. Dr. Goodenough, the successor of Dr. Shepherd, as canon, preached. I had dined with him at Dr. Duval's. He is a very agreeable man, and passionately fond of music, with whom, as a professor, a critic, and an historian of the art, I seem to stand very high; but I could not hear a single sentence of his sermon, on account of the distance. After the service I got a glimpse of the good King, in his light-grey farmer-like morning Windsor uniform, in a great crowd, but could not even obtain that glance of the Queen and Princesses. The day was charming. The chapel is admirably repaired, beautified, and a new west window painted on glass. All was cheerfulness, gaiety, and good humour, such as the subjects of no other monarch, I believe, on earth enjoy at present; and except return of creepings now and then, and a cough, I was as happy as the best.

At dinner we all agreed to go to the Terrace,—Mr., Mrs., and Miss H., with their nice little boy, and the three young ladies. This plan we put in execution, and arrived on the Terrace a little after seven. I never saw it more crowded or gay. The Park was almost full of happy people—farmers, servants, and tradespeople,—all in Elysium. Deer in the distance, and *dears* unnumbered near. Here I met with almost everybody I wished and

expected to see previous to the King's arrival in the part of the Terrace where I and my party were planted. Lord Harrington; Sir Joseph, Lady, and Miss Banks; the Bishop of Salisbury; Dr. Goodenough, who invited me to his house (the Bishop of S. pressed me to take a bed at his palace in Salisbury, where I visited my friend Mr. Cox); Miss Egerton, sweet Lady Augusta Lowther, and Sir William, my great favourite, with a long list of *et cæteras*—all seemed glad to see the old Doctor, even before he was noticed by Royalty.

But now here comes Will, and I must get up, and make myself up to go down to the perusal of my last book, entitled HERSCHEL. So good morrow.

Chelsea, Tuesday, three o'clock.

Not a moment could I get to write till now; and I am afraid of forgetting some part of my history, but I ought not, for the events of this visit are very memorable.

When the King and Queen, arm in arm, were approaching the place where the Herschel family and I had planted ourselves, one of the Misses Parry heard the Queen say to His Majesty, "There's Dr. Burney," when they instantly came to me, so smiling and gracious that I longed to throw myself at their feet. "How do you, Dr. Burney?" said the King. "Why, you are grown fat and young." "Yes, indeed," said the Queen; "I was very glad to hear from Madame d'Arblay how well you looked." "Why, you used to be as thin as Dr. Lind." says the King. Lind was then in sight—a mere lath; but these few words were accompanied with such very gracious smiles, and seemingly affectionate good-humour—the whole Royal Family, except the Prince of Wales, standing by—in the midst of a crowd of the first people in the kingdom for rank and office—that I was afterwards

looked at as a sight. Afte this the King and Queen hardly ever passed by me without a smile and a nod. The weather was charming; the Park as full as the Terrace, the King having given permission to the farmers, tradesmen, and even livery servants, to be there during the time of his walking.

Now I must tell you that Herschel proposed to me to go with him to the King's concert at night, he having permission to go when he chooses, his five nephews (Griesbachs) making a principal part of the band. "And," says he, "I know you will be welcome." But I should not have presumed to believe this if His Majesty had not formerly taken me into his concert-room himself from your apartments. This circumstance, and the gracious notice with which I had been just honoured, emboldened me. A fine music-room in the castle, next the Terrace, is now fitted up for His Majesty's evening concerts, and an organ erected. Part of the first act had been performed previous to our arrival. There were none but the performers in the room, except the Duchesses of Kent and Cumberland, with two or three general officers backwards. The King seldom goes into the music-room after the first act; and the second and part of the third were over before we saw anything of him, though we heard His Majesty, the Queen, and Princesses talking in the next room. At length he came directly up to me and Herschel, and the first question His Majesty asked me was,—"How does Astronomy go on?" I, pretending to suppose he knew nothing of my poem, said, "Dr. Herschel will better inform your Majesty than I can." "Ay, ay," says the King, "but you are going to tell us something with your pen;" and moved his hand in a writing manner. "What—what—progress have you made?" "Sir, it is all finished, and all but the last

of twelve books have been read to my friend Dr. Herschel." The King, then looking at Herschel, as who would say, "How is it?" "It is a very capital work, Sir," says H. "I wonder how you find time?" said the King. "I make time, Sir." "How, how?" "I take it out of my sleep, Sir." When the considerate good King, "But you'll hurt your health. How long," he adds, "have you been at it?" "Two or three years, at odd and stolen moments, Sir." "Well," said the King (as he had said to you before), "whatever you write, I am sure will be entertaining." I bowed most humbly, as ashamed of not deserving so flattering a speech. "I don't say it to flatter you," says the King; "if I did not think it, I would not say it."

After this he talked of his concert, and the arrangement of the pieces performed that evening from the oratorio of 'Joseph.' His Majesty always makes the list himself, and had made a very judicious change in the order of pieces, which I told His Majesty, as there were no words in question which, as a drama, might require the original arrangement. He gave me his opinion very openly upon every musical subject started, and talked with me full half an hour. He began a conversation with General Harcourt and two other general officers, which lasted a full hour, and we durst not stir till it was over, past eleven. All this Windsor and Slough visit has turned out delightfully. I have not room to say anything more, only God bless you all!

C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney.

"Fore George, a more excellent song than t'other!"

Westhamble, July 25th, '99.

WHY, my dearest Padre, your subjects rise and rise,—till subjects, in fact, are no longer in question. I do not wonder you felt melted by the King's goodness. I am sure I did in its perusal. And the Queen!—her naming me so immediately went to my heart. Her speeches about me to Mrs. Lock in the drawing-room, her interest in my welfare, her deigning to say *she had never been amongst those who had blamed my marriage,* though she lost by it my occasional attendances, and her remarking "*I looked the picture of happiness,*" had warmed me to the most fervent gratitude, and the more because her saying she had never been *amongst those* who had blamed me shows there were people who had not failed to do me ill offices in her hearing; though probably, and I firmly believe, without any personal enmity, as I am unconscious of having any owed me; but merely from a cruel malice with which many seize every opportunity, almost involuntarily, to do mischief, and most especially to undermine at Court any one presumed to be in any favour. And, still further, I thought her words conveyed a confirmation of what her conduct towards me *in my new capacity* always led me to conjecture; namely, that my guardian star had ordained it so that the real character and principles of my honoured and honourable mate had, by some happy chance, reached the Royal ear before the news of our union. The dear King's graciousness to M. d'Arblay upon the Terrace, when the Commander-in-Chief, just then returned from the Continent, was by his side, made it impossible not to suggest this: and now, the Queen's

again naming me so *in public* puts it, in my conception, beyond doubt. My kindest father will be glad, I am sure, to have added to the great delight of his recital a strength to a notion I so much love to cherish.

The account of the Terrace is quite enlivening. I am very glad the weather was so good. It was particularly kind of it, for I am sure it has been very *un-Julyish* since.

How sweet what the King said of my dearest father's writing! You see how consistent and constant is his opinion: but still more I love his benevolent solicitude lest your method of *making time* should injure your health. Think of that, dear Master Brooke! your *creepings* are surely the effect of over-labour of the brain and intense application.

I want excessively to hear how the Herschel book went off; whether there was much to change, as I think it impossible there should not be certain modes peculiar to every man's own conceptions of his own studies that no other can hit without consulting him; and whether the sum total seemed to give the last and living hero of the poem the satisfaction it ought to do. Pray let me hear about this as soon as you can, dearest Sir; but pray only make notes of any alterations; and let the alterations themselves wait to be accomplished in our quiet retreat, at the given period of our indulgence, which I presume to continue fixed for the end of August, as you do not again touch the subject.

I am very anxious, meanwhile, for your trying the hot well—and that before you go to Dover; for I think it impossible—unnatural—you should resist Mrs. Crewe, who, next to your immediate family, seems most truly and affectionately to know how to value possessing you.

The visit to the P——ss of W. is charming. I am charmed she now lives so cheerfully and pleasantly. She

seemed confined, not merely as a recluse, but a culprit, till quite lately; and now ..... your visit has just been succeeded by Mr. Pitt's! How can the Premier be so much his own enemy in politics as well as happiness! for all the world, nearly, take her part; and all the world *wholly* agree she has been the injured person, though some few think she has wanted *retenue* and discretion in her resentment, the public nature of her connexion considered, which does not warrant the expectance of the same pure fidelity a chosen wife might look for.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

August 14th, '99.

I KNOW that my beloved Susan did not mean I should see her true account of her precious health; but it arrived at Westhamble while Esther was there, and it has been engraven on my heart in saddest characters ever since. The degree in which it makes me —I had almost said—wretched, would be cruel to dwell upon; but had the letter finished as it began, I must have surely applied for a passport, without which there is now no visiting Ireland. In case, my sweet soul, you are relapsed, or do not continue improving, tell me if there is any way I can manage to make a surprise give no shock of horror where I have no expectation of giving pleasure? I would not offend, nor add to my beloved's hard tasks, God knows! Should I write *there*, in that case, for leave? or what do? At all events, and if the recovery continues, give me a hint or two, I entreat. I consult no one here; I must do such a deed by storm; I am sure of consent to everything that my happiness and peace demand, from the only one who can lawfully control me,—and that is enough.

Where poor M. de Narbonne has been driven we know not. One of the French Princesses is dead, but not Princess Adelaide. We have just heard that M. de N. is now in actual correspondence with Louis XVIII.: I am very glad, though excessively astonished how it has been brought about. When we hear particulars, you shall have them.

People here are very sanguine that Ireland is quiet, and will remain so; and that the combined fleets can never reach it. How are your own politics upon that point? Mine will take *their* colour, be it what it may. Our dear father is visiting about, from Mr. Cox's to Mrs. Crewe, with whom he is now at Dover, where Mr. Crewe has some command. We are all in extreme disturbance here about the secret expeditions. Nothing authentic is arrived from the first armament; and the second is all prepared for sailing. Two of Lady Templetown's sons are gone, Greville and Arthur: Lady Rothes' younger son is going, John Leslie: Mr. Boucheritte has a brother-in-law gone, Captain Barnes. Both officers and men are gathered from all quarters. Heaven grant them speedy safety, and ultimate peace! God bless my own dearest Susan, and strengthen and restore her. Amen! Amen.

F. d'A.

From the Comte de Narbonne to the Chevalier d'Arblay.

Tubingen, ce 1er 7bre, 1799.

Vous voyez, mon ami, par la date de ma lettre, que j'ai le besoin de m assurer au moins un instant de bonheur pour cette année, en m'associant aujourd'hui à vous, et à tous les anges qui vous entourent. Depuis celle que j'ai reçue de vous, et qui m'a fait autant de bien que vous pouvez m'en désirer, il n'est pas un jour où je n'aie voulu

vous écrire, et où je n'aie été arrêté par l'idée qu'il fallait au moins savoir où vous demander de me répondre. Plus de trois semaines avant la déclaration de guerre de Naples, à tous les momens nous nous attendions à une rupture entre la France et l'Empereur, qui ne permettait pas de rester ici, et qui m'envoyait je ne sais pas où. Les événemens ont beau se succéder; il règne toujours la même incertitude; et je me lasse d'un silence dont j'espère que vous me boudez tous un peu. Ils sont donc finis bien heureusement ces troubles d'Irlande, si cruels et si éffrayants; et comme il est en vérité presque permis à un Français de s'occuper, avant tout, du salut de ses amis, par toutes les espèces de dangers auxquels ils sont exposés depuis si longtems, je vois d'abord dans cet heureux événement que je n'ai plus à trembler, ni vous non plus, sur votre adorable belle-sœur, et que je n'ai plus à craindre pour elle que *the boisterous weather*. Mon ami, donnez moi en détail des nouvelles de sa position. Mon Dieu! que je voudrais la savoir réunie à vous! dût elle prendre mon chambre dans un petit palais enchanté que je vois avec peine, cependant qui n'a pas été fait d'un coup de baguette. A quoi vous sert donc la douce magicienne qui vous a donné sa vie? Comment elle ne s'entend pas seulement en maçonnerie? Quelle éducation va-t-elle donner à mon petit Louis? Heureusement que je repaierai tout cela! Savez vous bien qu'il n'est pas impossible que ce soit bientôt. Vos gazettes (qui, par parenthèse, n'arrivent pas depuis un mois) parlent positivement d'un traité de commerce entre l'Angleterre et St. Domingue, qui me rendrait du moins le terrein de mon habitation. Mandez moi, je vous prie, tout ce qui est sûr, et ce que l'on espère, de cela: si les négociants tournent leurs spéculations de ce côté, et y sont encouragés par le gouvernement;—si les colons ont déjà

trouvé les moyens de faire quelque arrangement. Je voudrais bien en faire un qui fît vivre mes filles pendant que vous me donneriez à manger. Mais m'est-il permis seulement de rêver au bonheur? Depuis un mois je suis bourrellé par l'idée de ce qui peut arriver à Naples à Mesdames, à ma mère, à ma fille. Je tremble que les premiers succès de Mack ne leur aient inspiré une sécurité malheureusement absurde, puisqu'il paraît décidé que l'Empereur, s'il s'en mêle, ne s'en mêlera que trop tard.

Je ne connais plus sur la terre de bonheur que dans le point que vous habitez; mais qui dans le monde a ses droits au bonheur comme les habitans de Norbury? D'après le tableau que vous m'en faites, il n'y a donc rien de changé dans ce délicieux Norbury. Transportez-vous donc, mon ami, à gauche de la cheminée; embrassez pour moi bien tendrement le premier des hommes et le plus sensible des sages; vous trouverez à sa droite son fils, que vous embrasserez presque comme son père, et que vous prierez de ma part de vouloir bien épouser une de ses sœurs, parceque je voudrais bien qu'il eût bien vite une femme digne de lui. S'il aime mieux, cependant, épouser Madame Lock, je ne m'y oppose pas du tout. Vous voyez que me voilà de l'autre côté de la cheminée; vous y baiserez la poussière des pieds de l'ange que vous y trouverez, et vous lui direz que jusqu'au tombeau je prendrai la liberté de l'adorer.

Je ne conçois pas, mon ami, comment tout cela à pu me détourner du principal objet de ma lettre, de *l'art de faire de la choucroute*; et m'y voilà. Augustin, qui me l'a fait depuis quatre ans, dit que vos choux sont excellents pour cela. Les plus tendres sont les meilleurs. On les coupe en tranches les plus minces possibles, au moyen d'un couteau ressemblant en grand à celui pour les concombres, et dont le dit Augustin est

sûr d'avoir vu dans la cité. On les entasse, et on les foule dans un petit tonneau; par dessus on met une planche qui couvre à peu près toute la superficie, et sur laquelle doit peser une grosse pierre. De l'eau sur tout cela, de manière que la planche, et par conséquent les choux, soient toujours dans l'eau. Cette eau doit être renouvelée tous les quinze jours, et l'on ne doit pas se laisser effrayer de l'horrible puanteur. Au bout de deux mois la chou-croute est mangeable, et voilà *tout l'art* de la faire.—Pour la manger, la faire d'abord cuire et recuire dans de l'eau simple; cela fait, bien exprimer l'eau, et y substituer soit du beurre, du sain-doux, de la graisse d'oie, &c., et laisser bien mitonner.

Adieu, adieu! Je t'embrasse du fond de mon cœur, et ta femme, et ton fils. Pour éviter que mon nom ne traverse peut-être des armées, mettez celui de Frédéric sous le couvert de M. Cotta, libraire, à Tubingen.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Westhamble, October 1st, '99.

WHAT a sumptuous feast have you given me, my kindest father! It was our whole morning's regale, so slowly we could bear to read, for fear of too soon ending it. I wish some kind friend or other would always be giving you a letter to enclose for me, and that you would always forget so to do, that always you might be stimulated to make amends by preparing a parcel for the coach. I must, however, mention that my mate and I can ill brook this shabby hint of shirking; that he still rears young peas, and houses beautiful carnations, for you; and that I had determined to wait only for the first fair day to put in my rightful claim. This very one upon which I write is the first in which we have escaped

rain for a fortnight; and now, therefore, we may surely hope for a fine autumn.

What, then, says my dearest father? Will he not think of us? Who can he think of to quite so much delight with his sight? In England no one. In Ireland I own there is one to whom it must be yet more precious, because so cruelly long withheld. Ireland, my dearest padre, leads to the immediate subject of this letter.

Whether gaily or sadly to usher what I have to say I know not, but your sensations, like mine, will I am sure be mixed. The Major has now written to Mrs. Lock that he is anxious to have Susan return to England. She is "in an ill state of health," he says, and he wishes her to try her native air; but the revival of coming to you and among us all, and the tender care that will be taken of her, is likely to do much for her; therefore, if we get her but to this side the Channel, the blessing is comparatively so great, that I shall feel truly thankful to Heaven.

How you have made me fall in love with your ladies, Susan Ryder, and Jane Dundas, and the whole family of Greys! I was enchanted with your reception and intimacy amongst such sweet mannered and minded people as you describe. But Mr. Pitt! I am really in *alt* when I see you presenting him your letter from Dr. Herschel.

Solemn, yet heart-warming, is your account of the embarkation. God send us more good news of its result! Like you, we are sadly alarmed by the second affair, after being so elated by the first. Yet the taking the Dutch fleet must always remain a national amends for almost any loss.

Mrs. Milner, of Mickleham, who has a son by a former husband, now Colonel Fitzgerald, and aide-de-camp to the Duke of York (and probably of the staff you met at Walmer Castle), has sent me lately a message to

desire we should make acquaintance. It came through Lady Rothes, and consequently I expressed proper acknowledgments. Two days ago she came to make her first visit. Her present husband, who is also a colonel, called at the same time on M. d'Arblay, with whom he had made a speaking acquaintance while we were building our cottage. We found them very agreeable people, well bred, well cultivated, and pleasing. The Colonel is serious, she is lively; but they seem happy in each other. I am the more disposed to think well of them, because not only the Duke but the Duchess of York twice breakfasted with them, in journeying from Brighthelmstone. This has put them in high fashion in this neighbourhood. She tells me she is the worst of visitors; and I assured her that having heard that character of her was one of my first inducements to venture at her acquaintance, not only from the flattery of her selection, but from the sympathy I felt in that defect.

They walked all round our grounds—the wood, copse, meadow; ate one of our apples just gathered from our virgin orchard; and found all M. d'Arblay's flowers of the first fragrance. Could they fail being pleasant people? Pray wish well to Colonel Fitzgerald for their sake.

I was happy not to see his name amongst the killed and wounded; nor that of the Hon. John Leslie, Lady Rothes' son; nor those of Greville nor Arthur Upton, Lady Templetown's sons; nor Mr. Nixon, late of Bookham; nor General Burrard, now of Dorking. What an anxious period, through relations or connexions, independent of general humanity, does this expedition make! Heaven prosper it! What is Mr. J. Crewe called?—Captain? I hope it is not he who is named amongst the wounded.

You make me wild to hear the Emperor's hymn and

Suwarrow's march. Their popularity at Dover and Walmer Castle was most seasonable and delightful; they quite set my heart a-beating with pleasure and exultation for my dearest father, only in hearing of them. But you, forsooth, to preside over the bottle! Ha! ha! Mr. Pitt, however, could not risk his intellects, so he chose well for preserving them.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

Westhamble, December 10th, '99.

O MY Susan, my heart's dear sister! with what bitter sorrow have I read this last account! With us, with yourself, your children,—all,—you have trifled in respect to health, though in all things else you are honour and veracity personified; but nothing had prepared me to think you in such a state as I now find you. Would to God I could get to you! If Mr. Keirnan thinks you had best pass the winter in Dublin, stay, and let me come to you. Venture nothing against his opinion, for mercy's sake! Fears for your health take place of all impatience to expedite your return; only go not back to Belcotton, where you cannot be under his direction, and are away from the physician he thinks of so highly.

I shall write immediately to Charles about the carriage. I am sure of his answer beforehand,—so must you be. Act, therefore, with regard to the carriage, as if already it were arranged. But I am well aware it must not set out till you are well enough to nearly fix your day of sailing. I say nearly, for we must always allow for accidents. I shall write to our dear father, and Etty, and James, and send to Norbury Park; but I shall wait till to-morrow, not to infect them with what I am infected

How I love that charming Augusta!—tell her so; I am almost tempted to write to her, and to Mrs. Disney,

and to Mr. Keirnan. I expect everybody to love and be kind to my Susan; yet I love and cherish them for it as if it were my wonder.

O my Susan! that I could come to you! But all must depend on Mr. Keirnan's decision. If you can come to us with perfect safety, however slowly, I shall not dare add to your embarrassment of persons and package. Else, Charles's carriage—O, what a temptation to air it for you all the way! Take no more large paper, that you may write with less fatigue, and, if possible, oftener;—to any one will suffice for all.

Yours affectionately,

F. D'A.

PART VI.

Death of Mrs. Phillips—Letter of Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock on the recent loss of her Sister—Interview with the Royal Family—Extreme amiability of the Princess Augusta—Marauders in the Garden—Madame d'Arblay's Comedy of 'Love and Fashion,' in rehearsal at Covent Garden—Withdrawn by the Author—Her remarks on the subject—M. d'Arblay leaves England to look after his property in France—The Lord Chancellor's reprimand to Mr. Sheridan—News of M. d'Arblay—Love Offerings—Visit to Norbury Park—Madame d'Arblay's projected Journey to France—Perils of M. d'Arblay's Voyage—His Letters to Madame d'Arblay—Her thoughts on Religious Instruction—Her letter to her Husband.

PART VI.

1800.

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney.

9th January, 1800.

MY MOST DEAR PADRE,—My mate will say all say,—so I can only offer up my earnest prayers I may soon be allowed the blessing—the only one I sigh for—of embracing my dearest Susan in your arms and under your roof. Amen.

F. D'A.

These were the last written lines of the last period —unsuspected as such—of my perfect happiness on earth; for they were stopped on the road by news that my heart's beloved sister, Susanna Elizabeth Phillips, had ceased to breathe. The tenderest of husbands—the most feeling of human beings—had only reached Norbury Park, on his way to a believed meeting with that angel, when the fatal blow was struck; and he came back to West Hamble—to the dreadful task of revealing the irreparable loss which his own goodness, sweetness, patience, and sympathy could alone have made supported.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock.

9th January, 1800.

"*As a guardian angel!*"—Yes, my dearest Fredy, as such in every interval of despondence I have looked

up to the sky to see her; but my eyes cannot pierce through the thick atmosphere, and I can only represent her to me seated on a chair of sickness, her soft hand held partly out to me as I approach her; her softer eyes so greeting me as never welcome was expressed before; and a smile of heavenly expression speaking the tender gladness of her grateful soul that God at length should grant our re-union. From our earliest moments, my Fredy, when no misfortune happened to our dear family, *we wanted nothing but each other.* Joyfully as others were received by us—loved by us—all that was necessary to our happiness was fulfill'ed by our simple junction. This I remember with my first remembrance; nor do I recollect a single instance of being affected beyond a minute by any outward disappointment, if its result was leaving us together.

She was the soul of my soul!—and 'tis wonderful to me, my dearest Fredy, that the first shock did not join them immediately by the flight of mine—but that over—that dreadful, harrowing, never-to-be-forgotten moment of horror that made me wish to be mad—the ties that after that first endearing period have shared with her my heart, come to my aid. Yet I was long incredulous; and still sometimes I think it is not—and that she will come—and I paint her by my side—by my father's—in every room of these apartments, destined to have chequered the woes of her life with rays of comfort, joy, and affection.

O, my Fredy! not selfish is the affliction that repines her earthly course of sorrow was allowed no shade!—that at the instant soft peace and consolation awaited her she should breathe her last! You would understand all the hardship of resignation for me were you

to read the joyful opening of her letter, on her landing, to my poor father, and her prayer at the end to be restored to him.

O, my Fredy! could you indeed think of me—be alarmed for me on that dreadful day!—I can hardly make that enter my comprehension; but I thank you from my soul; for that is beyond any love I had thought possible, even from your tender heart.

Tell me you all keep well, and forgive me my distraction. I write so fast I fear you can hardly read; but you will see I am conversing with you, and that will show you how I turn to you for the comfort of your tenderness. Yes, you have all a loss, indeed!

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock.

Greenwich, Friday, February, 1800

HERE we are, my beloved friend. We came yesterday. All places to me are now less awful than my own so dear habitation.

My royal interview took place on Wednesday. I was five hours with the Royal family, three of them alone with the Queen, whose graciousness and *kind* goodness I cannot express. And each of the princesses saw me with a sort of concern and interest I can never forget. I did tolerably well, though not quite as steadily as I expected; but with my own Princess Augusta I lost all command of myself. She is still wrapt up, and just recovering from a fever herself; and she spoke to me in a tone—a voice so commiserating—I could not stand it—I was forced to stop short in my approach, and hide my face with my muff. She came up to me immediately, put her arm upon my

shoulder, and kissed me.—I shall never forget it.—How much more than thousands of words did a condescension so tender tell me her kind feelings!—*She* is one of the few beings in this world that can be, in the words of M. de Narbonne, "all that is *douce* and all that is *spirituelle*,"—his words upon my lost darling!

It is impossible more of comfort or gratification could be given than I received from them all.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney.

West Hamble, March 22, 1800.

Day after day I have meant to write to my dearest father: but I have been unwell ever since our return, and that has not added to my being sprightly. I have not once crossed the threshold since I re-entered the house till to-day, when Mr. and Mrs. Lock almost insisted upon taking me an airing. I am glad of it, for it has done me good, and broken a kind of spell that made me unwilling to stir.

M. d'Arblay has worked most laboriously in his garden; but his misfortunes there, during our absence, might melt a heart of stone. The horses of our next neighbouring farmer broke through our hedges, and have made a kind of bog of our meadow, by scampering in it during the wet; the sheep followed, who have eaten up all our greens, every sprout and cabbage and lettuce, destined for the winter; while the horses dug up our turnips and carrots; and the swine, pursuing such examples, have trod down all the young plants, besides devouring whatever the others left of vegetables. Our potatoes, left, from our abrupt de-

parture, in the ground, are all rotten or frost-bitten, and utterly spoilt; and not a single thing has our whole ground produced us since we came home. A few dried carrots, which remain from the in-doors collection, are all we have to temper our viands.

What think you of this for people who make it a rule to owe a third of their sustenance to the garden? Poor M. d'A.'s renewal of toil, to supply future times, is exemplary to behold, after such discouragement. But he works as if nothing had failed; such is his patience as well as industry.

My Alex, I am sure you will be kindly glad to hear, is entirely well; and looks so blooming—no rose can be fresher. I am encouraging back his *spouting* propensity, to fit him for his royal interview with the sweet and gay young princess who has demanded him, who will, I know, be diverted with his speeches and gestures. We must present ourselves before Easter, as the Court then adjourns to Windsor for ten days. My gardener will not again leave his grounds to the four-footed marauders; and our stay, therefore, will be the *very* shortest we can possibly make it; for though we love retirement, we do not like solitude.

I long for some further account of you, dearest Sir, and how you bear the mixture of business and company, of *fag and frolic*, as Charlotte used to phrase it.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney.

West Hamble, April 27, 1800.

MY Alex improves in all that I can teach, and my gardener is laboriously recovering from his winter misfortunes. He is now raising a hillock by the gate,

for a view of Norbury Park from our grounds, and he has planted potatoes upon almost every spot where they can grow. The dreadful price of provisions makes this our first attention. The poor people about us complain they are nearly starved, and the children of the journeymen of the tradesmen at Dorking come to our door to beg halfpence for a little bread. What the occasion of such universal dearth can be we can form no notion, and have no information. The price of *bread* we can conceive from the bad harvest; but meat, butter, and *shoes!*—nay, all sorts of nourriture or clothing seem to rise in the same proportion, and without any adequate cause. The imputed one of the war does not appear to me sufficient, though the drawback from all by the income-tax is severely an underminer of comfort.

What is become of the campaign? are both parties incapacitated from beginning? or is each waiting a happy moment to strike some definitive stroke? We are strangely in the dark about all that is going on, and unless you will have the compassion to write us some news, we may be kept so till Mr. Lock returns.

F. D'A.

[Towards the close of the preceding year Dr. Charles Burney had placed in the hands of Mr. Harris, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, a comedy by Madame d'Arblay, called "Love and Fashion." Mr. Harris highly approved the piece, and early in the spring put it into rehearsal; but Dr. Burney was seized with a panic concerning its success, and, to oblige him, his daughter and her husband withdrew it. The following letter announced their generous compliance with his wishes.]

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney.

Monday.

I HASTEN to tell you, dearest Sir, Mr. H. has at length listened to our petitions, and has returned me my poor ill-fated ——, wholly relinquishing all claim to it for this season. He has promised also to do his utmost, as far as his influence extends, to keep the newspapers totally silent in future. We demand, therefore, no contradictory paragraph, as the report must needs die when the *reality* no more exists. Nobody has believed it from the beginning, on account of the premature moment when it was advertised. This release gives me present repose, which, indeed, I much wanted; for to combat your, to me, unaccountable but most afflicting displeasure, in the midst of my own panics and disturbance, would have been ample punishment to me had I been guilty of a crime, in doing what I have all my life been urged to, and all my life intended,—writing a comedy. Your goodness, your kindness, your regard for my fame, I know have caused both your trepidation, which doomed me to *certain* failure, and your displeasure that I ran, what you thought, a wanton risk. But it is *not* wanton, my dearest father. My imagination is not at my own control, or I would always have continued in the walk you approved. The combinations for another long work did not occur to me; incidents and effects for a drama did. I thought the field more than open—inviting to me. The chance held out golden dreams.—The risk could be only our own; for, permit me to say, appear when it will, you will find nothing in the principles, the moral, or the language that will make

you blush for me. *A failure* upon those points only, can bring *disgrace;* upon mere cabal or want of dramatic powers, it can only cause *disappointment.*

I hope, therefore, my dearest father, in thinking this over you will cease to nourish such terrors and disgust at an essay so natural, and rather say to yourself, with an internal smile, "After all, 'tis but *like father like child:* for to what walk do I confine myself? She took my example in writing—she takes it in ranging. Why then, after all, should I lock her up in one paddock, well as she has fed there, if she says she finds nothing more to nibble; while *I* find all the earth unequal to my ambition, and mount the skies to content it? Come on, then, poor Fan! the world has acknowledged you my offspring, and I will *disencourage* you no more. Leap the pales of your paddock—let us pursue our career; and, while you frisk from novel to comedy, I, quitting Music and Prose, will try a race with Poetry and the Stars."

I am sure my dear father will not infer, from this appeal, I mean to parallel our works. No one more truly measures her own inferiority, which, with respect to yours, has always been my pride. I only mean to show, that if my muse loves a little variety, she has an hereditary claim to try it.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney.

West Hamble, November 7, 1800.

I THINK it very long not to hear at least of you, my dearest padre. My tranquil and happy security, alas! has been broken in upon by severe conflicts since I

wrote to my dearest father last, which I would not communicate while yet pending, but must now briefly narrate.

My partner, the truest of partners, has been erased from the list of emigrants nearly a year; and in that period has been much pressed and much blamed by his remaining friends in France, by every opportunity through which they could send to him, for not immediately returning, and seeing if anything could be yet saved from the wreck of his own and family's fortune; but he held steady to his original purpose never to revisit his own country till it was at peace with this; till a letter came from his beloved uncle himself, conveyed to him through Hambro', which shook all the firmness of his resolution, and has kept him, since its receipt, in a state of fermentation, from doubts and difficulties, and crossing wishes and interests, that has much affected his health as well as tranquillity.

All, however, now, is at least decided; for a few days since he received a letter from M. Lajard, who is returned to Paris, with information from his uncle's eldest son, that some of his small property is yet unsold, to about the amount of 1000*l*., and can still be saved from sequestration if he will immediately go over and claim it; or, if that is impossible, if he will send his *procuration* to his uncle, from some country *not at war with France*.

This ended all his internal contest; and he is gone this very morning to town to procure a passport and a passage in some vessel bound to Holland.

So unused are we to part, never yet for a week having been separated during the eight years of our union, that our first idea was going together, and taking our Alex.; and certain I am nothing would do

me such material and mental good as so complete a change of scene; but the great expense of the voyage and journey, and the inclement season for our little boy, at length finally settled us to pray only for a speedy meeting. But I did not give it up till late last night, and am far from quite reconciled to relinquishing it even now.

He has no intention to go to France, or he would make an effort to pass by Calais, which would delightfully shorten the passage; but he merely means to remain at the Hague while he sends over his *procuration,* and learns how soon he may hope to reap its fruits.

I can write upon nothing else just now, my dearest father, the misfortune of this call at such a boisterous, dangerous season, will oppress and alarm me, in defiance of all I can oppose of hope; yet the measure is so reasonable, so natural, I could no longer try to combat it. Adieu, dearest Sir. If any news of him reaches me before his return, I will not enjoy it five minutes previous to communicating it to my dear father. He hopes at all events to be able to embrace you, and beg your benediction before he departs, which nothing but the very unlikely chance of meeting a vessel just sailing for Holland immediately can prevent. He is well—and, oh, what a support to me!

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney.

13th December, 1800.

YOUR commission is arrived just as I am going to write to my dear Chevalier, I hope for the last letter

upon this separation. But he is not certain yet of his return. What a dreadful fright the 'True Briton' gave me one day last week of a new *mouvement* in Paris! God keep all quiet there!—but *him*—and may he be restless till he quits it!

I was going to begin a letter to you the other day, in the fulness of my heart, to exult, with you, on a testimony of respect and veneration which are so highly honourable, paid to the wisdom and authority of our dear Dr. Johnson, by the Lord Chancellor, in his reprimand to Mr. Sheridan. I hope you had the same words I read. I was really lifted up by them. The Chancellor gave in the Doctor's language the rebuke he could not, perhaps, give to an *M. P.*, and so powerful an antagonist as Mr. Sheridan, in his own. But I have been much grieved for the loss of my faithful as well as honoured friend, Mrs. Chapone, and very sorry for good Mr. Langton.

How is our Blue Club cut up! But Sir William Pepys told me it was dead while living; all such society as that we formerly belonged to, and enjoyed, being positively over.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney.

West Hamble, 16th December, 1800.

HE is returned, my dearest father, already! My joy and surprise are so great I seem in a dream. I have just this moment a letter from him, written at Gravesend.

What he has been able to arrange as to his affairs, I know not; and just now cannot care, so great is my thankfulness for his safety and return. He waits in

the river for his passport, and will, when he obtains it, hasten, I need not say, to West Hamble.

This blessed news my dearest father will, I am sure, be glad to receive; I am sure, too, of the joy of my dear, affectionate Fanny. He will be here, I hope, to keep his son's sixth birthday, on Thursday. He is well, he says, but horribly fatigued. Heaven bless and preserve you, dearest Sir.

Your ever dutiful and affectionate,

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

West Hamble, September 1, 1801.

My dearest—kindest—cruellest father!—That so long and so interesting, and so dear a letter should give me so great a disappointment! and that fish so admirable should want its best sauce! Indeed, I cannot help a little repining, though when I think of damps and rheumatisms, I am frightened out of murmuring: for in this lone cottage I would not have you indisposed for the universe. But 'tis very *provocas*—yet I have so much to be thankful for, and so thankful I feel for that much, that I am ashamed of seeming discontented . . . so I don't know what *for to do!* . . .

And the carpet! how kind a thought! Goodness me! as Lady Hales used to say, I don't know what *for to do* more and more! But a carpet we have—though not yet spread, as the chimney is unfinished, and room incomplete. Charles brought us the *tapis*—so that, in fact, we have yet bought nothing for our best room—and meant,—for our own share—to buy a table . . . and if my dearest father will be so good—and so naughty at once, as to crown our *salle d'Audience*

with a gift we shall prize beyond all others, we can think only of a table. Not a dining one, but a sort of table for a little work and a few books, *en gala*—without which, a room looks always forlorn. I need not say how we shall love it; and I must not say how we shall blush at it; and I cannot say how we feel obliged at it—for the room will then be complete in love-offerings. Mr. Lock finished glazing or polishing his impression border for the chimney on Saturday. It will be, I fear, his last work of that sort, his eyes, which are very long-sighted, now beginning to fail and weaken at near objects. *But dédommagement* for early blindness is in later years—when all the short-sighted become objects of envy to those for whom, in juvenile years, they are objects of pity or sport.

My Alex. intends very soon, he says, to marry—and, not long since, with the gravest simplicity, he went up to Mr. William Lock, who was here with his fair bride, and said, "How did you get that wife, *William?* because I want to get such a one—and I don't know which is the way." And he is now actually employed in fixing sticks and stones at convenient distances, upon a spot very near our own, where he means to raise a suitable structure for his residence, after his nuptials. You will not think he has suffered much time to be wasted before he has begun deliberating upon his conjugal establishment.

We spent the greatest part of last week in visits at Norbury Park, to meet M. de Lally, whom I am very sorry you missed. He is delightful in the country; full of resources, of gaiety, of intelligence, of good humour; and mingling powers of instruction with entertainment. He has read us several fragments of works of his own, admirable in eloquence, sense, and

feeling; chiefly parts of tragedies, and all referring to subjects next his heart, and clearest in his head; namely, the French Revolution and its calamities, and filial reverence and enthusiasm for injured parents.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney.

West Hamble, October 3, 1810.

God avert mischief from this peace, my dearest father! For in our hermitage you may imagine, more readily than I can express, the hopes and happiness it excites. M. d'Arblay now feels paid for his long forbearance, his kind patience, and compliance with my earnest wishes not to revisit his native land while we were at war with it. He can now go with honour as well as propriety; for every body, even the highest personages, will rather expect he should make the journey as a thing of course, than hear of it as a proposition for deliberation. He will now have his heart's desire granted, in again seeing his loved and respectable uncle,—and many relations, and more friends, and his own native town, as well as soil; and he will have the delight of presenting to that uncle, and those friends, his little pet Alex.

With all this gratification to one whose endurance of such a length of suspense, and repetition of disappointment, I have observed with gratitude, and felt with sympathy—must not I, too, find pleasure? Though, on my side, many are the drawbacks; but I ought not, and must not, listen to them. We shall arrange our affairs with all the speed in our power, after the ratification is arrived, for saving the cold

and windy weather; but the approach of winter is unlucky, as it will lengthen our stay, to avoid travelling and voyaging during its severity; unless, indeed, any internal movement, or the menace of any, should make frost and snow secondary fears, and induce us to scamper off. But the present is a season less liable in all appearance to storms, than the seasons that may follow. *Fêtes,* joy, and pleasure, will probably for some months occupy the public in France; and it will not be till those rejoicings are past, that they will set about weighing causes of new commotion, the rights of their governors, or the means, or desirability of changing them. I would far rather go immediately, than six months hence.

I hope, too, this so long wished view of friends and country gratified, my life's partner will feel a tranquillity without which, even our little Hermitage and Great Book Room cannot make him completely happy.

F. D'A.

[The projected journey of Madame d'Arblay with her husband did not take place this year; the season being already advanced, and their little boy not strong enough to bear the fatigue of such an expedition. Monsieur d'Arblay went alone to France.]

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney.

West Hamble, November 11, 1801.

I DID not purpose writing to my dearest father till my suspense and inquietude were happily removed by a letter from France; but as I find he is already anxious himself, I will now relate all I yet know of my

dearest traveller's history. On Wednesday the 28th of October, he set off for Gravesend. A vessel, he was told, was ready for sailing; and would set off the following day. He secured his passage, and took up his abode at an inn, whence he wrote me a very long letter, in full hope his next would be from his own country. But Thursday came, and no sailing—though the wind was fair, and the weather then calm: he amused his disappointment as well as he could by visiting divers gardeners, and taking sundry lessons for rearing and managing asparagus. Friday, also, came—and still no sailing! He was more and more vexed; but had recourse then to a chemist, with whom he revised much of his early knowledge. Saturday followed—no sailing! and he found the people waited on and on, in hopes of more passengers, though never avowing their purpose. His patience was now nearly exhausted, and he went and made such *vifs remontrances* that he almost startled the managers. They pretended the ballast was all they stayed for: he offered to aid that himself; and actually went to work, and never rested till the vessel was absolutely ready: orders, *enfin*, were given for sailing next morning, though he fears, with all his skill, and all his eloquence, and all his aiding, they were more owing to the arrival of four passengers than to his exertions. That night, October the 31st, he went on board; and November the 1st he set sail at five o'clock in the morning.

You know how high a wind arose on Sunday the 1st, and how dreadful a storm succeeded, lasting all night, all Monday, and all night again. How thankful, how grateful am I to have heard of his safety since so terrifying a period. They got on, with infinite difficulty and danger, as far as Margate; they there took

anchor, and my kind voyager got a letter for me sent on shore, "*moyennant un schelling.*" To tell you my gratitude in knowing him safe after that tempest—no I cannot! Your warm affections, my dearest father, will easily paint to you my thankfulness.

Next, they got on to Deal, and here anchored again, for the winds, though they abated on shore, kept violent and dangerous near the coast. Some of the passengers went on shore, and put two letters for me in the post, assuring me all was safe. These two passengers, who merely meant to dine on shore, and see the town, were left behind. The sea rose so high, no boat could put off to bring them back; and, though the captain hoisted a flag to announce he was sailing, there was no redress. They had not proceeded a league before the sea grew yet more rough and perilous, and the captain was forced to hoist a flag of distress. Everything in the vessel was overset: my poor M. d'Arblay's provision-basket flung down, and its contents demolished; his bottle of wine broken by another toss, and violent fall, and he was nearly famished. The water now began to get into the ship, all hands were at work that could work, and he, my poor voyager, gave his whole noble strength to the pump, till he was so exhausted, so fatigued, so weakened, that with difficulty he could hold a pen to repeat that still—I might be *tranquille,* for all danger was again over. A pilot came out to them from Dover, for seven guineas, which the higher of the passengers subscribed for [and here poor M. d'A. was reckoned of that class], and the vessel was got into the port at Dover, and the pilot, *moyennant un autre schelling,* put me again a letter, with all these particulars, into the post.

This was Thursday the 5th. The sea still so boister-

ous, the vessel was unable to cross the water. The magistrates at Dover permitted the poor passengers all to land; and M. d'Arblay wrote to me again, from the inn, after being regaled with an excellent dinner, of which he had been much in want. Here they met again the two passengers lost at Deal, who, in hopes of this circumstance, had travelled post from thence to Dover. Here, too, M. d'A. met the Duke de Duras, an hereditary officer of the crown, but who told him, since peace was made, and all hope seemed chased of a proper return to his country, he was going, *incognito,* to visit a beloved old mother, whom he had not seen for eleven years. "I have no passport," he said, "for France; but I mean to avow myself to the Commissary at Calais, and tell him I know I am not *crased,* nor do I demand to be so. I only solicit an interview with a venerable parent. Send to Paris, to beg leave for it. You may put me in prison till the answer arrives; but, for mercy, for humanity's sake, suffer me to wait in France till then! guarded as you please!" This is his purposed address—which my M. d'A. says he heard, *avec les larmes aux yeux.* I shall long to hear the event.

On Friday, November 6th, M. d'A. wrote me two lines—"Nov. 6, 1801.—*Je pars!* the wind is excellent—*au revoir.*" This is dated ten o'clock in the morning.

I have not had a word since. F. D'A.

Monsieur d'Arblay to Madame d'Arblay.

Paris.

Il m'est impossible, ma chère Fanny, d'entrer dans beaucoup de détails, vu que je n'ai qu'un instant dont

je puisse profiter pour t'envoyer ceci par une occasion sûre. La fête du 18 Brumaire a dû surpasser tout ce qu'on pouvait s'être flatté d'y voir; et quoique je sois bien malheureusement arrivé trop tard pour en jouir, c'est avec l'intérêt le plus vif que j'ai examiné depuis tout ce qui en reste. Il est impossible de se faire une idée du goût qui a présidé à l'ensemble, et de l'agrément de tous les détails. Je ne sais point encore positivement quand il me sera possible d'aller voir mon oncle. L'affaire de mon traitement de réforme n'est rien moins qu'avancée, et il est faux que Isnard et La Colombe l'ayent obtenu.

Demain matin j'ai rendez-vous avec Du Taillis, aide-de-camp de Berthier. En sortant de chez lui, j'espère voir Talleyrand; mais ce que je désire infiniment, c'est de ne pas partir avant d'avoir au moins entrevu le Premier Consul, cet homme si justement célèbre. La fête a donné lieu à beaucoup d'inscriptions en vers, faits à sa louange; mais, en général, ils m'ont paru fort au-dessous du sujet. Relativement à l'obligation que nous ci-devants portés sur la liste des émigrés lui avons, Narbonne me disait aujourd'hui, "Il a mis toutes nos têtes sur ses épaules." J'aime cette expression.

M. de N. et les Lameth sont les seuls qui ayent obtenu un traitement. Les derniers, imprudens et imprévoyans, à leur ordinaire, ont excité la jalousie de l'armée, ce qui nuit beaucoup au succès de ma demande. Il semble que je sois destiné à les trouver dans mon chemin d'une manière fâcheuse, car tu sais combien, dans le cours de la révolution, nos opinions ont peu été en mesure. Après avoir obtenu leur traitement de réforme, ils ont voulu être présentés à Bonaparte, et ont cru se faire valoir en lui vantant la par

qu'ils avaient prise à la révolution. Le Consul, après les avoir écoutés patiemment, leur a dit, du ton le plus glacial, "Je vous crois honnêtes; et d'après tout ce que je viens d'entendre, vous devez être profondément malheureux:" et il les a quittés. Tu peux compter sur cette anecdote telle que je te la rapporte; et tu vois que Bonaparte est le même en tout. N., de qui je la tiens, dit que sa capacité en tout genre est au-delà de tout ce qu'on peut se figurer dans les limites du possible.

From Le Chevalier d'Arblay to Madame d'Arblay.

Paris, Novembre 16, 1801.

Dernièrement, il était question de savoir au Sénat si les membres qui le composent seraient ou non armés ou parés d'un sabre. Tous les militaires pensaient que rien n'était moins en mesure avec les fonctions des sénateurs. Cette réflexion était vivement combattue par Volney. Le Général Lefèvre, dans la chaleur de la discussion, lui dit, "*Si vous avez un sabre, il faut donc que j'en porte deux, moi.*"

Bonaparte a nommé Pusy préfet; et lorsqu'il lui est venu faire ses remerciemens, il lui a dit, "C'est bien peu, mais il faut bien commencer par quelque chose qui vous mette à même de déployer de nouveau cet excellent esprit que vous avez montré dans l'Assemblée Constituante."

Voici un autre trait de lui plus aimable encore.

La Tour Maubourg, l'un des compagnons du Général Lafayette, voulait marier sa fille à un Emigré non rayé. Il avait obtenu du Premier Consul un rendez-vous, dans lequel il était entré dans beaucoup de détails sans lui cacher les raisons qu'on pouvait objecter contre la radia-

tion demandée. Bonaparte l'interrompt et lui dit, "Le jeune homme convient-il à Mademoiselle votre fille?" "Oui, Général."—"Vous convient-il à vous, M. de Maubourg?" "Beaucoup, Général." — "Eh bien! l'homme que vous jugez digne d'entrer dans une famille comme la vôtre, est sûrement digne aussi d'être citoyen Français."

La Garde Consulaire est en honneur tout ce que l'on peut se figurer de plus remarquablement beau; à l'exception des officiers généraux, qui sont tout chamarrés d'or, rien n'est plus simple et plus véritablement noble. Les simples gardes ont d'ailleurs des preuves bien autrement difficiles à faire que celles exigées des ci-devant Gardes du Corps, dont ils font le service. Maubourg m'a assuré que pour être admis dans ce corps, il fallait avoir reçu trois blessures, ou prouver quelque action d'éclat. Aussi quiconque parmi ces gardes est coupable d'un duel, est sur-le-champ chassé; ordonnance par laquelle Bonaparte donnera probablement le démenti à ceux qui ont prétendu qu'il était impossible d'abolir parmi les Français cette coutume barbare. De mon tems la crainte du déshonneur était bien plus forte que la crainte de la mort, dont les loix punissaient le duel. Mais ici quel déshonneur prétendu peut atteindre de tels braves? Depuis ma conversation à ce sujet, je n'en vois pas passer un sans être tenté d'aller *shake hand* avec lui.

Monsieur d'Arblay to Madame d'Arblay.

15th Frimaire (December 6), 1801.

SUIVANT toute apparence, ma chère amie, je n'obtiendrai point le traitement que je demande. Tout

le monde dit que rien n'est plus juste, mais tant de personnes qui ont fait toute la guerre se trouvent à présent réformés, que je meurs de peur qu'il n'en soit de mes services passés comme des propriétés de toute ma famille, et cela par la même raison, par l'impossibilité de faire droit aux demandes, toutes fondées qu'elles sont. Cependant, ma bonne amie, il est impossible de nous dissimuler que depuis plusieurs années nous n'avons vécu, malgré toute notre économie, que par le moyen de ressources qui sont ou épuisées ou bien prêtes à l'être. La plus grande partie de notre revenu n'est rien moins qu'assurée, et cependant que ferions-nous si elle venait à nous manquer? La morale de ce sermon est, que tandis que je suis propre à quelque chose, il est de mon devoir, comme époux et comme père, de tâcher de tirer parti des circonstances pour nous ménager, s'il est possible, une vieillesse totalement indépendante; et à notre petit un bien-être qui ne nous fasse pas renoncer au nôtre. Ne vas pas t'effrayer de ce préambule ; car tu dois savoir que rien au monde ne me fera dévier de la ligne que j'ai constamment suivie depuis que j'existe. Je n'ai pas plus d'ambition que lorsque je suis entré avec toi dans Phœnix Farm, et certes je ne porte envie au sort de qui que ce soit. Le mien, ma bonne amie, n'est-il pas mille et mille fois au-dessus? Mais nous serions coupables de ne pas profiter des lumières de l'expérience. L'espoir de nous partager entre ton pays et le mien, tant que nous ne serons pas plus aisés, est une chimère à laquelle il ne m'est plus permis de songer ; et comme certainement je suis loin de vouloir renoncer à un pays qui m'a donné une Fanny, et qui renferme d'autres êtres qui me sont bien chers, voici l'idée qui

m'est venue pour me procurer cette aisance si nécessaire.

On n'a point encore nommé les commissaires des relations commerciales en Angleterre. Cette place à Londres sera très bonne, et peut-être, quoiqu'elle soit très demandée, ne me serait-il pas impossible de l'obtenir. Il est au moins probable que j'en pourrais avoir une dans un des ports. Mais je ne m'en soucierais pas infiniment, parceque le traitement serait beaucoup moindre, et tout au plus suffisant. D'ailleurs, quoique la place de Londres fut en chef, je crois, sans trop me flatter, que je serais fort en état de la remplir, après m'être consulté avec le chef dans cette partie, homme aimable qui a été longtems consul général en Espagne. Il y a vingt ans que nous sommes liés ensemble, et le ministre d'ailleurs appuyerait volontiers ma demande.

Répons moi sur-le-champ, je t'en conjure. Vois si cela ne contrarie aucun de tes goûts; car tu sais qu'il n'est pour moi qu'un seul bonheur possible. Ai-je besoin d'en dire davantage?

Il y a quelques jours que me trouvant dans une société, la conversation tomba sur mon ancien métier, et sur les droits que je pouvais faire valoir pour obtenir le traitement que je demandais. Le surlendemain le maître de la maison me dit: "Savez-vous devant qui vous parliez avant-hier?" "Non!"—"C'était le Général N——."—"En verité!"—"Quand vous fûtes parti, il demanda votre nom, et dès qu'on vous eut nommé, 'Quoi! dit-il, celui du comité central?' 'Oui.' 'Eh bien! je dois être commandant-général de ——. S'il veut s'embarquer avec moi, je me fais fort de le faire employer dans son grade d'officier général, et de le prendre pour mon second,' " &c. &c. &c.

Il est très possible qu'il se soit un peu avancé; quoique, son état-major laissé à sa nomination, il est probable qu'il réussirait. Dans tous les cas je lui devais une réponse polie, et ce devoir je m'en suis acquitté en refusant.

Je te quitte pour aller à la fameuse revue que le Premier Consul ne fait plus que les 15 de chaque mois. J'ai la plus vive impatience de voir tout à mon aise cet être qui remplit l'univers entier de son nom. Au revoir, mon amie; mes tendres respects à Norbury. Consulte l'ange des anges, et embrasse-le pour moi, ainsi que sa très digne *better half*.

J'embrasse de toute mon ame et de toutes mes forces Alex. et sa mère. J'ai pleuré de joie en lisant la lettre de ce cher petit.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Burney.

West Hamble, December, 1801.

With respect to the grand subject of your letter, religious instruction for dear little E ——, I would I could help you better than I can! Had my Alex. been a girl, I could have had a far greater chance of hitting upon something that might serve for a hint; for then I should have turned my thoughts that way, and have been prepared with their result; but I have only weighed what might be most serviceable to a boy. And this is by no means the same thing, though religion for a *man* and a *woman* must be so precisely. Many would be my doubts as to the Old Testament for a girl, on account of the fault of the translators in not guarding it from terms and expressions impossible—at least utterly improper, to explain. With respect to Alex.,

as I know he must read it at school, I think it best to parry off the danger of his own conjectures, questions, or suggestions, by letting him read it completely with me, and giving such a turn to all I am sorry to let him read as may satisfy his innocent and unsuspicious mind for the present, and, perhaps—'tis my hope—deter him from future dangerous inquiries, by giving him an internal idea. He is already well informed upon the subject. So much, however, I think with you that religion should spring from the heart, that my first aim is to instil into him that general veneration for the Creator of all things, that cannot but operate, though perhaps slowly and silently, in opening his mind to pious feelings and ideas. His nightly prayers I frequently vary; whatever is constantly repeated becomes repeated mechanically: the Lord's Prayer, therefore, is by no means our daily prayer; for as it is the first and most perfect composition in the universe, I would not have it lose its effect by familiarity. When we repeat it, it is always with a commentary. In general the prayer is a recapitulation of the errors and naughtiness, or forbearance and happiness, of the day; and this I find has more success in impressing him with delight in goodness, and shame in its reverse, than all the little or great books upon the subject.

Mrs. Trimmer I should suppose admirable for a *girl;* I have told you my motive for taking the Scripture at large for a *boy:* I would rather all risks and dangers should be run *with* than *without* me. *We* are not yet far enough advanced for such books as you talk of for E——; but I will inquire what those are, if possible, and let you know. I think, however, *conversation* and *prayer* are the great means for instruction on this

subject: there is no knowing when they read on what is so serious, what they understand, or how they understand; and they should be allured, not frightened, into a religious tendency.

Madame d'Arblay to Monsieur d'Arblay.

West Hamble, December 15, 1801.

THE relief, the consolation of your frequent letters I can never express, nor my grateful sense of your finding time for them, situated as you now are; and yet that I have this moment read, of the 15 *Frimaire*, has made my heart ache heavily. Our hermitage is so dear to me—our book-room so precious, and in its retirement, its beauty of prospect, form, convenience, and comforts, so impossible to replace, that I sigh, and deeply, in thinking of relinquishing it.

Your happiness, however, is now *all* mine; if deliberately, therefore, you wish to try a new system, I will surely try it with you, be it what it may. I will try *any* thing but what I try *now*—absence! Think, however, well, mon très cher ami, before you decide upon any occupation that robs you of being master of your own *time, leisure, hours, gardening, scribbling,* and *reading*. In the happiness you are now enjoying, while it is so new to you, you are perhaps unable to appreciate your own value of those six articles, which, except in moments of your bitter regret at the privation of your first friends and beloved country, have made your life so desirable. Weigh, weigh it well in the *detail*. I cannot write.

Should you find the sum total preponderate in favour of your new scheme, I will say no more. All schemes

will to me be preferable to seeing you again here, without the same fondness for the place, and way of life, that has made it to me what it has been. With regard to the necessity or urgency of the measure, I could say much that I cannot write. You know *now*, I can live with *you*, and you know I am not without views, as well as hopes, of ameliorating our condition.

I will fully discuss the subject with our oracle. His kindness, his affection for you! Yesterday, when I produced your letter, and the extracts from M. Neckar, and was going to read some, he said, in that voice that is so penetratingly sweet, when he speaks from his heart—" I had rather hear one line of d'Arblay's than a volume of M. Neckar's,"—yet at the same time begging to peruse the MS. when I could spare it. I wish you could have heard the *tone* in which he pronounced those words: it vibrated on my ears all day.

I have spent near two hours upon this theme with our dearest oracle and his other half. He is much affected by the idea of any change that may remove us from his daily sight; but, with his unvarying disinterestedness, says he thinks such a place would be fully acquitted by you. If it is of consul here, in London, he is sure you would fill up all its functions even admirably. I put the whole consideration into your own hands; what, upon mature deliberation, you judge to be best, I wil' abide by. Heaven guide and speed your determination!

PART VII.

Disappointment to M. d'Arblay—His negociations with the French Government—His claims disallowed—Letter from Madame d'Arblay to Miss Planta; acquainting her with the particulars—Letter of M. d'Arblay, informing his wife of the determination of the French Government—Reply of Madame d'Arblay—Letter of M. d'Arblay, desiring that his wife and child should follow him to Paris—Madame d'Arblay sets out on her Journey—Her companions in the Diligence—Monsieur Anglais—Madame Raymond—Madame Blaizeau—First impressions of France—The Commissaire—God Save the King in Calais—The Market-Place—Costume of the Market-Women—Demands at the Custom House—Country between Calais and Paris—Restoration of the Dimanche—Sunday Night Dance.

PART VII.

1802.

[THE beginning of this year was attended with much anxiety to Madame d'Arblay. Her husband, disappointed in the hopes suggested by his friends, of his receiving employment as French Commercial Consul in London, directed his efforts to obtaining his half-pay on the retired list of French officers. This was promised, on condition that he should previously serve at St. Domingo, where General Leclerc was then endeavouring to put down Toussaint's insurrection. He accepted the appointment conditionally on his being allowed to retire as soon as that expedition should be ended. This, he was told, was impossible, and he therefore hastened back to his family towards the end of January.

In February, a despatch followed him from General Berthier, then Minister at War, announcing that his appointment was made out, and on his own terms. To this M. d'Arblay wrote his acceptance, but repeated a stipulation he had before made, that while he was ready to fight against the enemies of the Republic, yet, should future events disturb the peace lately established between France and England, it was his unalterable determination never to take up arms against the British Government. As this determination had

already been signified by M. d'Arblay, he waited not to hear the result of its repetition, but set off again for Paris to receive orders, and proceed thence to St. Domingo.

After a short time he was informed that his stipulation of never taking up arms against England could not be accepted, and that his military appointment was, in consequence, annulled. Having been required at the Alien Office, on quitting England, to engage that he would not return for the space of one year, he now proposed that Madame d'Arblay, with her little boy, should join him in France:—and among the following letters will be found several in which she describes her first impressions on reaching that country, and the society to which she was introduced.]

Madame d'Arblay to Miss Planta.

Camilla Cottage, West Hamble, February 11, 1802.

A most unexpected, and, to me, severe event, draws from me now an account I had hoped to have reserved for a far happier communication, but which I must beg you to endeavour to seek some leisure moment for making known, with the utmost humility, to my royal mistress. * * * *

Upon the total failure of every effort M. d'Arblay could make to recover any part of his natural inheritance, he was advised by his friends to apply to the French Government for half pay, upon the claims of his former military services. He drew up a memoir, openly stating his attachment and loyalty to his late King, and appealing for this justice after undeserved

tion demandée. Bonaparte l'interrompt et lui dit, "Le jeune homme convient-il à Mademoiselle votre fille?" "Oui, Général."—"Vous convient-il à vous, M. de Maubourg?" "Beaucoup, Général." — "Eh bien! l'homme que vous jugez digne d'entrer dans une famille comme la vôtre, est sûrement digne aussi d'être citoyen Français."

La Garde Consulaire est en honneur tout ce que l'on peut se figurer de plus remarquablement beau; à l'exception des officiers généraux, qui sont tout chamarrés d'or, rien n'est plus simple et plus véritablement noble. Les simples gardes ont d'ailleurs des preuves bien autrement difficiles à faire que celles exigées des ci-devant Gardes du Corps, dont ils font le service. Maubourg m'a assuré que pour être admis dans ce corps, il fallait avoir reçu trois blessures, ou prouver quelque action d'éclat. Aussi quiconque parmi ces gardes est coupable d'un duel, est sur-le-champ chassé; ordonnance par laquelle Bonaparte donnera probablement le démenti à ceux qui ont prétendu qu'il était impossible d'abolir parmi les Français cette coutume barbare. De mon tems la crainte du déshonneur était bien plus forte que la crainte de la mort, dont les loix punissaient le duel. Mais ici quel déshonneur prétendu peut atteindre de tels braves? Depuis ma conversation à ce sujet, je n'en vois pas passer un sans être tenté d'aller *shake hand* avec lui.

Monsieur d'Arblay to Madame d'Arblay.

15th Frimaire (December 6), 1801.

SUIVANT toute apparence, ma chère amie, je n'obtiendrai point le traitement que je demande. Tout

le monde dit que rien n'est plus juste, mais tant de personnes qui ont fait toute la guerre se trouvent à présent réformés, que je meurs de peur qu'il n'en soit de mes services passés comme des propriétés de toute ma famille, et cela par la même raison, par l'impossibilité de faire droit aux demandes, toutes fondées qu'elles sont. Cependant, ma bonne amie, il est impossible de nous dissimuler que depuis plusieurs années nous n'avons vécu, malgré toute notre économie, que par le moyen de ressources qui sont ou épuisées ou bien prêtes à l'être. La plus grande partie de notre revenu n'est rien moins qu'assurée, et cependant que ferions-nous si elle venait à nous manquer? La morale de ce sermon est, que tandis que je suis propre à quelque chose, il est de mon devoir, comme époux et comme père, de tâcher de tirer parti des circonstances pour nous ménager, s'il est possible, une vieillesse totalement indépendante; et à notre petit un bien-être qui ne nous fasse pas renoncer au nôtre. Ne vas pas t'effrayer de ce préambule; car tu dois savoir que rien au monde ne me fera dévier de la ligne que j'ai constamment suivie depuis que j'existe. Je n'ai pas plus d'ambition que lorsque je suis entré avec toi dans Phœnix Farm, et certes je ne porte envie au sort de qui que ce soit. Le mien, ma bonne amie, n'est-il pas mille et mille fois au-dessus? Mais nous serions coupables de ne pas profiter des lumières de l'expérience. L'espoir de nous partager entre ton pays et le mien, tant que nous ne serons pas plus aisés, est une chimère à laquelle il ne m'est plus permis de songer; et comme certainement je suis loin de vouloir renoncer à un pays qui m'a donné une Fanny, et qui renferme d'autres êtres qui me sont bien chers, voici l'idée qui

m'est venue pour me procurer cette aisance si nécessaire.

On n'a point encore nommé les commissaires des relations commerciales en Angleterre. Cette place à Londres sera très bonne, et peut-être, quoiqu'elle soit très demandée, ne me serait-il pas impossible de l'obtenir. Il est au moins probable que j'en pourrais avoir une dans un des ports. Mais je ne m'en soucierais pas infiniment, parceque le traitement serait beaucoup moindre, et tout au plus suffisant. D'ailleurs, quoique la place de Londres fut en chef, je crois, sans trop me flatter, que je serais fort en état de la remplir, après m'être consulté avec le chef dans cette partie, homme aimable qui a été longtems consul général en Espagne. Il y a vingt ans que nous sommes liés ensemble, et le ministre d'ailleurs appuyerait volontiers ma demande.

Répons moi sur-le-champ, je t'en conjure. Vois si cela ne contrarie aucun de tes goûts; car tu sais qu'il n'est pour moi qu'un seul bonheur possible. Ai-je besoin d'en dire davantage?

Il y a quelques jours que me trouvant dans une société, la conversation tomba sur mon ancien métier, et sur les droits que je pouvais faire valoir pour obtenir le traitement que je demandais. Le surlendemain le maître de la maison me dit: "Savez-vous devant qui vous parliez avant-hier?" "Non!"—"C'était le Général N——."—"En verité!"—"Quand vous fûtes parti, il demanda votre nom, et dès qu'on vous eut nommé, 'Quoi! dit-il, celui du comité central?' 'Oui.' 'Eh bien! je dois être commandant-général de ——. S'il veut s'embarquer avec moi, je me fais fort de le faire employer dans son grade d'officier général, et de le prendre pour mon second,'" &c. &c. &c.

Il est très possible qu'il se soit un peu avancé; quoique, son état-major laissé à sa nomination, il est probable qu'il réussirait. Dans tous les cas je lui devais une réponse polie, et ce devoir je m'en suis acquitté en refusant.

Je te quitte pour aller à la fameuse revue que le Premier Consul ne fait plus que les 15 de chaque mois. J'ai la plus vive impatience de voir tout à mon aise cet être qui remplit l'univers entier de son nom. Au revoir, mon amie; mes tendres respects à Norbury. Consulte l'ange des anges, et embrasse-le pour moi, ainsi que sa très digne *better half*.

J'embrasse de toute mon ame et de toutes mes forces Alex. et sa mère. J'ai pleuré de joie en lisant la lettre de ce cher petit.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Burney.

West Hamble, December, 1801.

With respect to the grand subject of your letter, religious instruction for dear little E ——, I would I could help you better than I can! Had my Alex. been a girl, I could have had a far greater chance of hitting upon something that might serve for a hint; for then I should have turned my thoughts that way, and have been prepared with their result; but I have only weighed what might be most serviceable to a boy. And this is by no means the same thing, though religion for a *man* and a *woman* must be so precisely. Many would be my doubts as to the Old Testament for a girl, on account of the fault of the translators in not guarding it from terms and expressions impossible—at least utterly improper, to explain. With respect to Alex.,

as I know he must read it at school, I think it best to parry off the danger of his own conjectures, questions, or suggestions, by letting him read it completely with me, and giving such a turn to all I am sorry to let him read as may satisfy his innocent and unsuspicious mind for the present, and, perhaps—'tis my hope—deter him from future dangerous inquiries, by giving him an internal idea. He is already well informed upon the subject. So much, however, I think with you that religion should spring from the heart, that my first aim is to instil into him that general veneration for the Creator of all things, that cannot but operate, though perhaps slowly and silently, in opening his mind to pious feelings and ideas. His nightly prayers I frequently vary; whatever is constantly repeated becomes repeated mechanically: the Lord's Prayer, therefore, is by no means our daily prayer; for as it is the first and most perfect composition in the universe, I would not have it lose its effect by familiarity. When we repeat it, it is always with a commentary. In general the prayer is a recapitulation of the errors and naughtiness, or forbearance and happiness, of the day; and this I find has more success in impressing him with delight in goodness, and shame in its reverse, than all the little or great books upon the subject.

Mrs. Trimmer I should suppose admirable for a *girl;* I have told you my motive for taking the Scripture at large for a *boy:* I would rather all risks and dangers should be run *with* than *without* me. *We* are not yet far enough advanced for such books as you talk of for E——; but I will inquire what those are, if possible, and let you know. I think, however, *conversation* and *prayer* are the great means for instruction on this

subject; there is no knowing when they read on what is so serious, what they understand, or how they understand; and they should be allured, not frightened, into a religious tendency.

Madame d'Arblay to Monsieur d'Arblay.

West Hamble, December 15, 1801.

The relief, the consolation of your frequent letters I can never express, nor my grateful sense of your finding time for them, situated as you now are; and yet that I have this moment read, of the 15 *Frimaire*, has made my heart ache heavily. Our hermitage is so dear to me—our book-room so precious, and in its retirement, its beauty of prospect, form, convenience, and comforts, so impossible to replace, that I sigh, and deeply, in thinking of relinquishing it.

Your happiness, however, is now *all* mine; if deliberately, therefore, you wish to try a new system, I will surely try it with you, be it what it may. I will try *any* thing but what I try *now*—absence! Think, however, well, mon très cher ami, before you decide upon any occupation that robs you of being master of your own *time, leisure, hours, gardening, scribbling,* and *reading.*

In the happiness you are now enjoying, while it is so new to you, you are perhaps unable to appreciate your own value of those six articles, which, except in moments of your bitter regret at the privation of your first friends and beloved country, have made your life so desirable. Weigh, weigh it well in the *detail.* I cannot write.

Should you find the sum total preponderate in favour of your new scheme, I will say no more. All schemes

will to me be preferable to seeing you again here, without the same fondness for the place, and way of life, that has made it to me what it has been. With regard to the necessity or urgency of the measure, I could say much that I cannot write. You know *now,* I can live with *you,* and you know I am not without views, as well as hopes, of ameliorating our condition.

I will fully discuss the subject with our oracle. His kindness, his affection for you! Yesterday, when I produced your letter, and the extracts from M. Neckar, and was going to read some, he said, in that voice that is so penetratingly sweet, when he speaks from his heart—"I had rather hear one line of d'Arblay's than a volume of M. Neckar's,"—yet at the same time begging to peruse the MS. when I could spare it. I wish you could have heard the *tone* in which he pronounced those words: it vibrated on my ears all day.

I have spent near two hours upon this theme with our dearest oracle and his other half. He is much affected by the idea of any change that may remove us from his daily sight; but, with his unvarying disinterestedness, says he thinks such a place would be fully acquitted by you. If it is of consul here, in London, he is sure you would fill up all its functions even admirably. I put the whole consideration into your own hands; what, upon mature deliberation, you judge to be best, I will abide by. Heaven guide and speed your determination!

PART VII.

Disappointment to M. d'Arblay—His negociations with the French Government—His claims disallowed—Letter from Madame d'Arblay to Miss Planta; acquainting her with the particulars—Letter of M. d'Arblay, informing his wife of the determination of the French Government—Reply of Madame d'Arblay—Letter of M. d'Arblay, desiring that his wife and child should follow him to Paris—Madame d'Arblay sets out on her Journey—Her companions in the Diligence—Monsieur Anglais—Madame Raymond—Madame Blaizeau—First impressions of France—The Commissaire—God Save the King in Calais—The Market-Place—Costume of the Market-Women—Demands at the Custom House—Country between Calais and Paris—Restoration of the Dimanche—Sunday Night Dance.

PART VII.

1802.

[THE beginning of this year was attended with much anxiety to Madame d'Arblay. Her husband, disappointed in the hopes suggested by his friends, of his receiving employment as French Commercial Consul in London, directed his efforts to obtaining his half-pay on the retired list of French officers. This was promised, on condition that he should previously serve at St. Domingo, where General Leclerc was then endeavouring to put down Toussaint's insurrection. He accepted the appointment conditionally on his being allowed to retire as soon as that expedition should be ended. This, he was told, was impossible, and he therefore hastened back to his family towards the end of January.

In February, a despatch followed him from General Berthier, then Minister at War, announcing that his appointment was made out, and on his own terms. To this M. d'Arblay wrote his acceptance, but repeated a stipulation he had before made, that while he was ready to fight against the enemies of the Republic, yet, should future events disturb the peace lately established between France and England, it was his unalterable determination never to take up arms against the British Government. As this determination had

already been signified by M. d'Arblay, he waited not to hear the result of its repetition, but set off again for Paris to receive orders, and proceed thence to St. Domingo.

After a short time he was informed that his stipulation of never taking up arms against England could not be accepted, and that his military appointment was, in consequence, annulled. Having been required at the Alien Office, on quitting England, to engage that he would not return for the space of one year, he now proposed that Madame d'Arblay, with her little boy, should join him in France:—and among the following letters will be found several in which she describes her first impressions on reaching that country, and the society to which she was introduced.]

Madame d'Arblay to Miss Planta.

Camilla Cottage, West Hamble, February 11, 1802.

A MOST unexpected, and, to me, severe event, draws from me now an account I had hoped to have reserved for a far happier communication, but which I must beg you to endeavour to seek some leisure moment for making known, with the utmost humility, to my royal mistress. * * * *

Upon the total failure of every effort M. d'Arblay could make to recover any part of his natural inheritance, he was advised by his friends to apply to the French Government for half pay, upon the claims of his former military services. He drew up a memoir, openly stating his attachment and loyalty to his late King, and appealing for this justice after undeserved

proscription. His right was admitted; but he was informed it could only be made good by his re-entering the army; and a proposal to that effect was sent him by Berthier, the Minister of War.

The disturbance of his mind at an offer which so many existing circumstances forbade his foreseeing, was indescribable. He had purposed faithfully retiring to his hermitage, with his fellow-hermit, for the remainder of his life; and nothing upon earth could ever induce him to bear arms against the country which had given him asylum, as well as birth to his wife and child;—and yet a military spirit of honour, born and bred in him, made it repugnant to all his feelings to demand even retribution from the Government of his own country, yet refuse to serve it. Finally, therefore, he resolved to accept the offer conditionally;—to accompany the expedition to St. Domingo, for the restoration of order in the French colonies, and then, restored thus to his rank in the army, to claim his *retraite*. This he declared to the Minister of War, annexing a further clause of receiving his instructions immediately from the Government.

The Minister's answer to this was, that these conditions were impossible.

Relieved rather than resigned—though dejected to find himself thus thrown out of *every* promise of prosperity, M. d'Arblay hastened back to his cottage, to the inexpressible satisfaction of the recluse he had left there. Short, however, has been its duration! A packet has just followed him, containing a letter from Berthier, to tell him that his appointment was made out according to his own demands! and enclosing another letter to the Commander-in-Chief, Leclerc, with the

orders of Government for employing him, delivered in terms, the most distinguished, of his professional character.

All hesitation, therefore, now necessarily ends, and nothing remains for M. d'Arblay but acquiescence and despatch,—while his best consolation is in the assurance he has universally received, that this expedition has the good wishes and sanction of England. And, to avert any misconception or misrepresentation, he has this day delivered to M. Otto a letter, addressed immediately to the First Consul, acknowledging the flattering manner in which he has been called forth, but decidedly and clearly repeating what he had already declared to the War Minister, that though he would faithfully fulfil the engagement into which he was entering, it was his unalterable resolution never to take up arms against the British Government.

I presume to hope this little detail may, at some convenient moment, meet her Majesty's eyes—with every expression of my profoundest devotion.

I am, &c.

My own plans during the absence of M. d'Arblay are yet undetermined. I am, at present, wholly consigned to aiding his preparations—to me, I own, a most melancholy task—but which I have the consolation to find gives pleasure to our mutual friends, glad to have him, for a while, upon such conditions, quit his spade and his cabbages.

Monsieur d'Arblay to Madame d'Arblay.'

Paris, ce 17 Ventose, an 10 (Mars 8, 1802).

Je t'écris par *triplicata* ma position actuelle: c'est-

à-dire, le parti que le Gouvernement a cru devoir prendre de ne plus m'employer, et l'ordre que j'ai reçu de regarder comme non avenues les lettres que m'avait écrites le Ministre de la Guerre. La cause qu'il assigne à cette disgrace, à laquelle je n'étais rien moins que préparé, est *ma déclaration de ne point servir contre la patrie de ma femme, qui peut encore être armée contre la République.*

Pardon, ma bonne amie, je t'avoue que j'ai été depuis huit jours d'une mélancolie à inquiéter mes amis. Tu en seras peu surprise quand tu réfléchiras à tous les sacrifices auxquels je m'étais résigné, à toutes les dépenses à présent inutiles qu'il m'a fallu faire, aux caquets qu'il m'a fallu supporter—enfin à l'espérance à jamais détruite d'un meilleur avenir, dans lequel j'aurais été pour quelque chose, mais plus que tout cela à l'impossibilité de voler près de toi, et à la nécessité de ne te faire part de ma position actuelle que lorsque j'aurais une presque certitude qu'elle ne pouvait changer. A présent, ma bonne amie, je te promets de m'occuper uniquement du bonheur que nous avons encore devant nous. Tu sais que lorsque j'ai une fois pris mon parti, je sais être ferme. Hé bien, je t'assure que ma plus grande souffrance est venue de l'incertitude où j'étais forcément plongé. Comme il ne m'en reste plus, je veux m'arrêter sur l'idée si douce de te revoir bientôt. Déjà, moi, qui lorsqu'il a été question de mon départ m'étais persuadé que je jouirais à St. Domingue de la meilleure santé, vû mon age, ma sobriété, et le soin que je comptais prendre de moi, sans pour cela faire moins qu'aucun autre relativement à mon service, je cherche déjà a me persuader que, vû mon tempérament bilieux, et mon désir—que dis-je?—mon besoin

de faire plus qu'un autre, j'aurais fort bien pû succomber à l'influence presque pestilentielle d'un climat que je commençais à regarder comme infiniment sain et agréable !

Dans mon accès de mélancolie, qui en honneur se dissipe depuis que j'ai cru pouvoir t'en dire la cause, j'ai été d'une telle sauvagerie que je m'étais mis dans l'esprit, et encore plus dans la tête qu'ainsi que le bouc d'Israel je portais partout la marque de la réprobation. En conséquence, je fuyais tout le monde, et n'en étais pas plus heureux, ne pouvant causer librement avec toi, et ne t'écrivant que des balivernes, je passais à faire du mauvais sang en pure perte, un tems, qu'il m'eut été si doux d'employer aux épanchemens accoutumés de ma tendresse et de ma confiance pour toi. Sans cesse j'avais devant les yeux le Sieur Lullin, de l'Alien Office, et la promesse que j'ai été contraint de faire, pour obtenir mon passeport, d'être au moins *un an* avant de retourner en Angleterre. L'insolence de ce Lullin me fait encore bouillir le sang. Quelques personnes en font cependant l'éloge. En ce cas l'exception dont il m'a honoré est flatteuse ! Comme en tout état de cause il m'est impossible de t'aller trouver, que d'ailleurs tu devais toujours venir au printems, j'espère que tu voudras bien consentir à me venir joindre avec notre cher petit. Prends donc tes arrangemens en conséquence. Tâches de louer la maison pour un an ; et si tu as un logement à Richmond, cherches à le céder.

Adieu, ma chère amie, à revoir bientôt toi et notre cher, bien cher Alex.[1] Mes tendres respects à nos excellens amis, ainsi qu'à nos bons parens.

Madame d'Arblay to Monsieur d'Arblay.

West Hamble, March 14, 1802.

O MY DEAREST FRIEND,—Can the intelligence I have most desired come to me in a form that forbids my joy at it? What tumultuous sensations your letter of the *8th* has raised! Alas! that to relinquish this purpose should to you be as great unhappiness as to me was its suggestion! I know not how to enter upon the subject—how to express a single feeling. I fear to seem ungrateful to Providence, or to you ungenerous. I will only, therefore, say, that as all your motives have been the most strictly honourable, it is not possible they should not, ultimately, have justice done them by all.

That *I* feel for your disappointment I need not tell you, when you find it has power to shake to its foundation what would else be the purest satisfaction of my soul. Let us—let us hope fairer days will ensue; and do not let the courage which was so prompt to support you to St. Domingo fail you in remaining at Paris.

What you say of the *year's probation* I knew not before. Would you have me make any inquiry if it be irreversible? I should think not; and am most ready and eager to *try* by every means in my power, if you will authorize me. If not, to follow you, whithersoever you will, is much less my duty than my delight! You have only to dictate *whither,* and *how,* and every doubt, every fear, every difficulty, will give way to my eager desire to bring your little boy to you. Would I not have left even *him* to have followed you and your fate even to St. Domingo? 'Tis well, however, you did not listen to me, for that poor little susceptible soul could

not, as yet, lose us both at once, and be preserved himself. He has lived so singularly alone with us, and for us, that he does not dream of any possible existence in which we should be both separated from him.

But of him—our retreat—our books—our scribbling—our garden—our *unique* mode of life—I must not talk to you now, now that your mind, thoughts, views, and wishes are all distorted from themes of peace, domestic life, and literary pursuits; yet time, I hope, reflection, your natural philosophy of accommodating yourself to your fate, and your kindness for those who are wholly devoted to you, will bring you back to the love of those scenes, modes, and sentiments, which for upwards of eight years have sufficed for our mutual happiness. I had been negotiating for apartments at Twickenham, opposite Richmond, ever since you went, and on Friday I wrote to close with the engagement. This very morning I have two letters, full of delight at our approaching neighbourhood. Miss C. herself writes in tears, she says, of joy, that I should be so near her, and that *you* should have wished it, and blesses you for your confidence in her warm friendship. It is quite impossible to read of such affection and zeal and goodness with dry eyes. I am confounded how to disenchant her—yet so generous and disinterested she is, that, however disappointed, she will be sure to rejoice for *me* in our re-union—for *you*, my dearest friend! ah! who can rejoice? Your mind was all made up to the return of its professional pursuits, and I am frightened out of all my own satisfaction by my dread of the weight of this chagrin upon your spirits. What you *can* do to avert depression, that cruel underminer of every faculty that makes life worth sustaining,

I beseech you to call forth. Think how *I* have worked for fortitude since *Feb.* 15*th.* Alas! vainly I have tried what most I wished—my poor pen!—but now "*occupe-toi pour réaliser l'espérance.*" Those words will operate like magic, I trust; and I will not close my eyes this night till I have committed to paper some opening to a new essay. Be good, then, and don't let me be as unhappy this way as I have been the other. Direct always to me, Norbury Park, Dorking. Heaven bless —bless you!

M. d'Arblay to Madame d'Arblay.

Ce 21 Ventose, an 10 (12 Mars, 1802).

Il me semble, ma bonne amie, qu'il y a un siècle que je n'ai eu de tes nouvelles; et tu peux juger avec quelle impatience j'en attends. L'assassinat prétendu du moins de Toussaint, en me donnant les plus vives inquiétudes sur les alarmes que cette nouvelle n'aura pas manqué de te causer, m'a beaucoup calmé sur le contr'ordre que j'ai reçu; et je te jure qu'actuellement je suis presque réconcilié sur mon désappointement. Comme je t'ai écrit par quatre voies différentes, je ne te répéterai point ici ce que je t'ai mandé à ce sujet.

Tu as sans doute fait part à Norbury des lettres que je t'ai envoyées.

T'ai-je mandé que j'avais envoyé copie de ces mêmes lettres à M. de Lafayette? Je les accompagnais de quelques réflexions à peu près semblables à celles que je t'ai écrites.

M. de Lafayette vint sur le champ à Paris, et demanda un rendezvous à Bonaparte, qui le lui accorda sur le champ. En l'abordant, M. de Lafayette lui dit,

"Je viens vous parler d'un de mes amis et compagnons—de D'Arblay." "Je connais cette affaire," dit le Premier Consul, d'un ton qui marquait plus de bienveillance que je n'osais l'espérer, ou du moins qu'on ne me l'avait fait craindre.

"Je vous assure," me dit le lendemain M. de Lafayette, "que vous avez près du Premier Consul de bons amis qui lui avaient déjà parlé de votre affaire. Il m'a paru, dès le premier instant, plutôt disposé en votre faveur que fâché contre vous. Il a écouté avec attention et bonté tout ce que j'ai eu à dire, a rendu justice à votre loyauté; et, sur ce que je lui ai parlé de la crainte qu'on vous avait inspirée relativement à l'impression fâcheuse qui pouvait lui rester sur cette affaire, m'a répondu positivement, *que cela ne nuirait en aucune manière à vos droits acquis, et qu'il ne considérerait dans cette démarche que le mari de 'Cecilia.'*"

J'espere que tu ne seras pas très mécontente de la manïère dont finit cette affaire, qui m'a donné beaucoup de chagrin. Je crois même pouvoir t'ajouter en confidence que je ne suis pas, peut-être, fort éloigné d'avoir ma retraite.

Viens donc me trouver, ma bonne amie. Comment se porte Maria? Pourras-tu t'arranger pour venir avec elle? ou bien préfères-tu venir à Douvre avec Alex., sous la garde d'un de tes frères, pour t'y embarquer et arriver à Calais, où j'irais t'attendre? Cet arrangement serait bien plus selon mon cœur; mais outre que je voudrais bien que tu eusses un homme dans le passage, cela serait bien plus cher. Ne manque pas surtout de prendre un passeport de Monsieur Otto, et de te munir non seulement de nos actes de mariage, mais de celui de naissance de notre cher petit, *le tout*

bien légalisé par la signature non seulement du *juge de paix, mais d'un notaire public.*

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney.

March 30, 1802.

Now, indeed, my dearest father, I am in an excess of hurry not to be exceeded by even any of yours. I have a letter from M. d'Arblay, to tell me he has already taken us an apartment, and he dates from the 5th of April, in Paris, where he has reasons for remaining some time, before we go to his good uncle, at Joigny.

I am to take the little sweet child with me you saw here one day, Mlle. de Chavagnac, whose father, le Comte de Chavagnac, has desired her restoration. My kind Mrs. Lock is almost in affliction at parting with her, though glad of an opportunity of sending her with friends the poor thing knows and loves.

I fear, I have so very much to do here, that I shall have a very, very short enjoyment of my beloved father at Chelsea; but I shall get there as soon as possible, and stay there to my last moment. I have a thousand things, and very curious ones, to tell you; but I must defer them for *vive voix*. I am really bewildered and almost trembling with hurry, and with what I am going to undertake! Yet through all, I bless God every moment of my life that M. d'Arblay went not to that pestilential climate!

I do all—all I can to keep up my courage—or rather, to *make up;* and when I feel faltering, I think of St. Domingo! Every body that knows St. Domingo now owns that he had hardly a chance for safety, independ-

ent of tempests in the voyage, and massacres in the mountains. May I but be able to console him for all he has sacrificed to my peace and happiness! and no privation will be severe, so that at our stated period, Michaelmas twelvemonth, we return to my country, and to my dearest father, whom Heaven bless and preserve, prays his dutiful, affectionate and grateful, and devoted daughter,

F. D'A.

P S. Monsieur de Lally has put off his journey; I shall therefore not wait for him, but set out with my two children.

Diary resumed.

(*Addressed to Dr. Burney.*)

* * * * *

I seize, at length, upon the largest paper I can procure, to begin to my beloved father some account of our journey, and if I am able, I mean to keep him a brief journal of my proceedings during this destined year or eighteen months' separation,—secure of his kindest interest in all that I may have to relate, and certain he will be anxious to know how I go on in a strange land: 'tis my only way now of communicating with him, and I must draw from it one of my dearest worldly comforts, the hopes of seeing his loved hand with some return.

Thursday, April 15, 1802.

William and John conducted my little boy and me in excellent time to the inn in Piccadilly, where we met my kind Mrs. Lock, and dear little Adrienne de

Chavagnac. The parting there was brief and hurried; and I set off on my grand expedition, with my two dear young charges, exactly at five o'clock.

* * * * *

Paris, April 15, 1802.

"The book-keeper came to me eagerly, crying "*vite, vite, Madame, prenez votre place dans la diligence, car voici un Monsieur Anglais, qui surement va prendre la meilleure!*"—*en effet,* ce Monsieur Anglais did not disappoint his expectations, or much raise mine; for he not only took the best place, but contrived to ameliorate it by the little scruple with which he made every other worse, from the unbridled expansion in which he indulged his dear person, by putting out his elbows against his next, and his knees and feet against his opposite neighbour. He seemed prepared to look upon all around him with a sort of sulky haughtiness, pompously announcing himself as a commander of distinction who had long served at Gibraltar and various places, who had travelled thence through France, and from France to Italy, who was a native of Scotland, and of proud, though unnamed genealogy; and was now going to Paris purposely to behold the First Consul, to whom he meant to claim an introduction through Mr. Jackson. His burnt complexion, Scotch accent, large bony face and figure, and high and distant demeanour, made me easily conceive and believe him a highland chief. I never heard his name, but I think him a gentleman born, though not gently bred.

The next to mention is a Madame *Raymond* or *Grammont,* for I heard not distinctly which, who seemed very much a gentlewoman, and who was returning to France, too uncertain of the state of her affairs to know

whether she might rest there or not. She had only one defect to prevent my taking much interest in her; this was, not merely an avoidance, but a horror of being touched by either of my children; who, poor little souls, restless and fatigued by the confinement they endured, both tried to fling themselves upon every passenger in turn; and though by every one they were sent back to their sole prop, they were by no one repulsed with such hasty displeasure as by this old lady, who seemed as fearful of having the petticoat of her gown, which was stiff, round, and bulging, as if lined with parchment, deranged, as if she had been attired in a hoop for Court.

The third person was a Madame Blaizeau, who seemed an exceeding good sort of a woman, gay, voluble good humoured, and merry. All we had of amusement sprung from her sallies, which were uttered less from a desire of pleasing others, her very natural character having none of the high polish bestowed by the Graces, than from a jovial spirit of enjoyment which made them produce pleasure to herself. She soon and frankly acquainted us she had left France to be a governess to some young ladies before the Revolution, and under the patronage, as I think, of the Duke of Dorset; she had *been courted*, she told us, by an English gentleman farmer, but he would not change his religion for her, nor she for him, and so, when every thing was bought for her wedding, they broke off the connexion; and she afterwards married a Frenchman. She had seen a portrait, set richly in diamonds, of the King, prepared for a present to the First Consul; and described its superb ornaments and magnificence, in a way to leave no doubt of the fact. She

meant to stop at *St. Denys*, to enquire if her mother yet lived, having received no intelligence from or of her, these last ten eventful years!

At Canterbury, while the horses were changed, my little ones and I went to the cathedral; but dared merely seize sufficient time to view the outside and enter the principal aisle. I was glad even of that much, as its antique grandeur gave me a pleasure which I always love to cherish in the view of fine old cathedrals, those most permanent monuments of what our ancestors thought reverence to God, as manifested in munificence to the place dedicated to his worship.

At Dover we had a kind of dinner-supper in one, and my little boy and girl and I retired immediately after it, took some tea in our chamber, and went to rest.

Friday, April 16.

As we were not to sail till twelve, I had hoped to have seen the Castle and Shakspeare's Cliff, but most unfortunately it rained all the morning, and we were confined to the inn, except for the interlude of the custom-house, where, however, the examination was so slight, and made with such civility, that we had no other trouble with it than a wet walk and a few shillings.

Our passports were examined; and we then went to the port, and, the sea being perfectly smooth, were lifted from the quay to the deck of our vessel with as little difficulty as we could have descended from a common chair to the ground.

The calm which caused our slow passage and our sickness, was now favourable, for it took us into the port of Calais so close and even with the quay, that we

scarcely accepted even a hand to aid us from the vessel to the shore.

The quay was lined with crowds of people, men, women, and children, and certain amphibious females, who might have passed for either sex, or anything else in the world, except what they really were, European women! Their men's hats, men's jackets, and men's shoes; their burnt skins, and most savage-looking petticoats, hardly reaching, nay, not reaching their knees, would have made me instantly believe any account I could have heard of their being just imported from the wilds of America.

The vessel was presently filled with men, who, though dirty and mean, were so civil and gentle, that they could not displease, and who entered it so softly and quietly, that, neither hearing nor seeing their approach, it seemed as if they had availed themselves of some secret trap-doors through which they had mounted to fill the ship, without sound or bustle, in a single moment. When we were quitting it, however, this tranquillity as abruptly finished, for in an instant a part of them rushed round me, one demanding to carry Alex., another Adrienne, another seizing my écritoire, another my arm, and some one, I fear, my parasol, as I have never been able to find it since.

We were informed we must not leave the ship till Monsieur le Commissaire arrived to carry us, I think, to the municipality of Calais to show our passports. Monsieur le Commissaire, in white with some red trappings, soon arrived, civilly hastening himself quite out of breath to save us from waiting. We then mounted the quay, and I followed the rest of the passengers, who all followed the commissary, accompanied by two

men carrying the two children, and two more carrying, one my écritoire, and the other insisting on conducting its owner. The quantity of people that surrounded and walked with us, surprised me; and their decency, their silence, their quietness astonished me. To fear them was impossible, even in entering France with all the formed fears hanging upon its recent though past horrors.

But on coming to the municipality, I was, I own, extremely ill at ease, when upon our gouvernante's desiring me to give the commissary my passport, as the rest of the passengers had done, and my answering it was in my écritoire, she exclaimed, "*Vite! vite! cherchez-le, ou vous serez arrêtée!*" You may be sure I was quick enough!—or at least tried to be so, for my fingers presently trembled, and I could hardly put in the key.

In the hall to which we now repaired, our passports were taken and deposited, and we had new ones drawn up and given us in their stead. On quitting this place we were accosted by a new crowd, all however as gentle, though not as silent, as our first friends, who recommended various hotels to us, one begging we would go to Grandsire, another to Duroc, another to Meurice—and this last prevailed with the gouvernante, whom I regularly followed, not from preference, but from the singular horror my otherwise worthy and well-bred old lady manifested, when, by being approached by the children, her full round coats risked the danger of being modernized into the flimsy, falling drapery of the present day.

At Meurice's our goods were entered, and we heard that they would be examined at the custom-house in

the afternoon. We breakfasted, and the crowd of fees which were claimed by the captain, steward, sailors, carriers, and heaven knows who besides, are inconceivable. I gave whatever they asked, from ignorance of what was due, and from fear of offending those of whose extent still less of whose use of power I could form no judgment. I was the only one in this predicament; the rest refusing or disputing every demand. They all, but us, went out to walk; but I stayed to write to my dearest father, to Mrs. Lock, and my expecting mate.

We were all three too much awake by the new scene to try for any repose, and the hotel windows sufficed for our amusement till dinner; and imagine, my dearest sir, how my repast was seasoned, when I tell you that, as soon as it began, a band of music came to the window and struck up "*God save the King.*" I can never tell you what a pleased emotion was excited in my breast by this sound on a shore so lately hostile, and on which I have so many, so heartfelt motives for wishing peace and amity perpetual!

This over, we ventured out of the hotel to look at the street. The day was fine, the street was clean, two or three people who passed us, made way for the children as they skipped out of my hands, and I saw such an unexpected appearance of quiet, order, and civility, that, almost without knowing it, we strolled from the gate, and presently found ourselves in the market-place, which was completely full of sellers, and buyers, and booths, looking like a large English fair.

The queer, gaudy jackets, always of a different colour from the petticoats of the women, and their immense wing-caps, which seemed made to double over their

noses, but which all flew back so as to discover their ears, in which I regularly saw large and generally drop gold ear-rings, were quite as diverting to myself as to Alex. and Adrienne. Many of them, also, had gold necklaces, chains, and crosses; but ear-rings all: even the maids who were scrubbing or sweeping, ragged wretches carrying burdens on their heads or shoulders, old women selling fruit or other eatables, gypsey-looking creatures with children tied to their backs—all wore these long, broad, large, shining ear-rings.

Beggars we saw not—no, not one, all the time we stayed or sauntered; and for civility and gentleness, the poorest and most ordinary persons we met or passed might be compared with the best dressed and best looking walkers in the streets of our metropolis, and still to the disadvantage of the latter. I cannot say how much this surprised me, as I had conceived an horrific idea of the populace of this country, imagining them all transformed into bloody monsters.

Another astonishment I experienced equally pleasing, though not equally important to my case; I saw innumerable pretty women and lovely children, almost all of them extremely fair. I had been taught to expect nothing but mahogany complexions and hideous features instantly on crossing the strait of Dover. When this, however, was mentioned in our party afterwards, the Highlander exclaimed, "But Calais was in the hands of the English so many years, that the English race there is not yet extinct."

The perfect security in which I now saw we might wander about, induced us to walk over the whole town, and even extend our excursions to the ramparts sur-

rounding it. It is now a very clean and pretty town, and so orderly that there was no more tumult or even noise in the market-place, where the people were so close together as to form a continual crowd, than in the bye-streets leading to the country, where scarcely a passenger was to be seen. This is certainly a remark which, I believe, could never be made in England.

When we returned to the hotel, I found all my fellow-travellers had been to the custom-house! I had quite forgotten, or rather neglected to enquire the hour for this formality, and was beginning to alarm myself lest I was out of rule, when a young man, a commissary, I heard, of the hotel, came to me and asked if I had anything contraband to the laws of the Republic. I answered as I had done before. "Mais, Madame, avez-vous quelque chose de neuf?" "Oui, Monsieur." —"Quelques jupons?" "Beaucoup, Monsieur."—"Quelques bas de coton?" "Plusieurs, Monsieur." —"Eh bien! Madame, tout cela sera saisi."—"Mais, Monsieur! quand ce n'est pas du tout pour vendre, seulement pour porter?" "C'est égal, Madame, tout ça sera saisi."—"Eh! mais que faut-il donc faire?" "Il faut, Madame, payer généreusement; et si vous êtes bien sûre qu'il n'y a rien à vendre, alors peut-être—"

I entreated him to take charge himself as to what was *right* and *generous*, and he readily undertook to go through the ceremony for me without my appearing. I was so much frightened, and so happy not to be called upon personally, that I thought myself very cheaply off in his after-demand of a guinea and a half. I had two and a half to pay afterwards for additional luggage.

We found reigning through Calais a general joy and satisfaction at the restoration of *Dimanche* and abolition

of *Décade*. I had a good deal of conversation with the maid of the inn, a tall, fair, extremely pretty woman, and she talked much upon this subject, and the delight it occasioned, and the obligation all France was under to the Premier Consul for restoring religion and worship.

Sunday, April 18.

We set off for Paris at five o'clock in the morning. The country broad, flat, or barrenly steep—without trees, without buildings, and scarcely inhabited—exhibited a change from the fertile fields, and beautiful woods and gardens, and civilization of Kent, so sudden and unpleasant that I only lamented the fatigue of my position, which regularly impeded my making use of this chasm of pleasure and observation for repose. This part of France must certainly be the least frequented, for we rarely met a single carriage, and the villages, few and distant, seemed to have no intercourse with each other. *Dimanche,* indeed, might occasion this stiffness, for we saw, at almost all the villages, neat and clean peasants going to or coming from mass, and seeming indescribably elated and happy by the public permission of divine worship on its originally appointed day.

I was struck with the change in Madame Raymond, who joined us in the morning from another hotel. Her hoop was no more visible; her petticoats were as lank, or more so, than her neighbours'; and her distancing the children was not only at an end, but she prevented me from renewing any of my cautions to them, of not incommoding her; and when we were together a few moments, before we were joined by the rest, she told me, with a significant smile, not to tutor the children about her any more, as she only

avoided them from having something of consequence to take care of, which was removed. I then saw she meant some English lace or muslin, which she had carried in a petticoat, and, since the Custom-house examination was over, had now packed in her trunk.

Poor lady! I fear this little merchandise was all her hope of succour on her arrival! She is amongst the emigrants who have twice or thrice returned, but not yet been able to rest in their own country.

What most in the course of this journey struck me. was the satisfaction of all the country people, with whom I could converse, at the restoration of the *Dimanche*; and the boasts they now ventured to make of having never kept the *Décade*, except during the dreadful reign of Robespierre, when not to oppose any of his severest decrees was insufficient for safety, it was essential even to existence to observe them with every parade of the warmest approval.

The horrible stories from every one of that period of wanton as well as political cruelty, I must have judged exaggerated, either through the mist of fear or the heats of resentment, but that, though the details had innumerable modifications, there was but one voice for the excess of barbarity.

At a little hamlet near Clermont, where we rested some time, two good old women told us that this was the happiest day ('twas Sunday) of their lives; that they had lost *le bon Dieu* for these last ten years, but that Bonaparte had now found him! In another cottage we were told the villagers had kept their own Curé all this time concealed, and though privately and with fright, they had thereby saved their souls through the whole of the bad times! And in another, some

poor creatures said they were now content with their destiny, be it what it might, since they should be happy, at least, in the world to come; but that while denied going to mass, they had all their sufferings aggravated by knowing that they must lose their souls hereafter, besides all that they had to endure here!

O my dearest father! that there can have existed wretches of such diabolical wickedness as to have snatched, torn, from the toiling indigent every ray even of future hope! Various of these little conversations extremely touched me; nor was I unmoved, though not with such painful emotion, on the sight of the Sunday night dance, in a little village through which we passed, where there seemed two or three hundred peasants engaged in that pastime; all clean and very gaily dressed, yet all so decent and well behaved, that, but for the poor old fiddlers, we might have driven on, and not have perceived the rustic ball.

Here ends the account of my journey, and if it has amused my dearest father, it will be a true delight to me to have scribbled it. My next letter brings me to the capital, and to the only person who can console me for my always lamented absence from himself.

Witness, F. D'ARBLAY.

PART VIII.

Letter of Madame d'Arblay to Miss Planta, describing her recent Journey—Popularity of Bonaparte—Visits and Visitors—La Maison à Vendre at the Théâtre Feydeau—Mrs. Damer and Miss B——A Party to the Opera Buffa—Assembly at Madame d'Henin's—Character of Madame de Stael—Note from her to Madame d'Arblay—Her reply—La Folie de Chartres—A Visit from Madame de la Fayette—Visit to the Tuileries—Etiquette in the Palace—M. d'Arblay's old Comrades—Waiting for the First Consul—The Prince of Orange—Second Consul, Cambacérès—Bonaparte at the Tuileries—The Review—The First Consul receiving a Petition—M. d'Arblay's relatives at Joigny—Louis Bonaparte—Madame de Souza—Sir Sidney Smith.

PART VIII.

Madame d'Arblay to Miss Planta.

Paris, April 27, 1802.

A WEEK have I been here, my dear Miss Planta, so astonishingly engaged, so indispensably occupied, or so suffering from fatigue, that I have not been able till now to take up my pen, except to satisfy my dear father of our safe arrival. To give you some idea of these *engagements*, *occupations*, and *fatigues*, I must begin with the last.

We were a whole long, languid day, a whole restless, painful night, upon the sea; my little Alex. sick as death, suffering if possible yet more than myself, though I had not a moment of ease and comfort. My little Adrienne de Chavagnac was perfectly well all the time, singing and skipping about the cabin, and amusing every one by her innocent enjoyment of the novelty of the scene.

At Calais we spent a day, and half a night to refit; and pray try to imagine my pleased emotion and surprise, when, as soon as we were seated to dinner at the hotel, a band of musicians came to the window, with French horns and other instruments, and struck up "*God save the King.*" So unexpected a sound in a foreign country, and a country so lately hostile, affected me with uncommon pleasure.

* * * * *

As to my *occupations*;—my little apartment to arrange, my trunks and baggage to unpack and place, my poor Adrienne to consign to her friends, my Alex. to nurse from a threatening malady; letters to deliver, necessaries to buy; a femme de chambre to engage; and, most important of all! my own sumptuous wardrobe to refit, and my own poor exterior to reorganize! I see you smile, methinks, at this hint; but what smiles would brighten the countenance of a certain young lady called Miss Rose, who amused herself by anticipation, when I had last the honour of seeing her, with the changes I might have to undergo, could she have heard the exclamations which followed the examination of my attire! "*This* won't do! *That* you can never wear *This* you can never be seen in! *That* would make you stared at as a curiosity!—*Three* petticoats! no one wears more than one!—Stays? everybody has left off even corsets!—Shift-sleeves? not a soul now wears even a chemise!" &c. &c. In short, I found all that I possessed seemed so hideously old fashioned, or so comically rustic, that as soon as it was decreed I must make my appearance in the *grand monde*, hopeless of success in exhibiting myself in the *costume Français*, I gave over the attempt, and ventured to come forth as a Gothic *Anglaise*, who had never heard of, or never heeded, the reigning metamorphoses.

* * * * *

As to my *engagements*;—when should I finish, should I tell of all that have been made or proposed, even in the short space of a single week? The civilities I have met with, contrary to all my expectations, have not more amazed me for myself, than gratified me for M. d'Arblay, who is keenly alive to the kind. I might

say distinguished, reception I have been favoured with by those to whom my arrival is known.

Your favourite hero is excessively popular at this moment from three successive grand events, all occurring within the short time of my arrival,—the Ratification of the Treaty of Peace—the Restoration of Sunday, and Catholic Worship—and the amnesty of the Emigrants. At the Opera Buffa, the *loge* in which I sat was exactly opposite to that of the First Consul; but he and his family are all at Malmaison.

Adieu,
My dear Miss P., and believe me ever,
Your affectionate friend and servant,
F. D'ARBLAY.

JOURNAL RESUMED.

(*Addressed to Dr. Burney.*)

Paris, April 1, 1802.

ALMOST immediately after my arrival in Paris, I was much surprised by a visit from the *ci-devant* Prince de Beauveau, Madame his wife, and Mademoiselle de Mortemar her sister, all brought by Madame d'Henin. If gratified in the first instance by a politeness of attention so little my due and so completely beyond my expectations, how was my pleasure enhanced when I found they all three spoke English with the utmost ease and fluency, and how pleased also at the pleasure I was able to give them in reward of their civility, by a letter I had brought from Mrs. Harcourt, which was received with the warmest delight by Mademoiselle de Mortemar; and a message from a young lady named *Elizabeth*, with the profoundest gratitude.

April 21

This morning Madame d'Henin was so kind as to accompany us in making our visit to Madame de Beauveau her niece, and Mademoiselle de Mortemar. We found them at home with M. de Beauveau, and they indulged me with the sight of their children, who are the most flourishing and healthy possible, and dressed and brought up with English plainness and simplicity.

The visit was very pleasant, and Madame d'Henin made a party for us all to meet again the next day, and go to the *Opera Buffa.*

Upon our entrance into the Hotel Marengo, we met M. Lajard, who came to introduce one of his brothers to me, and to offer us places in a *loge* to the *Théâtre Feydeau.* We went late, and arrived in the middle of an opera of which I know not the name, but which was quite in the heroics, though the airs were mixed with speeches not recitative. All my pleasure, I confess, was from the after-piece, in which the heroics were omitted. It is called *La Maison à Vendre,* and two very agreeable singers and charming actors, Martin and Elleviou, delighted the whole audience, and would have had me amongst their strongest admirers if I were capable of following them in the words which make so much the chief charm of their performance; but I have not yet acquired the use of listening with much profit to the sense conveyed by lengthened tones in the French language.

M. Charles de Poix announced to us that Paesiello was just arrived in Paris.

I have heard much of the visit of Mrs. Damer and the Miss B——s to Paris, and their difficulty to get

introduced to the First Consul. A lady here told us she had been called upon by Miss B——, who had complained with much energy upon this subject, saying, "We have been everywhere—seen everything—heard everybody—beheld such sights! listened to such discourse! joined such society! and all to obtain his notice! Don't you think it very extraordinary that he should not himself desire to see Mrs. Damer?"

"Madame," replied the lady, "perhaps if you had done but half this, the First Consul might have desired to see you both."

"But you don't imagine," answered she, laughing, "we came over from England to see you *ci-devants*? We can see such as you at home!"

She was gone before our arrival; and, as I understand, succeeded at last in obtaining an introduction. They were both, Mrs. Damer and Miss B——, as I am told, very gay and agreeable, as well as enterprising, and extremely well *répandues*.

April 25.

I was not much better in the evening, but the party for the Opera Buffa being formed by Madame d'Henin on my account, my going was indispensable. She had borrowed the *loge* of M. de Choiseul, which, being entailed upon the family *à perpétuité*, has in a most extraordinary manner continued unalienated through the whole course of massacres and proscriptions to the present day, when the right owner possesses it. It is the largest and best box, except that which is opposite to it, in the theatre.

M. and Madame de Beauveau, Mademoiselle de ———, and M. Malhouët, made the party invited;

but M. Malhouët failing, M. de Guignes, formerly ambassador in England, took his place. You remember him, my dear padre, at one of your concerts, and *ses gens*. Do you think I could help recollecting his haste?

The opera was *Le Nozze di Dorina*, by Sarti, and extremely pretty; though I wished it had been as new to M. C—— de P—— as to myself, for then he would not have divided my attention by obligingly singing every note with every performer. In truth, I was still so far from recovered from the fatigue of my journey, that I was lulled to a drowsiness the most distressing before the end of the second act, which being but too obvious, Madame d'Henin and M. d'Arblay took me away before I risked a downright nap by waiting for the third.

April 26.

The assembly at Madame d'Henin's was one of the most select and agreeable at which I was ever present. Assembly, however, I ought not to call a meeting within the number of twenty. But I was uneasy for my poor Alex., and therefore stole away as soon as possible; not, however, till Madame de Tessé made a party for us for the following Thursday at her house, nor till I had held a private discourse with Mademoiselle de ———— upon my embarrassment as to Madame de Staël, from the character she held in England; which embarrassment was not much lightened by her telling me it was not held more fair in France! Yet, that everywhere the real evil is highly exaggerated by report, envy, and party-spirit, all allow. She gives, however, great assemblies at which all Paris *assist*, and though not solicited or esteemed

by her early friends and acquaintance, she is admired, and pitied, and received by them. I would she were gone to Copet!

Madame de Grandmaison, a very favourite friend of M. d'Arblay, came to visit me. She is a very handsome woman, and thought very clever and agreeable; but I was too much disturbed either to enjoy or judge of her conversation. What most perplexed me at this period was the following note from Madame de Staël.

From Madame de Stael to Madame d'Arblay.

je voudrois vous témoigner mon empressement, Madame, et je crains d'être indiscrette.* j'espére que vous aurez la bonté de me faire dire quand vous serez assez remise des fatigues de votre voyage pour que je puisse avoir l'honneur de vous voir sans vous importuner.

NECKER STAËL DE H.

Ce 4 florial.*

How is it possible, when even the common civility of a card for her card is yet unreturned, that she can have brought herself thus to descend from her proud heights to solicit the renewal of an acquaintance broken so abruptly in England, and so palpably shunned in France? Is it that the regard she appeared to conceive for me in England was not only sincere but constant? If so, I must very much indeed regret a waste of kindness her character and conduct make it impossible for me to repay, even though, on this spot, I am assured all her misfortunes are aggravated, nay cari-

* Madame de Staël's orthography is here preserved.

cattured, by report, and that she exerts her utmost influence, and calls forth her best talents, upon every occasion which presents itself for serving those who have been her friends: and that, notwithstanding circumstances and disunion, either in politics or morals, may have made them become her enemies. Her generosity is cited as truly singular upon this head, and I have heard histories of her returning, personally, good for evil that would do honour to any character living. What a strangely complex mixture, my dearest father, is that mixture which forms human nature! That good, or rather grand qualities, may unite with almost every frailty!

After much deliberation and discussion, my French master composed the following answer:—

"Madame d'Arblay ne peut qu'être infiniment flattée de l'extrême bonté de Madame la Comtesse de Stael. Elle aura très certainement l'honneur de se présenter chez Madame de Stael aussitôt que possible."

Cooler than this it was not easy to write, and the *ne peut qu'être* is a *tournure* that is far enough from flattering. I hope, however, it will prepare her for the frozen kind of intercourse which alone can have place between us.

Madame d'Henin took us to a place called *La folie de Chartres*, formerly belonging to the Duc d'Orléans, but now a public garden. It is in a state of ruin, compared with what it formerly boasted of grandeur; the river cut through it is nearly dried up from neglect of the fountains; the house is turned into cake-rooms, and common benches are placed in the most open parts of the garden, while a multitude of little bridges are

half broken. Nevertheless, with all this, M. d'Arblay and I, with our Westhamble rusticity, thought it was probably more beautiful, though less habitable, than in its pristine state; for the grass wildly growing was verdant and refreshing, the uncut lilacs were lavish of sweets, and Nature all around seemed luxuriantly to revel over the works of art.

As I wished much to see the parade, or review, which was to take place on the 5th, and is only once a month, we were forced to devote the preceding day to visits, as it was decreed in our council of etiquette that I could not appear in a place where I might be seen by those who had shown me the civility of beginning an acquaintance, till I had acknowledged my debt to them.

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I was so thoroughly tired when I returned from all these visits, that I was forced to rest upon a bed for the remainder of the day, to my no small discomposure before the evening was closed; for, in a close cap, my feet in their native, undraperied state, hidden by a large, long, wrapping morning gown, your daughter, my dearest Sir, lay reclined on a bed, when, rather late in the evening, I was told Madame d'Henin was in the *salon*. I was going to send in my excuses, while I rose to get ready for waiting upon her; but Alex. flung open the door, and seeing where I was, and how fatigued, she insisted on my keeping still, and came to my bedside, and sat in friendly converse, listening to the history of my morning excursion, till a ring at the bell of our ante-room made me desire to have nobody admitted. Alex. again, however, frisking about, prevented Pauline, my little femme de chambre, from hearing me, and she announced Madame de la Fayette!

You may easily believe this name, and my present situation, put me into no small commotion. I was beseeching Madame d'Henin to go to the saloon with my apologies, when Alex., whose illness, though it has diminished his strength and his flesh, has left his spirits as wild as ever, called out to proclaim where I was, and while Madame Lafayette was gently moving on, flung the bed-room door wide open, saying, "Mamma is here!" Madame Lafayette, concluding, I suppose, that I received *du monde* in the French manner, immediately presented herself at the door, where I had no resource but to entreat Madame d'Henin, who is her intimate friend, to receive her, for I was wholly powerless, with my unsandaled feet, from rising.

Madame d'Henin now brought her to my bedside, where nothing could have been more awkward than my situation; but that the real reverence I had conceived for her character and her virtues made the sight of so singular a person, her condescension in the visit, and her goodness, though lame, in mounting three pair of stairs, give me a sensation of pleasure, that by animating my spirits, endowed me with a courage that overcame all difficulties both of language and position, and enabled me to express my gratitude for her kindness and my respect for her person, with something far nearer to fluency and clearness than anything in speech I have yet attempted. My mind instantly presented her to me, torn from her beloved family, and thrown into the death-imperding prison of Robespierre; and then saved by his timely destruction from the scaffold, and then using her hardly-recovered liberty only by voluntarily sacrificing it to be immured with her husband in the dungeon of Olmutz. Various

as may be the opinions of the politics of M. de Lafayette, all Europe, I believe, concur in admiration of the character and conduct of his virtuous and heroic wife. Indeed, nothing since my arrival has so sensibly gratified me, from *without*, as this visit.

Madame Lafayette is the daughter of the *ci-devant* Duc d'Ayen, and consequently niece of Madame de Tessé, the Duc's sister. She was married to M. de Lafayette when she was only seventeen years of age. By some cold, or mismanagement, and total want of exercise in the prison of Olmutz, some humour has fallen into one of her ancles, that, though it does not make her absolutely lame, causes walking to be so painful and difficult to her that she moves as little as possible, and is always obliged to have a stool for her foot. She now resides with M. Lafayette and their three children entirely in the country, at a chateau which has descended to her since the revolutionary horrors and therefore has not been confiscated, called *La Grange*. They never come to Paris but upon business of positive necessity. She had arrived only this morning on a visit to her aunt, Madame de Tessé, to make some preparations for the approaching marriage of her only son.

Her youngest daughter, Mademoiselle de Lafayette, accompanied her. She is a blooming young creature of *English* fairness—as we English choose to say—with a bright native colour, and beautiful light hair; otherwise with but indifferent features, and not handsome; yet her air, though modest even to the extreme that borders upon bashfulness, is distinguished, and speaks her to be both sensible and well brought up.

Madame de Lafayette, also, is by no means hand-

some: but has eyes so expressive, so large, and so speaking, that it is not easy to criticise her other features, for it is almost impossible to look at them. Her manner is calm and mild, yet noble. She is respected even by surrounding infidels for her genuine piety, which, in the true character of true religion, is severe only for herself, lenient and cheerful for all others. I do not say this from what I could see in the hour she was so good as to pass with me, but from all I have heard.

I regretted extremely that M. d'Arblay was not within, as Madame Lafayette is most deservedly one of the beings he reveres, and as he has the happiness to be enlisted amongst those who are honoured with her regard.

She warmly invited me to La Grange, and requested me to name an early day for passing some time there. I proposed that it might be after the marriage had taken place, as till then all foreign people or *subjects* might be obtrusive. She paused a moment, and then said, " Après?—c'est vrai!—we could then more completely enjoy Madame d'Arblay's society; for we must now have continual interruptions, surrounded as we are by workmen, goods, chattels, and preparations; so that there would be a nail to hammer between almost every word: and yet, as we are going to Auvergne, after the ceremony, it will be so long before a meeting may be arranged, that I believe the less time lost the better."

I knew M. d'Arblay desired this acquaintance for me too earnestly to offer any opposition; and I was too much charmed with its opening to make any myself: it was therefore determined we should go the following week to La Grange.

(*May* 5.) Again a full day. M. d'Arblay had procured us three tickets for entering the apartments at the Tuileries to see the parade of General Hulin, now high in actual rank and service, but who had been a *sous-officier* under M. d'Arblay's command; our third ticket was for Madame d'Henin, who had never been to this sight—nor, indeed, more than twice to any spectacle since her return to France—till my arrival; but she is so obliging and good as to accept, nay to seek, every thing that can amuse, of which I can profit. We breakfasted with her early, and were appointed to join the party of M. le Prince de Beauveau, who had a General in his carriage, through whose aid and instructions we hoped to escape all difficulties.

Accordingly the coach in which they went was desired to stop at Madame d'Henin's door, so as to let us get into our *fiacre,* and follow it straight. This was done, and our *precursor* stopped at the gate leading to the garden of the Tuileries. The De Beauveaus, Mademoiselle de Mortemar, and their attending General, alighted, and we followed their example and joined them, which was no sooner done than their General, at the sight of M. d'Arblay, suddenly drew back from conducting Madame de Beauveau, and flew up to him. They had been ancient *camarades,* but had not met since M. d'A.'s emigration.

The crowd was great, but civil and well dressed; and we met with no impediment till we came to the great entrance. Alas, I had sad recollections of sad readings in mounting the steps! We had great difficulty, notwithstanding our tickets, in making our way—I mean Madame d'Henin and ourselves, for Madame de Beauveau and Mademoiselle de Mortemar having an

officer in the existing military to aid them, were admitted and helped by all the attendants; and so forwarded that we wholly lost sight of them, till we arrived, long after, in the apartment destined for the exhibition. This, however, was so crowded that every place at the windows for seeing the parade was taken, and the row formed opposite to see the First Consul as he passes through the room to take horse, was so thick and threefold filled, that not a possibility existed of even a passing peep. Madame d'Henin would have retired, but as the whole scene was new and curious to me, I prevailed with her to stay, that I might view a little of the *costume* of the company; though I was sorry I detained her, when I saw her perturbed spirits from the recollections which, I am sure, pressed upon her on re-entering this palace: and that her sorrows were only subdued by her personal indignation, which was unconscious, but yet very prominent, to find herself included in the mass of the crowd in being refused all place and distinction, where, heretofore, she was amongst the first for every sort of courtesy. Nothing of this, however, was said; and you may believe my pity for her was equally unuttered.

We seated ourselves now, hopeless of any other amusement than seeing the uniforms of the passing officers, and the light drapery of the stationary ladies, which, by the way, is not by any means so notorious nor so common as has been represented; on the contrary, there are far more who are decent enough to attract no attention, than who are fashionable enough to call for it.

During this interval M. d'Arblay found means, by a ticket lent him by M. de Narbonne, to enter the next

apartment, and there to state our distress, not in vain, to General Hulin; and presently he returned, accompanied by this officer, who is, I fancy, at least seven feet high, and was dressed in one of the most showy uniforms I ever saw. M. d'Arblay introduced me to him. He expressed his pleasure in seeing the wife of his old comrade, and taking my hand, caused all the crowd to make way, and conducted me into the apartment adjoining to that where the First Consul receives the ambassadors, with a flourish of manners so fully displaying power as well as courtesy, that I felt as if in the hands of one of the seven champions who meant to mow down all before him, should any impious elf dare dispute his right to give me liberty, or to show me honour.

He put me into the first place in the apartment which was sacred to general officers, and as many ladies as could be accommodated in two rows only at the windows. M. d'Arblay, under the sanction of his big friend, followed with Madame d'Henin; and we had the pleasure of rejoining Madame de Beauveau and Mademoiselle de Mortemar, who were at the same windows, through the exertions of General Songis.

The scene now, with regard to all that was present, was splendidly gay and highly animating. The room was full, but not crowded, with officers of rank in sumptuous rather than rich uniforms, and exhibiting a martial air that became their attire, which, however, generally speaking, was too gorgeous to be noble.

Our window was that next to the consular apartment, in which Bonaparte was holding a levee, and it was close to the steps ascending to it; by which means we saw all the forms of the various exits and entrances, and

had opportunity to examine every dress and every countenance that passed and repassed. This was highly amusing, I might say historic, where the past history and the present office were known.

Sundry footmen of the First Consul, in very fine liveries, were attending to bring or arrange chairs for whoever required them; various peace-officers, superbly begilt, paraded occasionally up and down the chamber, to keep the ladies to their windows and the gentlemen to their ranks, so as to preserve the passage or lane through which the First Consul was to walk upon his entrance, clear and open; and several gentlemanlike looking persons, whom in former times I should have supposed pages of the back stairs, dressed in black with gold chains hanging round their necks, and medallions pending from them, seemed to have the charge of the door itself, leading immediately to the audience chamber of the First Consul.

But what was most prominent in commanding notice, was the array of the aides-de-camp of Bonaparte, which was so almost furiously striking, that all other vestments, even the most gaudy, appeared suddenly under a gloomy cloud when contrasted with its brightness. We were long viewing them before we could discover what they were to represent, my three lady companions being as new to this scene as myself; but afterwards M. d'Arblay starting forward to speak to one of them, brought him across the lane to me, and said "General Lauriston."

His kind and faithful friendship to M. d'Arblay, so amiably manifested upon his late splendid embassy to England, made me see him with great pleasure. It was of course but for a moment, as he was amongst

those who had most business upon their hands. General d'Hennezel also came to me for a few minutes, and three or four others, whom M. d'Arblay named, but whom I have forgotten. Indeed, I was amazed at the number of old friends by whom he was recognised, and touched far more than I can express, to see him in his old coat and complete undress, accosted by his fine (former) brethren, in all their new and beautiful costume, with an eagerness of regard that, resulting from first impulse, proved their judgment, or rather knowledge of his merits, more forcibly than any professions, however warm, could have done. He was indeed, after the aides-de-camp, the most striking figure in the apartment, from contrasting as much with the general herd by being the plainest and worst dressed, as they did by being the gayest and most showy.

General Lauriston is a very handsome man, and of a very pleasing and amiable countenance; and his manly air carried off the frippery of his trappings, so as to make them appear almost to advantage.

While this variety of attire, of carriage, and of physiognomy amused us in facing the passage prepared for the First Consul, we were occupied, whenever we turned round, by seeing from the window the garden of the Tuileries filling with troops.

In the first row of females at the window where we stood, were three ladies who, by my speaking English with Mademoiselle de Mortemar and Madame de Beauveau, discovered my country, and, as I have since heard, gathered my name; and here I blush to own how unlike was the result to what one of this nation might have experienced from a similar discovery in England; for the moment it was buzzed "*c'est une*

étrangère, c'est une Anglaise," every one tried to place, to oblige, and to assist me, and yet no one looked curious, or stared at me. Ah, my dear Padre, do you not a little fear, in a contrasted situation, *no* one would have tried to place, oblige, or assist, yet every one would have looked curious and stared? Well, there are virtues as well as defects of all classes; and John Bull can fight so good a battle for his share of the former, that he need not be utterly cast down in acknowledging now and then a few of the latter.

The best view from the window to see the marching forwards of the troops was now bestowed upon me, and I vainly offered it to the ladies of my own party, to whom the whole of the sight was as new as to myself. The three unknown ladies began conversing with me, and, after a little general talk, one of them with sudden importance of manner, in a tone slow but energetic, said,

"Avez-vous vu, Madame, le Premier Consul?"

"Pas encore, Madame."

"C'est sans doute ce que vous souhaitez le plus, Madame?"

"Oui, Madame."

"Voulez-vous le voir parfaitement bien, et tout à fait à votre aise?"

"Je le désire beaucoup, Madame."

She then told me to keep my eyes constantly upon her, and not an instant lose sight of her movements; and to suffer no head, in the press that would ensue when the First Consul appeared, to intervene between us. "Faites comme cela, Madame," continued she; "et vous le verrez bien, bien; car," added she, solemnly,

and putting her hand on her breast,—"moi—je vais lui parler!"

I was very much surprised, indeed, and could only conclude I was speaking to a wife, sister, or cousin at least, of one of the other consuls, or of some favourite minister. "Et lui, Madame, il me répondra; vous l'entendrez parler, Madame, oui, vous l'entendrez! car il est bon, bon!—bon homme tout à fait et affable!—O affable!—oui, vous l'entendrez parler."

I thanked her very much, but it was difficult to express as much satisfaction as she displayed herself. You may suppose, however, how curious I felt for such a conversation, and how scrupulously I followed her injunctions of watching her motions. A little squat good-humoured lady, with yellow flowers over a mob cap upon her hair; who had little sunken eyes, concise nose, and a mouth so extended by perpetual smiling, that, hardly leaving an inch for the cheek, it ran nearly into the ear, on my other side now demanded my attention also, and told me she came regularly every month to the great review, that she might always bring some friend who wanted to see it. I found by this she was a person of some power, some influence, at least, and not entirely averse to having it known. She was extremely civil to me; but as my other friend had promised me so singular a regale, I had not much voluntary time to spare for her; this, however, appeared to be no impediment to that she was so obliging as to determine to bestow upon me, and she talked on, satisfied with my acquiescence to her civility, till a sort of bustle just before us making me look a little sharp, she cried—

"Vous le voyez, Madame!"

"Qui?" exclaimed I. "Le Premier Consul?"

"Mais non!—pas encore;—mais—ce—ce monsieur là!"

I looked at her to see whom I was to remark, and her eyes led me to a tall, large figure, with a broad gold-laced hat, who was clearing the lane which some of the company had infringed, with a stentorian voice, and an air and manner of such authority as a chief constable might exert in an English riot.

"Oui, Madame," I answered, not conceiving why I was to look at him; "je le vois ce Monsieur; il est bien grand!"

"Oui, Madame," replied she, with a yet widened smile and a look of lively satisfaction; "il est bien grand! Vous le voyez bien?"

"Mais oui: et il est très bien mis!"

"Oui sûrement! vous êtes sûre que vous le voyez?"

"Bien sûre, Madame,—mais, il a un air d'autorité, il me semble."

"Oui, Madame; et bientôt, il ira dans l'autre appartement! il verra le premier Consul!"

"O, fort bien!" cried I, quite at a loss what she meant me to understand, till at last, fixing first him, and then me, she expressively said—

"Madame, c'est mon mari!"

The grin now was distended to the very utmost limits of the stretched lips, and the complacency of her countenance forcibly said, "What do you think of me now?" My countenance, however, was far more clever than my head, if it made her any answer. But, in the plenitude of her own admiration of a gentleman who seemed privileged to speak roughly, and push violently whoever, by a single inch, passed a given

barrier, she imagined, I believe, that to belong to him entitled her to be considered as sharing his prowess; she seemed even to be participating in the merits of his height and breadth, though he could easily have put her into his pocket.

Not perceiving, as I imagine, all the delight of felicitation in my countenance that she had expected, her own fell, in a disappointed pause, into as much of length as its circular form would admit of; it recovered, however, in another minute, its full merry rotundity, by conjecturing, as I have reason to think, that the niggardliness of my admiration was occasioned by my doubt of her assertions; for, looking at me with an expression that demanded my attention, she poked her head under the arm of a tall grenadier, stationed to guard our window, and trying to catch the eye of the object of her devotion, called out, in an accent of tenderness, "M'Ami! M'Ami!"

The surprise she required was now gratified in full, though what she concluded to be excited by her happiness, was simply the effect of so caressing a public address from so diminutive a little creature to so gigantic a big one. Three or four times the soft sound was repeated ere it reached the destined ear, through the hubbub created by his own loud and rough manner of calling to order; but, when at last he caught the gentle appellation, and looked down upon her, it was with an eyebrow so scowling, a mouth so pouting, and an air that so rudely said, "*What the D— do you want?*" that I was almost afraid he would have taken her between his thumb and finger, and given her a shake. However, he only grumbled out, "Qu'est-ce que c'est donc?" A little at a loss what to say, she

gently stammered, "M'Ami,—le—le premier Consul, ne vient-il pas?" "Oui! oui!" was blustered in reply, with a look that completed the phrase by "*you fool you!*" though the voice left it unfinished.

Not disconcerted even yet, though rather abashed, she turned to me with a pleased grin that showed her proud of his noble ferociousness, and said, "C'est mon mari, Madame!" as if still fearful I was not fully convinced of the grandeur of her connexion. "M'ami" having now cleared the passage by ranging all the company in two direct lines, the officers of highest rank were assembled, and went in a sort of procession into the inner apartment to the audience of the First Consul. During the time this lasted, some relaxation of discipline ensued, and the gentlemen from the opposite row ventured to approach and peep at the window with the ladies; but as soon as the generals descended from the steps they had mounted, their short conference being over, "M'ami" again appeared, to the inexpressible gratification of his loving little mate, again furiously hustled every one to his post; and the flags, next, as I think, were carried in procession to the inner apartment, but soon after brought back.

The Prince of Orange then passed us to enter the audience chamber, with a look so serious, an air so depressed, that I have not been at all surprised to hear he was that very night taken very ill.

The last object for whom the way was cleared was the Second Consul, Cambacérès, who advanced with a stately and solemn pace, slow, regular, and consequential; dressed richly in scarlet and gold, and never looking to the right or left, but wearing a mien of fixed gravity and importance. He had several persons

in his suite, who, I think, but am not sure, were ministers of state.

At length the two human hedges were finally formed, the door of the audience chamber was thrown wide open with a commanding crash, and a vivacious officer —sentinel—or I know not what, nimbly descended the three steps into our apartment, and placing himself at the side of the door, with one hand spread as high as possible above his head, and the other extended horizontally, called out in a loud and authoritative voice, "Le Premier Consul!"

You will easily believe nothing more was necessary to obtain attention; not a soul either spoke or stirred as he and his suite passed along, which was so quickly that, had I not been placed so near the door, and had not all about me facilitated my standing foremost, and being least crowd-obstructed, I could hardly have seen him. As it was, I had a view so near, though so brief, of his face, as to be very much struck by it. It is of a deeply impressive cast, pale even to sallowness, while not only in the eye but in every feature—care, thought, melancholy, and meditation are strongly marked, with so much of character, nay, genius, and so penetrating a seriousness, or rather sadness, as powerfully to sink into an observer's mind.

Yet, though the busts and medallions I have seen are, in general, such good resemblances that I think I should have known him untold, he has by no means the look to be expected from Bonaparte, but rather that of a profoundly studious and contemplative man, who "o'er books consumes" not only the "midnight oil" but his own daily strength, "and wastes the puny body to decay" by abstruse speculation and theoretic plans

or rather visions, ingenious but not practicable. But the look of the commander who heads his own army, who fights his own battles, who conquers every difficulty by personal exertion, who executes all he plans, who performs even all he suggests; whose ambition is of the most enterprising, and whose bravery is of the most daring cast:—this, which is the look to be expected from his situation, and the exploits which have led to it, the spectator watches for in vain. The plainness, also, of his dress, so conspicuously contrasted by the finery of all around him, conspires forcibly with his countenance, so "sicklied o'er with the pale hue of thought," to give him far more the air of a student than a warrior.

The intense attention with which I fixed him in this short but complete view made me entirely forget the lady who had promised me to hold him in conference. When he had passed, however, she told me it was upon his return she should address him, as he was too much hurried to be talked with at the moment of going to the parade. I was glad to find my chance not over and infinitely curious to know what was to follow.

The review I shall attempt no description of. I have no knowledge of the subject, and no fondness for its object. It was far more superb than anything I had ever beheld; but while all the pomp and circumstance of war animated others, it only saddened me; and all of past reflection, all of future dread, made the whole grandeur of the martial scene, and all the delusive seduction of martial music, fill my eyes frequently with tears, but not regale my poor muscles with one single smile.

Bonaparte, mounting a beautiful and spirited white

horse, closely encircled by his glittering aides-de-camp, and accompanied by his generals, rode round the ranks, holding his bridle indifferently in either hand, and seeming utterly careless of the prancing, rearing, or other freaks of his horse, insomuch as to strike some who were near me with a notion of his being a bad horseman. I am the last to be a *judge* upon this subject; but as a *remarker*, he only appeared to me a man who knew so well he could manage the animal when he pleased, that he did not deem it worth his while to keep constantly in order what he knew, if urged or provoked, he could subdue in a moment.

Precisely opposite to the window at which I was placed, the Chief Consul stationed himself after making his round; and thence he presented some swords of honour, spreading out one arm with an air and mien which changed his look from that of scholastic severity to one that was highly military and commanding.

Just as the consular band, with their brazen drums as well as trumpets, marched facing the First Consul, the sun broke suddenly out from the clouds which had obscured it all the morning; and the effect was so abrupt and so dazzling that I could not help observing it to my friend, the wife of *m'ami*, who, eyeing me with great surprise, not unmixed with the compassion of contempt, said,—

"Est-ce que vous ne savez pas cela, Madame? Dès que le Premier Consul vient à la parade, le soleil vient aussi! Il a beau pleuvoir tout le matin; c'est égal, il n'a qu'à paroître, et tout de suite il fait beau."

I apologized for my ignorance; but doubt whether it was forgiven.

The review over, the Chief Consul returned to the palace. The lines were again formed, and he re-entered our apartment with his suite. As soon as he approached our window, I observed my first acquaintance start a little forward. I was now all attention to her performance of her promise; and just as he reached us she stretched out her hand to present him—a petition!

The enigma of the conference was now solved, and I laughed at my own wasted expectation. *Lui parler*, however, the lady certainly did; so far she kept her word; for when he had taken the scroll, and was passing on, she rushed out of the line, and planting herself immediately before him so as to prevent his walking on, screamed, rather than spoke, for her voice was shrill with impetuosity to be heard and terror of failure, "C'est pour mon fils! vous me l'avez promis!"

The First Consul stopped and spoke; but not loud enough for me to hear his voice; while his aides-de-camp and the attending generals surrounding him more closely, all in a breath rapidly said to the lady, "Votre nom, Madame, votre nom!" trying to disengage the Consul from her importunity, in which they succeeded, but not with much ease, as she seemed purposing to cling to him till she got his personal answer. He faintly smiled as he passed on, but looked harassed and worn; while she, turning to me, with an exulting face and voice, exclaimed, "Je l'aurai! je l'aurai!" meaning what she had petitioned for—"car . . . . tous ces Généraux m'ont demandé mon nom!" Could any inference be clearer?

The moment the Chief Consul had ascended the steps leading to the inner apartment, the gentlemen in black with gold chains gave a general hint that all the

company must depart, as the ambassadors and the ministers were now summoned to their monthly public audience with the Chief Consul. The crowd, however, was so great, and Madame d'Henin was so much incommoded, and half ill, I fear, by internal suffering, that M. d'Arblay procured a pass for us by a private door down to a terrace leading to a quiet exit from the palace into the Tuileries' garden.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Burney.

Paris, 1802.

* * * * *

WITH the nearest relatives now existing of M. d'Arblay I am myself more pleased than I can tell you. We have spent a fortnight at *Joigny*, and found them all awaiting us with the most enthusiastic determination to receive with open arms and open heart the choice and the offspring of their returned exile. Their kindness has truly penetrated me; and the heads of the family, the uncle and the aunt, are so charming as well as so worthy, that I could have remained with them for months had not the way of life which their residence in a country town has forced them to adopt, been utterly at war with all that, to me, makes peace, and happiness, and cheerfulness, namely, the real domestic life of living with my own small but all-sufficient family. I have never loved a dissipated life, which it is no virtue in me, therefore, to relinquish; but I now far less than ever can relish it, and know not how to enjoy anything away from home, except by distant intervals; and *then* with that real moderation, I am so far from being

a misanthrope or sick of the world, that I have real pleasure in mixed society. It is difficult, however, in the extreme, to be able to keep to such terms. M. d'Arblay has so many friends, and an acquaintance so extensive, that the mere common decencies of established etiquettes demand, as yet, nearly all my time; and this has been a true fatigue both to my body and my spirits.

I am now endeavouring to make an arrangement, after a fashion of my own, to put an end to these claims, at least, to their being *fulfilled*. I am sure I shall have a far better chance to do well by those I mix with, as well as by myself, if I succeed; for my voice is as wearied of pronouncing as my brain is wearied in searching words to pronounce. All I experienced, however, from company, interruption, and visiting at Paris was so short of what I found at Joigny, that, in the comparison, I seemed completely mistress of my time; for at Joigny I can truly affirm I never had one hour, or even half a one, to myself. By myself I mean to *our three selves*.

M. d'Arblay is related, though very distantly, to a quarter of the town, and the other three-quarters are his friends or acquaintance; and all of them came, first, to see me; next, to know how I did after the journey; next, were all to be waited upon in return; next, came to thank me for my visit; next, to know how the air of Joigny agreed with me; next, to make a little farther acquaintance; and, finally, to make a visit of congé. And yet all were so civil, so pleasant, and so pleased with my Monsieur's return, that could I have lived three lives, so as to have had some respite, I could not have found fault: for it was scarcely ever

with the individual intruder, but with the continuance or repetition of interruption.

F. D'A.

Addressed to Miss Planta for the Queen and Princesses.

Passy, December 19, 1802.

* * * * * *

RARELY, indeed, my dear Miss Planta, I have received more pleasure than from your last most truly welcome letter, with assurances so unspeakably seasonable. I had it here at Passy the 5th day after its date. I thank you again and again, but oh! how I thank God!

* * * * * *

Permit me now to go back to Joigny, for the purpose of giving some account of two very interesting acquaintances we made there. The first was Colonel Louis Bonaparte, youngest brother but one, (Jerome) of the first Consul. His regiment was quartered at Joigny, where he happened to be upon our last arrival at that town, and where the first visit he made was to M. Bazille, the worthy maternal uncle of M. d'Arblay. He is a young man of the most serious demeanour, a grave yet pleasing countenance, and the most reserved yet gentlest manners. His conduct in the small town (for France) of Joigny was not merely respectable, but exemplary; he would accept no distinction in consequence of his powerful connexions, but presented himself everywhere with the unassuming modesty of a young man who had no claims beyond what he might

make by his own efforts and merits. He discouraged all gaming, to which the inhabitants are extremely prone, by always playing low himself; and he discountenanced parade, by never suffering his own servant to wait behind his chair where he dined. He broke up early both from table and from play; was rigid in his attentions to his military duties, strict in the discipline of his officers as well as men, and the first to lead the way in every decency and regularity. When to this I add that his conversation is sensible, and well bred, yet uncommonly diffident, and that but twenty-three summers have yet rolled over his head, so much good sense, forbearance, and propriety, in a situation so open to flattery, ambition, or vanity, obtained, as they merited, high consideration and perfect good will.

I had a good deal of conversation with him, for he came to sit by me both before and after his card-party wherever I had the pleasure to meet him; and his quiet and amiable manners, and rational style of discourse, made him a great loss to our society, when he was summoned to Paris, upon the near approach of the event which gave him a son and heir. He was very kind to my little Alex., whom he never saw without embracing, and he treated M. d'Arblay with a marked distinction extremely gratifying to me.

The second acquaintance to which I have alluded is a lady, Madame de Souza.* She soon found the road to my good will and regard, for she told me that she, with another lady, had been fixed upon by M. del Campo, my old sea-visitor, for the high honour of aiding him in his reception of the first lady of our land and her lovely daughters, upon the Grande Fête which he

* Authoress of 'Adèle de Senange,' &c.

gave upon the dearest and most memorable of occasions; and she spoke with such pleasure and gratitude of the sweet condescension she then experienced, that she charmed and delighted me, and *we struck up an intimacy* without further delay. Our theme was always ready, and I only regretted that I could see her but seldom, as she lived two or three miles out of Joigny, at Cesy, in the small château of la *ci-devant* Princesse de Beaufremont, a lady with whom I had had the honour of making acquaintance in Paris, and who is one of those who suffered most during the horrors of the revolution. At the dreadful period when all the rage was to burn the property and title-deeds of the rich and high-born, her noble château, one of the most considerable in France, was utterly consumed, and all her papers, that no record of her genealogy might remain, were committed, with barbarous triumph, to the flames: yet was this, such is her unhappy fate, the least of her misfortunes; her eldest daughter, a beautiful young creature, upon whom she doated, was in the château at this horrible period, and forced to make her escape with such alarm and precipitance, that she never recovered from the excess of her terror, which robbed her of her life before she was quite seventeen years of age!

Around the small and modest *château* de Cesy, in which Madame de Beaufremont and her youngest and now only daughter, Madame de Listenois, at present reside, the grounds have been cultivated in the English style; and the walks, now shady, now open, now rising, now descending, with water, bridges, cascades, and groves, and occasional fine picturesque views from the banks of the Yonne, are all laid out with taste and

pretty effects. We strolled over them with a large party, till we came to a little recess. Madame de Beaufremont then took me by the arm, and we separated from the company to enter it together, and she showed me an urn surrounded with cypress trees and weeping willows, watered by a clear, small, running rivulet, and dedicated to the memory of her first-born and early-lost lamented daughter.

Poor lady! she seems entirely resigned to all the rest of her deprivations, but here the wound is incurable! yet, this subject *apart*, she is cheerful, loves society, or rather social discourse, with a chosen few, and not only accepts with pleasure whatever may enliven her but exerts herself to contribute all that is in her power to the entertainment of others. She has still preserved enough from the wreck of her possessions to live elegantly, though not splendidly; and her table is remarkably well served. She has a son-in-law, M de Listenois, whom I did not see; but her remaining daughter, Madame de Listenois, is a very fine young woman. Madame de Souza has spent the whole summer with these ladies. She told me she liked England so very much, and was so happy during the six weeks she passed there, that she wept bitterly on quitting it. She was received, she says, at court in the most bewitching manner, and she delights in retracing her honours, and her sense of them. She is still so very handsome, though sickly and suffering, that I imagine she must then have been exquisitely beautiful. I am told, by a French officer who has served in Spain, M. de Meulan, that when she left that country she was reckoned the most celebrated beauty of Madrid.

I had another new acquaintance at Joigny, also, in a

lady who came from Auxerre, as she was pleased to say to see me, Madame La Villheurnois, widow of M. La Villheurnois, who was amongst the unhappy objects *déportés*, by the order of the Directory, *à la Guyane*. As soon as the first civilities were over, she said, "Permettez, Madame! connaissez vous Sidney?"* I could not doubt who she meant, though there is no avoiding a smile at this drolly concise way of naming a man by his nom de baptême. She was extremely surprised when I answered no; telling me she had concluded "que tout le monde en Angleterre" must know Sidney! Yes, I said, by character certainly; but personally I had never the gratification of meeting with him. She told me she was intimately acquainted with him herself, from seeing him continually when he was confined in the Temple, as she attended there her "malheureux époux;" and she saw also, she said, "son valet, et son jockey," whom she never suspected to be disguised emigrants, watching to aid his escape. "Surtout," she added, "comme le jockey avait des trous aux bas terribles;" which induced her daughter to buy him a new pair of stockings for charity. A gentleman who accompanied her to Joigny, her secretary, told me he had played at ball with Sidney every day for six months, while he also attended upon poor M. La Villheurnois.

When we parted, she begged me, as soon as I returned to England, "d'aller voir Sidney pour lui faire ses reproches de ce qu'il n'avait pas répondu à sa lettre," though she was sure it had been delivered to him, because her son had given it lui-même to "Spencer," when he passed through Paris on his return from Constantinople.

* Sir Sidney Smith.

Shall I never have done, you will say, with Joigny? Nay, you don't yet know what I could add: I could give you lists of the dinners with which M. d'Arblay's return was celebrated, that might grace a Lord Mayor's feast. But basta, basta.

F. D'A.

PART IX.

La Grippe, a prevailing Disease in France—Apprehensions of War—General Lauriston—War inevitable between England and France—M. d'Arblay's prospects in France—His *retraite*—Madame d'Arblay at Passy—M. d'Arblay receives Civil employment from the French Government—Dr. Burney dines with the Prince of Wales at Lord Melbourne's—Accomplishments of his Royal Highness—Dr. Burney's meeting with Mrs. Piozzi at Bath—Difficulties of Correspondence—Anxiety of Madame d'Arblay respecting her Friends in England—Her desire for a re-union—Dr. Burney a corresponding Member of the French Institute—Recollections of May-Day—Hopes of Peace—Joy of Madame d'Arblay on receiving a Letter from her Father—Her description of her Son—A delicious Banquet—Madame d'Arblay's fortitude—An Octogenarian Vocalist.

PART IX.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Passy, March 23, 1803.

No, my dearest Padre, *bumptious!*—no! I deny the charge *in toto.* I had not such a thought—or rather such a feel in the world; but 't was "very *disencouraging, Tommy*," to receive none of that coin which urged forth my merchandise!—for I had hoped some return in some of your narratory letters in which I so delight, and which nobody writes in so interesting a manner to *my gusto,* and which you used to enliven my retirement with occasionally in our tight little island. However, if it must not be expected, I will make up my mind the best I can to the good of the world, in this public monopolizer of a dictionary,* to which I should feel, I doubt not, less grudge, if it were more in my way.

I have been anxious to write since I received your last kind inquiries, my dearest Padre; but so tedious has been my seizure, that I have not yet got from its wraps or confinements. I feel, however, as if this were their last day, and that to-morrow would have the honour to see me abroad. I have had no fever, and no physician, and no important malady; but cold has fastened upon cold, so as utterly to imprison me.

* Dr. B. was then writing for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

La grippe, however, I escaped, so has Alex., and our [illegible] and helpers—and M. d'Arblay, who caught it latterly in his excursions to Paris, had it so slightly, that but for the fright attached to the seizure (which I thought would almost have demolished me at first, from the terror hanging on its very name at that fatal period) I should have deemed it a mere common cold. It is now universally over, but the mischief it has done is grievously irreparable. M. de la Harpe I mourn the most, and much regret never having seen. The Abbé Ricard, who had just published about half his translation of Plutarch, I was also very sorry for. I had dined in his company once, and he was my next neighbour; and so gentle, so quiet, so modest, so reserved, that he appeared an almost *singular* character in these times. Do you know his poem called *La Sphère*? I am really sorry he is gone,—and by an illness so insidious, that appeared to have so little authority for the havoc it made. Madame Trimouille, the lady of the house at Mousseau of which we occupied one *pavillon*, sank under it also, as did the mother-in-law of B——'s brother the doctor. It was a disastrous and frightful time. The streets of Paris were said to be as full of funerals as of cabriolets. For my own part, I have not once been able to enter that capital since I left it at the end of October. But I cannot help attributing much of the mortality which prevailed in consequence of this slight disease, to the unwholesome air occasioned by the dreadful want of cleanliness in that city, which, but for the healthiness of the beautiful and delicious walks around it, *i. e.*, Les Boulevards, must surely have proved pestilential. The air of our house at Passy is perfectly pure and sweet.

By never going to Paris, I have never, of course, seen our ambassador or his duchess. The very only thing that I regret not residing in Paris for, is my inability to go to his Excellency's chapel.

I send you a newspaper, to let you see *titles* can be *bestowed* here, as well as taken away.

M. d'Arblay is now making a last effort with respect to his *retraite*, which has languished in adjournment above a year. He has put it into the hands of a faithful and most amiable friend, now in high esteem with the Premier Consul, General Lauriston, who so kindly renewed an ancient friendship with his former *camarade* when he was on his splendid short embassy in England. If through him it should fail, I shall never think of it more.

To Mrs. Lock.

No. 54, Rue Basse, Passy, near Paris, April 30, 1803.

How to write I know not, at a period so tremendous —nor yet how to be silent. My dearest, dearest friends! if the war indeed prove inevitable, what a heart-breaking position is ours!—to explain it fully would demand folios, and yet be never so well done as you, with a little consideration, can do it for us. Who better than Mr. Lock and his Fredy—who so well can comprehend, that, where one must be sacrificed, the other will be yet more to be pitied?—I will not go on—I will talk only of you, till our fate must be determined. And M. d'Arblay, who only in the wide world loves his paternal uncle as well (we always except *ourselves* at Westminster), how tenderly does he

join in my every feeling! and how faithfully keep unimpaired all our best and happiest sympathies!

May 2nd. Better appearances in the political horizon now somewhat recruit my spirits, which have been quite indescribably tortured, rather than sunk, by the impossibility of any private arrangement for our mutual happiness in the dread event of War. God Almighty yet avert it! And should it fall to the lot of Lauriston to confirm the Peace, what a guardian angel upon earth I shall deem him! How I wish he could meet with you! he is so elegant in his manners he would immediately give you pleasure; and his countenance is so true in announcing him amiable, that you might look at him with trust as well as satisfaction.

He fills his very high and powerful post in this country with a modesty and moderation that keep aloof from him all the jealousy, envy, and calumny that usually attend such stations. He receives M. d'Arblay upon exactly the same terms of intimacy, regard, and equality as formerly, and always admits him, be his engagements ever so pressing, be who will present, or be the moment he can accord him ever so short or hurried.

M. de Lally has long been gone to Bordeaux, and with whom should he travel thither but Sir John Coghill! I saw that dear M. de Lally but very seldom, yet I regret his immense distance. My greatest regret is, however, for the Princesse d'Henin, who set off for Bordeaux eight months ago, and is not returned. I have had a charming and most feeling account from her of Madame La Tour du Pin, and her admirable, exemplary manner of passing her time, in the regulation of her family, the education of her

children, and the exertion of almost every virtue. Madame d'Henin finishes her letter with charging me to call her to the remembrance of those friends whom she so highly venerates, and whom she always flatters herself she yet shall visit again.

May 13. Ah, my dearest friends—what a melancholy end to my hopes and my letter. I have just heard that Lord Whitworth set off for Chantilly last night; war therefore seems inevitable; and my grief, I, who feel myself now of two countries, is far greater than I can wish to express. While posts are yet open, write to me, my beloved friend, and by Hamburgh. I trust we may still and regularly correspond, long as the letters may be in travelling. As our letters never treat but of our private concerns, health, and welfare, neither country can object to our intercourse. Let me not therefore lose a solace I shall more than ever require in this lengthened absence—an absence for which I was so little prepared, and to which I am so little able to reconcile myself. I can but pray for peace. My dearest friends will join the prayer, made with the whole troubled soul of their tenderly affectionate

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Passy, May 6, 1803.

IF my dearest father has the smallest idea of the suspense and terror in which I have spent this last fortnight, from the daily menace of war, he will be glad, I am sure, of the respite allowed me—if no more—from a visit I have just received from

Mrs. Huber, who assures me the Ambassador has postponed his setting off, and consented to send another courier. To say how I pray for his success would indeed be needless. I have hardly closed my eyes many nights past. My dearest father will easily conceive the varying conflicts of our minds, and how mutual are our sufferings. We have everywhere announced our intention to embrace you next October, the state of M. d'Arblay's affairs makes it impossible for him to indulge me sooner; but if the war takes place, the difficulties of procuring licence, passports, passage, and the ruinous length of travelling through Hamburgh, as well as the deadly sickness of so long a voyage—all these thoughts torment me night and day, and rest will, I fear, be a stranger to my eyes till the conflict is terminated; and then, whether it will bring me back rest, or added rest-robbing materials for destroying it, who can tell? At all events, let me intreat to hear from you, my beloved padre, as speedily as possible. Our last accounts of you were good, with regard to your recovery from the influenza. God grant you may be able to confirm the assurance of your re-establishment!

We were buoyed up here for some days with the hope that General Lauriston was gone to England as *plenipo,* to end the dread contest without new effusion of blood: but Paris, like London, teems with hourly false reports, and this intelligence, unhappily, was of the number. The continued kindness and friendship of that gentleman for M. d'Arblay make me take a warm interest in whatever belongs to him. About ten days ago, when M. d'Arblay called upon him, relative to the affair so long impending of his *retraite,*

he took his hand, and said, "*Fais-moi ton compliment.*" You are sure how heartily M. d'Arblay would be ready to comply—"but what," he demanded, "can be new to *you* of honours?" "I have succeeded," he answered, "for you!—the First Consul has signed your mémoire." When such delicacy is joined to warm attachment, my dearest father will not wonder I should be touched by it. The forms of the business, however, are not yet quite completed, but it has passed all the difficulties which could impede its conclusion. At any other time I should have announced this with far more spirit, but my heart is at present so oppressed with the still remaining fear of hostilities, that I can merely state the fact; and rejoice that—small, very small as it proves—M. d'Arblay has now something in his native country, where all other claims are vain, and all other expectations completely destroyed. He had been flattered with recovering some portion, at least, of his landed property near Joigny; but those who have purchased it during his exile add such enormous and unaccountable charges to what they paid for it at that period, that it is become, to us, wholly unattainable.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

May 14, 1803.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

THE enclosed missed the opportunity for which it was written, and now—the ambassador is gone. I am offered a place for this in a conveyance that follows him; and it is well something was ready, for I am incapable of writing now, further than expressing my ceaseless prayers for a speedy restoration of

peace. My dearest father!—how impossible to describe my distress. Had I any other partner upon earth I could hardly support it at all: but he suffers nearly as much as myself. He has just received the *retraite*, which is a mark of being under government protection, and that is much. You will easily, however, conceive how completely it makes it impossible for him to quit his country during a war. I need write nothing explanatory; and I cannot, in the disordered state of my nerves, from this bitter stroke, do more now than pray Heaven to bless and preserve my beloved father, and to restore the nations to peace, and me to his arms.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Passy, April 11, 1804.

We live in the most quiet, and, I think, enviable retirement. Our house is larger than we require, but not a quarter furnished. Our view is extremely pretty from it, and always cheerful; we rarely go out, yet always are pleased to return. We have our books, our prate, and our boy—how, with all this, can we, or ought we to suffer ourselves to complain of our narrowed and narrowing income? If we are still able to continue at Passy, endeared to me now beyond any other residence away from you all, by a friendship I have formed here with one of the sweetest women I have ever known, Madame de Maisonneuve, and to M. d'Arblay by similar sentiments for all her family, our philosophy will not be put to severer trials than it can sustain. And this engages us to bear a thousand small priva-

tions which we might, perhaps, escape, by shutting ourselves up in some spot more remote from the capital. But as my deprivation of the society of my friends is what I most lament, so something that approaches nearest to what I have lost affords me the best reparation.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Passy, May 29th, 1805.

BEFORE I expected it, my promised opportunity for again writing to my most dear father is arrived. I entirely forget whether, before the breaking out of the war stopt our correspondence, M. d'Arblay had already obtained his *retraite*; and, consequently, whether that is an event I have mentioned or not. Be that as it may, he now has it—it is 1500 livres, or £62. 10*s*. per annum. But all our resources from England ceasing with the peace, we had so little left from what we had brought over, and M. d'Arblay has found so nearly nothing remaining of his natural and hereditary claims in his own province, that he determined upon applying for some employment that might enable him to live with independence, however parsimoniously. This he has, with infinite difficulty, &c., at length obtained, and he is now a *redacteur* in the civil department of *les Batimens*, &c. This is no sinecure. He attends at his bureau from half past nine to half past four o'clock every day; and as we live so far off as Passy he is obliged to set off for his office between eight and nine. and does not return to his hermitage till past five. However, what necessity has urged us to desire and made him solicit, we must not, now acquired, name or

think of with murmuring or regret. He has the happiness to be placed amongst extremely worthy people; and those who are his *chefs* in office treat him with every possible mark of consideration and feeling.

We continue steady to our little cell at Passy, which is retired, quiet, and quite to ourselves, with a magnificent view of Paris from one side, and a beautiful one of the country on the other. It is unfurnished—indeed, unpapered, and every way unfinished; for our workmen, in the indispensable repairs which preceded our entering it, ran us up bills that compelled us to turn them adrift, and leave every thing at a stand, when three rooms only were made just habitable.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

July 12, 1805.

* * * * *

YOUR brother, Dr. Charles, and I, have had the honour last Tuesday of dining with the Prince of Wales at Lord Melbourne's, at the particular desire of H.R.H. He is so good-humoured and gracious to those against whom he has no party prejudice, that it is impossible not to be flattered by his politeness and condescension. I was astonished to find him, amidst such constant dissipation, possessed of so much learning, wit, knowledge of books in general, discrimination of character, as well as original humour. He quoted Homer in Greek to my son as readily as if the beauties of Dryden or Pope had been under consideration. And as to music, he is an excellent critic; has an enlarged taste—admiring whatever is good in its kind, of whatever age or country the composers or performers

may be; without, however, being insensible to the superior genius and learning necessary to some kinds of music more than others.

The conversation was general and lively, in which several of the company, consisting of eighteen or twenty, took a share, till towards the heel of the evening, or rather the *toe* of the morning; for we did not rise from table till one o'clock, when Lady Melbourne being returned from the opera with her daughters, coffee was ordered; during which H.R.H. took me aside and talked exclusively about music near half an hour, and as long with your brother concerning Greek literature. He is a most excellent mimic of well-known characters: had we been in the dark any one would have sworn that Dr. Parr and Kemble were in the room. Besides being possessed of a great fund of original humour, and *good humour*, he may with truth be said to have as much wit as Charles II., with much more learning—for his merry majesty could spell no better than the *bourgeois gentil-homme*.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

June 12, 1808.

MY DEAR FANNY,

THE complaint made in one of two short notes I have received, of letters never answered, old Charles returns, as his account of family affairs, he finds, has never reached you. Indeed, for the last two or three years, I have had nothing *good* to say of *own self*, and I peremptorily charged all the rest of the family to say nothing *bad* on the subject of health, for I never understood the kindness of alarming distant

friends with accounts of severe illness, as we may be recovered or dead before the information reaches them.

Last autumn I had an alarming seizure in my left hand; and, mine being pronounced a *Bath case*, on Christmas Eve I set out for that city, extremely weak and dispirited—put myself under the care of Dr. Parry, and after remaining there three months I found my hand much more alive, and my general health considerably amended.

During my invalidity at Bath I had an unexpected visit from your Streatham friend, of whom I had lost sight for more than ten years. I saw very few people, but none of an evening nor of a morning, on the days my hand was pumped on. When her name was sent in I was much surprised, but desired she might be admitted; and I received her as an old friend with whom I had spent much time very happily, and never wished to quarrel. She still looks well, but is grave, and candour itself, though still she says good things, and writes admirable notes and letters, I am told, to my granddaughters C. and M., of whom she is very fond. We shook hands very cordially, and avoided any allusion to our long separation and its cause; the *Caro Sposo* still lives, but is such an object from the gout that the account of his sufferings made me pity him sincerely; he wished, she told me, "to see his old and worthy friend," and, *un beau matin*, I could not refuse compliance with his wish. She nurses him with great affection and tenderness, never goes out or has company when he is in pain. God bless you and yours, prays—

Your very affectionate Padre.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney, Chelsea.

ce 16 Septembre, 1807.

MY MOST DEAR FATHER,

I HAVE just received a kind offer to send a few lines to the spot whence my most ardent wishes are to receive many, but whence the handwriting that most of all I sigh to behold has not blessed my sight since the return of Madame de Cadignan. Nor have I ever heard whether the last six letters I have written have as yet been received. Two of them were antiques that had waited three or four years some opportunity; a third was concerning the Institute, and M. le Breton's wish to see you installed one of the foreign members and correspondents; the two last were to reach you through a voyage by America, and therefore may not yet be arrived. I do not count the few lines sent by Maria, though to obtain even a smaller mite myself would fill me with joy and thankfulness.

21 *Août*, 1808.—The expected opportunity for which I had strung this lamentable list of unacknowledged claims, nearly a twelvemonth since, failed; another at this moment offers—may it prove more propitious! Could it but rebound to me with news of your health, such as it conveys from hence of ours, how should I bless it! But an intercourse such as that must wait for other blessings than mine—the blessings of peace — and those, the whole wounded universe would surely join to hail. My paper is so stinted, and my time so limited, that I can begin no regular account of our proceedings, which, indeed, have but little varied since we lost Maria. O that any one could give me

here the history of yours! I am in such terrible arrears of all such knowledge that I know not who will ever undertake to pay me. My last intelligence was that you were well, my dearest father, and that the family at large, in that at least, imitated you. But details—none, none reach me! I have a bitter anxiety of suspense upon some subjects very near my heart. Not even the loved names of any of my family now reach me; Esther, James, Charles, Charlotte, Sally, with all their younger selves, and Richard and his boys, all are sounds strange to my ears, and my beloved friends of Norbury are banished thence with the same rigour! I am sad, sad indeed, at this deprivation: though in all else I am still and constantly happy, for in my two faithful companions I find sympathy in all my feelings, and food, sweet food for all my hopes.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

September, 1808.

AFTER being so long robbed of all means of writing to my beloved father, I seize, with nearly as much surprise as gratitude, a second opportunity of addressing him almost before the first can have brought my hand to his sight. When will some occasion offer to bring me back—not my revenge, but my first and most coveted satisfaction? With how much more spirit, also, should I write, if I knew what were received of what already I have scrawled! Volumes, however, must have been told you, of what in other times I should have written, by Maria. For myself, when once a re-

union takes place, I can scarcely conceive which will be hardest worked, my talking faculties or my listening ones. O what millions of things I want to inquire and to know! The *rising generation*, methinks, at least, might keep me some letters and packets ready for occasional conveyances. I should be grateful beyond measure. M. d'Arblay writes—" how desired is, how happy shall be, the day, in which we shall receive your dearest blessing and embrace! Pray be so kind not to forget the mate, always remembering your kindness for him and his. A thousand thousand loves to *all*."

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

March 28, 1810.

HAVE you received, my dearest father, the honour designed you by the Institute? The worthy M. le Breton, *Secrétaire Perpétuel*, entered your name upon the first vacancy the moment we informed him you would be sensible to such a distinction. I have never but once, as yet, been to the Institution: and that once was upon the occasion of the reception of M. de Tracy, with whom and with all his amiable family we are very much connected. He made a very good discourse, which he sent me a day or two after; and it was replied to by M. de Segur, now *Grand Maître des Cérémonies*, admirably in a discourse, which he also has had the goodness to send me in a very elegant letter from his charming wife, a lady who, though now a grandmother, retains the beauty of twenty-five, and the grace and attraction of eighteen years of age. You are always remembered here, and named with pleasure by

M. Suard and M. l'Abbé Morellet, both of whom we meet chez Madame de Tessé, one of the most *spirituelle* and *instruite*, and charming of women, though so little in her bloom that she has been married a second time to her first husband after a trial how she liked the state with him of fifty years. Adieu, dearest, most dear Sir! Oh that our approaching rejoicings may announce us some prospect of peace! I entreat to be remembered most affectionately to all my dear family and my friends, and to be kept always warm in the heart of my beloved father, who preserves an unalterable place in that of his dutiful and devoted

F. D'A.

P.S. M. d'Arblay conjures you to retain all your goodness for him. It cannot easily, dear Sir, be better bestowed.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

No. 13, Rue d'Anjou, Paris, May 1, 1810.

A HAPPY May-day to my dearest father! Sweet-scented be the cowslips which approach his nostrils! lovely and rosy the milkmaids that greet his eyes, and animating as they are noisy the marrow-bones and cleavers that salute his ears! Dear, and even touching, are these anniversary recollections where distance and absence give them existence only in the memory! and, at this moment, to hear and see them I would exchange all the Raphaels in our Museum, and the new and beautiful composition of Paesiello in the chapel. The pleasure of admiration is so relative that no intrinsic merit can awaken it like our proper inter-

ests. Yet I need not fear *you* will think me insensible to the noble works here exhibited. Oh, no! You, my dearest father, will unfold all my meaning, and enter into every feeling that makes even excellence vapid, which we can only witness through separation from those we love.

Could you but send me a little food for the hope now in private circulation that the new alliance of the Emperor may perhaps extend to a general alliance of all Europe, Oh, heaven! how would that brighten my faculties of enjoyment! I should run about to see all I have hitherto omitted to seek, with the ardent curiosity of a traveller newly arrived; and I should hasten to review and consider all I have already beheld, with an alertness of vivacity that would draw information from every object I have as yet looked at with undiscerning tameness. Oh, such a gleam of light would new-model or re-model me, and I should make you present to all my sights, and partake of all the wonders that surround me!

Were not this cruel obscurity so darkening to my views, and so depressing to my spirits, I could tell my dearest father many things that might amuse him, and detail to him, in particular, my great and rare happiness in a point the most essential, after domestic comforts, to peace of mind and cheerfulness, namely, my good fortune in my adopted friends in this my adopted country. The society in which I mix, when I can prevail with myself to quit my yet dearer fireside, is all that can be wished, whether for wit, wisdom, intelligence, gaiety, or politeness. The individuals with whom I chiefly mix, from being admired at first for their talents or amiability, are now sincerely loved for

their kindness and goodness. Could I write more frequently, or with more security that I write not to the winds and the waves, I would characterize the whole set to you, and try to make us yet shake hands in the same party. I have heard of this opportunity so suddenly that I have not a moment for extending my use of it to my dear sisters, brothers, and friends, except through your goodness, which must again fabricate messages to all and every one from the materials you well know to be in my heart, and which no one can draw forth and disseminate with equal justness.

M. d'Arblay is at his office, and knows nothing of this offer; he is well, but thinner, *much,* and overworked, terribly, at this moment. Alex. is writing on the same table, but not quite so familiarly nor so glibly, for he is preparing twenty lines of Euripides for his master. Heaven bless my ever dear father, prays his

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

No. 13, Rue d'Anjou, Paris, ce 16 Sept. 1810.

CAN I tell you, my dearest father!—oh, no! I can never tell you—the pleasure, the rapture with which I received your letter by Madame Solvyns. It had been so cruelly long since I had heard from you, so anxious and suffering a space since I had seen your handwriting, that, when at last it came, I might have seemed, to one who did not know me, rather penetrated by sudden affliction than by joy. But how different was all within to what appeared without! My partner-[illegible] received it at his bureau, and felt an impatience

so unconquerable to communicate so extreme a pleasure that he quitted everything to hasten home; for he was incapable of going on with his business. How satisfactory, also, is all the intelligence! how gaily, with what spirit written! I have not been able to give the joy to Madame Solvyns, whom I have not the pleasure to know, nor have ever even seen, though I am well disposed to admire, after your agreeable picture of her, and the great obligation I owe to her. I have sent your message to M. Suard by a lady with whom he is particularly acquainted, and who assures me *qu'il a été bien touché* by your remembrance. With regard to the Institute, my dearest Sir, you are nominated correspondent in the class 'des Beaux Arts.' The Secrétaire Perpétuel, M. le Breton, has been so good as to bring to me himself the form of your nomination. He has received the letter you wrote of acceptance, and with perfect approvance. I am soon to meet M. Suard at the house of the lady I have mentioned, and I shall then make the enquiries you desire, of books and authors. I do nothing of late but dream of seeing you, my most dear father. I think I dream it wide awake, too; the desire is so strong that it pursues me night and day, and almost persuades me it has something in it of reality: and I do not choose to discourage even ideal happiness. But my poor mate dreams no such dreams: his bureau is of a business too substantial to allow of castle-building in the air. *My* castles are rather upon the sea; pray for me that they be not all drowned.

Adieu, most dear Sir,

Your own

F. D'A.

P.S. Alex. will venture to write for himself. My married nieces, with all their charms, and all their merits, and all their bambinos, are most unnatural little chits never to ask my consent first, nor my benediction afterwards. Will they wait till their little ones give them a better example?

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock.

No. 13, Rue d'Anjou, Paris, 16 Sept. 1810.

Should this reach you, my ever dearest friend, may it urge you to prepare me at least a similar slip, and my Amine another, for the first possible opportunity to be left at my dear father's. It is so long, so dreadfully long, since I have had the blessing to see your beloved handwritings, that methinks if your names only arrived I should feel a joy past description.

When, when, may I embrace you again! I think of late of nothing else. I form projects, and dream dreams. Oh, dearest friends, give me your prayers I may not dream only always!

My excellent mate, toujours the same, has not less desire, but is still wider from probability. His health is not all I could wish—it is preserved with watchfulness, but cannot bear neglect. Alex. is thin and pale, but strong and without complaint. He is terribly singular, and more what they here call *sauvage* than any creature I ever beheld. He is untameably wild, and averse to all the forms of society. Where he can have got such a rebel humour we conceive not; but it costs him more to make a bow than to resolve six difficult

problems of algebra, or to repeat twelve pages from Euripides; and as to making a civil speech, he would sooner renounce the world.

How should I delight to see my dearest friends encircled by all their lovely tribes! *Two* letters I have received, but long, long since, from my indulgent Amine; so sweetly satisfactory, so dwelling on interesting details, so descriptive of all I most wish to see and know, that for many months even, after reading them, I thought and felt myself *au fait* with all that passed, and no longer a stranger to all your proceedings, your interests, your affairs, and your bosom-feelings. But why have I not my dear Augusta's letter? I beseech that it may be sent to Chelsea; occasions there present themselves sometimes; rarely, indeed, but yet sometimes. How kind of her to have written! No matter for the date; all will still, alas! to me be new; for I hear so seldom, and after such chasms, that a letter of six years ago will stand a chance to give me as much intelligence as one written last week.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

No. 13, Rue d'Anjou, 14th April, 1811.

MANY, or rather countless, as are the times that the sight of the handwriting of my dearest father has brought joy to my heart, it never yet, methinks, proved so truly a balsam as this last time of its blessing me.

Seated round our wood fire by one, by two, by three, we gave to it a whole evening, stopping upon every phrase, commenting upon every paragraph, and I, the

reader, indulging them and myself by expounding and dilating upon every allusion, quotation, and family story or saying. It was therefore a long and delicious banquet; and we have agreed to lock it up, and take it out again once in every three months for another family reading, till another arrives.

I yield, dearest Sir, implicitly to your decision, and my dear sisters and brothers, with respect to the worthy Letty, upon one condition—that you do not let a too delicate consideration for us deprive the good soul of our little assistance should any change of circumstances, or any unfortunate increase of infirmity or ill health, make the mite of more consequence. I beg, through your means, to put the management of *this solution*, as Mr. Tyers called every doubt, into the hands of our just and feeling Esther, who sees her the oftenest, and will soon find if the small addition, eventually, may become more important; and pray tell my dear Esther that we graciously forgive her "worldly and grovelling" spirit for us, if we may depend upon her accepting carte blanche for amending it, should occasion invite any change.

Have you received the letter in which I related that your diploma has been brought to me by the perpetual secretary of the class of the Fine Arts of the Institute of France? I shall not have it conveyed but by some very certain hand, and that, now, is most difficult to find. M. le Breton has given me, also, a book of the list of your *camarades*, in which he has written your name. He says it will be printed in next year's register. He has delivered to me, moreover, a medal, which is a mark of distinction reserved for peculiar honour to peculiar select personages. Do you suppose

I do not often—often—often think who would like, and be fittest to be the bearer to you of these honours?

I am heartily glad Mrs. Hawkins has recovered her property, though I had never heard it had been lost or disputed. So many letters have failed to reach me, that some seem like the second volume of a book which comes to hand before the first. *Lady Keith*—is it *Miss Thrale,* or one of her sisters? Whichever it is, I am glad of her kind remembrance, and most cordially hope she is happy. If she would write, and leave a letter with you, some favourable packet might enclose it.

I have not met M. Suard for many months, but I have sent him and his lady your kind words by M. Lally Tolendal, and they have both expressed themselves highly gratified by your remembrance. The Abbé Morellet, now 85 or 86, walks about Paris like a young man, and preserves his spirits, memory, and pleasure in existence, and has a *bookery* in such elegant order that people beg to go and see it, as they do to visit that of a certain *other* member of les beaux arts of our Institute.

How kind was the collection of letters you made more precious by *endorsing!* I beseech you to thank all my dear correspondents, and to bespeak their patience for answers, which shall arrive by every wind that I can make blow their way; but yet more, beseech their generous attention to my impatience for more, should the wind blow fair for *me* before it will let me hail them in return. Difficultly can they figure to themselves my joy—my emotion at receiving letters from such dates as they can give me!

1811.

[DURING this year Madame d'Arblay's correspondence with her English connexions was interrupted not only by the difficulty of conveying letters, but also by a dangerous illness and the menace of a cancer, from which she could only be relieved by submitting to a painful and hazardous operation. The fortitude with which she bore this suffering, and her generous solicitude for Monsieur d'Arblay and those around her, excited the warmest sympathy in all who heard of her trial, and her French friends universally gave her the name of *L'Ange*; so touched were they by her tenderness and magnanimity.]

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney, Chelsea.

Rue d'Anjou, No. 8, Paris, May 29, 1812.

A FRIEND of Maria's has just promised me to convey to her a letter which I may direct. I snatch the happy opportunity to enclose it in a few lines to my dearest father, who will forward it to Bath Easton with my best love.

Immense as is the distance between a letter and an interview, where the dearer is unattainable, its *succedaneum* becomes more precious than those who enjoy both can believe, or even conceive. O my dearest father, let no possible conveyance pass without giving me the sight of your hand, if it be but by your signature.

We are well, and Alex., latterly, has taken the good turn of approaching nearer in personal resemblance to his father; for, from being extremely little of his age, he is now suddenly grown to a goodly size.

I have seen, at length, Madame Solvyns; I think her charming, gay, spirited, natural, and agreeable. Various circumstances had prevented our meeting till the other day; and then, how did we talk of my dearest father! She is truly worthy of the subject, for she says she sees nothing perfect without recollecting him. "He is *so French in his manners!* so attentive, so polite, so pleasing!—it 's so rarely one sees an Englishman, however good and excellent, so charmingly well bred and engaging."

Monsieur Guinguiné, whom you inquired after in one of your letters, is well and flourishing. I have never seen him, which I regret, since you have known him; but he is much acquainted at a house where I visit with very particular pleasure, M. de Tracy's, and where I hope one day to meet him. I have all my old horror of *arranged* encounters, or Madame de Tracy would instantly contrive one; but they always seem to me formidable, and I leave all my meetings to chance.

M. d'A. saw lately our justly celebrated De Lille, and amongst other subjects he mentioned his knowledge of my dear father, and spoke of him in warm terms of admiration and regard. This leads me to inquire after Mrs. Crewe. It is very long since I have heard of her.

Monsieur Suard is still as active in literature, as much sought in society, and as alive in the world as when you knew him. The Abbé Morellet, about five years ago, sung me a ballad of his own composition, at the house of Madame de Tessé, that he made upon completing his 80th year; it was gay, touching, amusing, and informing. I will endeavour to get you a copy. He is now member of the *Corps Législatif*, and no-

the entertainment of his numerous friends, wears, when in *grand costume*, a sword. He is quite well, cheerful, spirited, and chattily agreeable; and still tall and upright. I am charmed to see how literature, as well as astronomy, is long of life.

Adieu, my most dear Sir. My old visions of again seeing you, and being blest with your blessing, revisit again my slumbers. O give them your prayers!

For your devotedly affectionate and dutiful,

F. d'Arblay.

My tenderest love to all my dears: my two that are my constant consolation and support send you theirs with the most dutiful respect.

PART X.

Madame d'Arblay desirous of visiting her Friends in England—Fouché—A Disappointment—She prepares to take her Son with her—Commissions—Detained at Dunkirk—The French Government permit her Manuscripts to be forwarded to her—Spanish Prisoners—Her sympathy towards them—Examination at the Police Office—Sails from Dunkirk—The Vessel captured by the English—Landing in England—Recognition of her Brother—Arrival at Chelsea—Saddening change in Dr. Burney.

PART X.

JOURNAL FROM PARIS TO LONDON.

Dunkirk, 1812.

THERE are few events of my life that I more regret not having committed to paper while they were fresher in my memory, than my police-adventure at Dunkirk, the most fearful that I have ever experienced, though not, alas, the most afflicting, for terror, and even horror, are short of deep affliction; while they last they are, nevertheless, absorbers; but once past, whether ill or well, they are over, and from them, as from bodily pain, the animal spirits can rise uninjured: not so from that grief which has its source in irremediable calamity; from that there is no rising, no relief, save in hopes of eternity: for here on earth all buoyancy of mind that might produce the return of peace, is sunk for ever. I will now, however, put down all that recurs to me of my first return home.

In the year 1810, when I had been separated from my dear father, and country, and native friends, for eight years, my desire to again see them became so anxiously impatient that my tender companion proposed my passing over to England alone, to spend a month or two at Chelsea. Many females at that period, and amongst them the young Duchesse de

Duras, had contrived to procure passports for a short similar excursion; though no male was permitted, under any pretence, to quit France, save with the army.

Reluctantly—with all my wishes in favour of the scheme—yet most reluctantly, I accepted the generous offer; for never did I know happiness away from that companion, no, not even out of his sight! but still, I was consuming with solicitude to see my revered father—to be again in his kind arms, and receive his kind benediction.

For this all was settled, and I had obtained my passport, which was brought to me without my even going to the police office, by the especial favour of M. le Breton the Secrétaire Perpétuel *à l'Institut.* The ever active services of M. de Narbonne aided this peculiar grant; though, had not Bonaparte been abroad with his army at the time, neither the one nor the other would have ventured at so hardy a measure of assistance. But whenever Bonaparte left Paris, there was always an immediate abatement of severity in the police; and Fouché, though he had borne a character dreadful beyond description in the earlier and most horrible times of the Revolution, was, at this period, when *Ministre de la Police*, a man of the mildest manners, the most conciliatory conduct, and of the easiest access in Paris. He had least the glare of the new imperial court of any one of its administration; he affected, indeed, all the simplicity of a plain Republican. I have often seen him strolling in the most shady and unfrequented parts of the *Elysian Fields*, muffled up in a plain brown rocolo, and giving *le bras* to his wife, without suite or servant, merely taking the

air, with the evident design of enjoying also an unmolested tête-à-tête. On these occasions, though he was universally known, nobody approached him; and he seemed, himself, not to observe that any other person was in the walks. He was said to be remarkably agreeable in conversation, and his person was the best fashioned and most gentlemanly of any man I have happened to see, belonging to the government. Yet, such was the impression made upon me by the dreadful reports that were spread of his cruelty and ferocity at Lyons, that I never saw him but I thrilled with horror. How great, therefore, was my obligation to M. de Narbonne and to M. le Breton, for procuring me a passport, without my personal application to a man from whom I shrunk as from a monster.

I forget now for what spot the passport was nominated—perhaps for Canada. but certainly not for England; and M. le Breton, who brought it to me himself, assured me that no difficulty would be made for me either to go or to return, as I was known to have lived a life the most inoffensive to government, and perfectly free from all species of political intrigue. and as I should leave behind me such sacred hostages as my husband and my son.

Thus armed, and thus authorized, I prepared, quietly and secretly, for my expedition, while my generous mate employed all his little leisure in discovering where and how I might embark; when, one morning, when I was bending over my trunk to press in its contents, I was abruptly broken in upon by M. de Boinville who was in my secret, and who called upon me to stop! He had received certain, he said, though as yet unpublished information, that a universal embargo was laid upon

every vessel, and that not a fishing-boat was permitted to quit the coast.

Confounded, affrighted, disappointed, and yet relieved, I submitted to the blow, and obeyed the injunction. M. de Boinville then revealed to me the new political changes that occasioned this measure, which he had learned from some confiding friends in office; but which I do not touch upon, as they are now in every history of those times.

I pass on to my second attempt, in the year 1812. Disastrous was that interval! All correspondence with England was prohibited under pain of death! One letter only reached me, most unhappily, written with unreflecting abruptness, announcing, without preface, the death of the Princess Amelia, the new and final derangement of the King, and the death of Mr. Lock. Three such calamities overwhelmed me, overwhelmed us both, for Mr. Lock, my revered Mr. Lock, was as dear to my beloved partner as to myself. Poor Mrs. * * * concluded these tidings must have already arrived, but her fatal letter gave the first intelligence, and no other letter, at that period, found its way to me. She sent hers, I think, by some trusty returned prisoner.

She little knew my then terrible situation; hovering over my head was the stiletto of a surgeon for a menace of cancer; yet, till that moment, hope of escape had always been held out to me by the Baron de Larrey — hope which, from the reading of that fatal letter, became extinct.

When I was sufficiently recovered for travelling, after a dreadful operation, my plan was resumed; but with an alteration which added infinitely to its interest,

as well as to its importance. Bonaparte was now engaging in a new war, of which the aim and intention was no less than—the conquest of the world. This menaced a severity of conscription to which Alexander, who had now spent ten years in France, and was seventeen years of age, would soon become liable. His noble father had relinquished all his own hopes and emoluments in the military career, from the epoch that his king was separated from his country; though that career had been his peculiar choice, and was suited peculiarly to the energy of his character, the vigour of his constitution, his activity, his address, his bravery, his spirit of resource, never overset by difficulty nor wearied by fatigue—all which combination of military requisites—

"The eye could in a moment reach,
And read depicted in his martial air."

But his high honour, superior to his interest, superior to his inclination, and ruling his whole conduct with unremitting, unalienable constancy, impelled him to prefer the hard labour and obscure drudgery of working at a *Bureau* of the Minister of the Interior, to any and every advantage or promotion that could be offered him in his own immediate and favourite line of life, when no longer compatible with his allegiance and loyalty. To see, therefore, his son bear arms in the very cause that had been his ruin—bear arms against the country which had given himself as well as his mother, birth, would indeed have been heart-breaking. We agreed, therefore, that Alexander should accompany me to England, where, I flattered myself, I might safely deposit him, while I returned to await, by the

side of my husband, the issue of the war, in the fervent hope that it would prove our restoration to liberty and re-union.

My second passport was procured with much less facility than the first. Fouché was no longer Minister of Police, and, strange to tell, Fouché, who, till he became that minister, had been held in horror by all France—all Europe, conducted himself with such conciliatory mildness to all ranks of people while in that office, evinced such an appearance of humanity, and exerted such an undaunted spirit of justice in its execution, that at his dismission all Paris was in affliction and dismay! Was this from the real merit he had shown in his police capacity? Or was it from a yet greater fear of malignant cruelty awakened by the very name of his successor, Savary, Duke of Rovigo?*

Now, as before, the critical moment was seized by my friends to act for me when Bonaparte had left Paris to proceed towards the scene of his next destined enterprise: and he was, I believe, already at Dresden when my application was made. My kind friend Madame de T— - here took the agency which M. de Narbonne could no longer sustain, as he was now attending the Emperor, to whom he had been made aide-de-camp, and through her means, after many difficulties and delays, I obtained a licence of departure for myself and for Alexander For what place, nominally, my passport was assigned, I do not recollect, I think, for Newfoundland, but certainly for some part of the coast of America. Yet everybody at the police office saw and knew that

* The reputed assassin of the Duke d'Enghien.

England was my object. They connived, nevertheless, at the accomplishment of my wishes, with significant though taciturn consciousness.

From all the friends whom I dared trust with my secret expedition, I had commissions for London; though merely verbal, as I was cautioned to take no letters. No one, at that time, could send any to England by the post. I was charged by sundry persons to write for them, and in their names, upon my arrival. Madame de Tracy begged me to discover the address of her sister-in-law, Madame de Civrac, who had emigrated into the wilds of Scotland, and of whom she anxiously wished for some intelligence. This occasioned my having a little correspondence with her, which I now remark because she is named as one of the principal *Dames de la Société* by Madame de Genlis. Madame d'Astorre desired me to find out her father, M. le Comte de Cely, and to give him news of her and her children. This I did, and received from the old gentleman some visits, and many letters. Madame la Princesse de Chimay entrusted me with a petition—a verbal one, to the Prince of Wales, in favour of the Duc de Fitz-james, who, in losing his wife, had lost an English pension. This I was to transmit to his Royal Highness by means of the Duchess Dowager of Buccleugh; who was also entreated to make known the Duke's situation to M. d'Escars, who was in the immediate service of Louis XVIII.; for M. d'Escars I had a sort of cipher from Madame de Chimay, to authenticate my account.

Our journey—Alexander's and mine—from Paris to Dunkirk was sad, from the cruel separation which it exacted, and the fearful uncertainty of impending

events: though I was animated at times into the liveliest sensations, in the prospect of again beholding my father, my friends, and my country.

General d'Arblay, through his assiduous researches, aided by those of M. de Boinville and some others, found that a vessel was preparing to sail from Dunkirk to Dover, under American colours, and with American passports and licence, and, after privately landing such of its passengers as meant but to cross the Channel to proceed to the western continents. M. d'Arblay found, at the same time, six or seven persons of his acquaintance who were to embark in this vessel, namely, Madame and Mademoiselle de Cocherelle, Madame de Carbonière, Madame de Roncherolle, Madame de Caillebot and her son and daughter, the two Miss Potts, and Mrs. Gregory.

We all met, and severally visited at Dunkirk, where I was compelled, through the mismanagement and misconduct of the captain of the vessel, to spend the most painfully wearisome six weeks of my life, for they kept me alike from all that was dearest to me, either in France or in England, save my Alexander. I was twenty times on the point of returning to Paris, but whenever I made known that design, the captain promised to sail the next morning. The truth is, he postponed the voyage from day to day and from week to week, in the hope of obtaining more passengers; and, as the clandestine visit he meant to make to Dover, *in his way to America*, was whispered about, reinforcements very frequently encouraged his cupidity.

The *ennui* of having no positive occupation was now, for the first time, known to me: for though the first object of my active cares was with me, it was not as if

that object had been a daughter, and always at my side; it was a youth of seventeen, who, with my free consent, sought whatever entertainment the place could afford, to while away fatigue. He ran, therefore, wildly about at his pleasure, to the quay, the dockyard, the sea, the suburbs, the surrounding country; but chiefly, his time was spent in skipping to the 'Mary Ann,' our destined vessel, and seeing its preparations for departure.

To stroll about the town, to call upon my fellow-sufferers, to visit the principal shops, and to talk with the good Dutch people while I made slight purchases, was all I could devise to do that required action.

When I found our stay indefinitely protracted, it occurred to me that if I had the papers of a work which I had then in hand, they might afford me an occupation to while away my truly vapid and uninteresting leisure. I wrote this idea to my *partner in all*—as M. de Talleyrand had called M. d'Arblay; and, with a spirit that was always in its first youth where any service was to be performed, he waited on M. de Saulnier at the police office, and made a request that my manuscripts might be sent after me, with a permission that I might also be allowed to carry them with me on board the ship. He durst not say to England, whither no vessel was supposed to sail; but he would not, to M. de Saulnier, who palpably connived at my plan and purpose, say America. M. de Saulnier made many enquiries relative to these papers; but on being assured, upon honour, that the work had nothing in it political, nor even national, nor possibly offensive to the government, he took the single word of M. d'Ar-

'blay, whose noble countenance and dauntless openness of manner were guarantees of sincerity that wanted neither seals nor bonds, and invested him with the power to send me what papers he pleased, without demanding to examine, or even to see them — a trust so confiding and so generous, that I have regretted a thousand times the want of means to acknowledge it according to its merit.

This work was 'The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties,' of which nearly three volumes were finished. They arrived, nevertheless, vainly for any purpose at Dunkirk; the disturbance of my suspensive state incapacitating me for any composition, save of letters to my best friend, to whom I wrote, or dictated by Alexander, every day; and every day was only supported by the same kind diurnal return. But when, at length, we were summoned to the vessel, and our goods and chattels were conveyed to the custom-house, and when the little portmanteau was produced, and found to be filled with manuscripts, the police officer who opened it began a rant of indignation and amazement at a sight so unexpected and prohibited, that made him incapable to enquire or to hear the meaning of such a freight. He sputtered at the mouth, and stamped with his feet, so forcibly and vociferously, that no endeavours of mine could induce him to stop his accusations of traitorous designs, till, tired of the attempt, I ceased both explanation and entreaty, and stood before him with calm taciturnity. Wanting, then the fresh fuel of interruption or opposition, his fire and fury evaporated into curiosity to know what I could offer. Yet even then, though my account staggered his violence into some degree of civility, he

evidently deemed it, from its very nature, incredible; and this fourth child of my brain had undoubtedly been destroyed ere it was born, had I not had recourse to an English merchant, Mr. Gregory, long settled at Dunkirk, to whom, happily, I had been recommended, as to a person capable, in any emergence, to afford me assistance; he undertook the responsibility; and the letter of M. d'Arblay, containing the licence of M. de Saulnier, was then all-sufficient for my manuscripts and their embarkation.

The second event I have to relate I never even yet recollect without an inward shuddering. In our walks out of the town, on the borders of the Ocean, after passing beyond the dockyard or wharf, we frequently met a large party of Spanish prisoners, well escorted by *gens d'armes*, and either going to their hard destined labour, or returning from it for repast or repose. I felt deeply interested by them, knowing they were men with and for whom our own English and the immortal Wellington were then fighting: and this interest induced me to walk on the bank by which they were paraded to and fro, as often as I could engage Alexander, from his other pursuits, to accompany me. Their appearance was highly in their favour, as well as their situation; they had a look calmly intrepid, of concentrated resentment, yet unalterable patience. They were mostly strong-built and vigorous; of solemn, almost stately deportment, and with fine dark eyes, full of meaning, rolling around them as if in watchful expectation of insult; and in a short time they certainly caught from my countenance an air of sympathy, for they gave me, in return, as we passed one another, a glance that spoke grateful consciousness. I followed them to the

place of their labour; though my short-sightedness would not let me distinguish what they were about, whether mending fortifications, dykes, banks, parapets, or what not: and I durst not use my glass, lest I should be suspected as a spy. We only strolled about in their vicinity, as if merely visiting and viewing the sea.

The weather—it was now August—was so intensely hot, the place was so completely without shade, and their work was so violent, that they changed hands every two hours, and those who were sent off to recruit were allowed to cast themselves upon the burnt and straw-like grass, to await their alternate summons. This they did in small groups, but without venturing to solace their rest by any species of social intercourse. They were as taciturn with one another as with their keepers and taskmasters.

One among them there was who wore an air of superiority, grave and composed yet decided, to which they all appeared to bow down with willing subserviency, though the distinction was only demonstrated by an air of profound respect whenever they approached or passed him, for discourse held they none. One morning, when I observed him seated at a greater distance than usual from his overseers, during his hour of release, I turned suddenly from my walk as if with a view to bend my way homewards, but contrived, while talking with Alexander and looking another way, to slant my steps close to where he sat surrounded by his mute adherents, and to drop a handful of small coin nearly under the elbow upon which, wearily, he was reclining. We proceeded with alertness, and talking together aloud; but Alexander perceived this apparent chief evidently moved by what I had done, though forbear-

ing to touch the little offering, which, however, his companions immediately secured.

After this I never met him that he did not make me a slight but expressive bow. This encouraged me to repeat the poor little tribute of compassion, which I soon found he distributed, as far as it would go, to the whole set, by the kindly looks with which every one thenceforward greeted me upon every meeting. Yet he whom we supposed to be some chief, and who palpably discovered it was himself I meant to distinguish, never touched the money, nor examined what was taken up by the others, who, on their part, nevertheless seemed but to take charge of it in trust.

We were now such good friends, that this became more than ever my favourite walk; and these poor unhappy captives never saw me without brightening up into a vivacity of pleasure that was to me a real exhilaration.

We had been at Dunkirk above five weeks, when one evening, having a letter of consequence to send to Paris, I begged Alexander to carry it to the Post himself, and to deposit me upon the quay, and there to join me. As the weather was very fine I stood near the sea, wistfully regarding the element on which depended all my present hopes and views. But presently my meditations were interrupted, and my thoughts diverted from mere self by the sudden entrance, in a large body, of my friends the Spanish prisoners, who all bore down to the very place where I was stationed, evidently recognising me, and eagerly showing that it was not without extreme satisfaction. I saw their approach, in return, with lively pleasure, for, the quay being, I suppose, a place of certain security, they were unencum-

bered by their usual *turnkeys*, the gens d'armes, and this freedom, joined to their surprise at my sight, put them also off their guard, and they flocked round though not near me, and hailed me with smiles, bows, and hands put upon their breasts. I now took courage to speak to them, partly in French, partly in English, for I found they understood a little of both those languages. I inquired whence they came, and whether they knew General Wellington. They smiled and nodded at his name, and expressed infinite delight in finding I was English; but though they all, by their head movements, entered into discourse, my friend the chief was the only one who attempted to answer me.

When I first went to France, being continually embarrassed for terms, I used constantly to apply to M. d'Arblay for aid, till Madame de Tessé charged him to be quiet, saying that my looks filled up what my words left short, "*de sorte que*," she added, "*nous la devinons*;" this was the case between my Spaniards and myself, and we *deviné-d* one another so much to our mutual satisfaction, that while this was the converse the most to my taste of any I had had at Dunkirk, it was also, probably, most to theirs of any that had fallen to their lot since they had been torn from their native country.

While this was going on I was privately drawing from my purse all that it contained of small money to distribute to my new friends; but at this same moment a sudden change in the countenance of the chief from looks of grateful feeling to an expression of austerity, checked my purpose, and, sorry and alarmed lest he had taken offence, I hastily drew my empty hand from my reticule. I then saw that

the change of expression was not simply to austerity from pleasure, but to consternation from serenity; and I perceived that it was not to me the altered visage was directed; the eye pointed beyond me, and over my head; startled, I turned round, and what, then, was my own consternation when I beheld an officer of the police, in full gold trappings, furiously darting forward from a small house at the entrance upon the quay, which I afterwards learned was his official dwelling. When he came within two yards of us he stood still, mute and erect; but with an air of menace, his eyes scowling first upon the chief, then upon me, then upon the whole group, and then upon me again, with looks that seemed diving into some conspiracy.

My alarm was extreme: my imprudence in conversing with these unhappy captives struck me at once with foreboding terror of ill consequences. I had, however, sufficient presence of mind to meet the eyes of my antagonist with a look that showed surprise rather than apprehension at his wrath.

This was not without some effect. Accustomed, probably, to scrutinize and to penetrate into secret plots, he might be an adept in distinguishing the fear of ill-treatment from the fear of detection. The latter I certainly could not manifest, as my compassion had shown no outward mark beyond a little charity; but the former I tried, vainly, perhaps, to subdue; for I well knew that pity towards a Spaniard would be deemed suspicious, at least, if not culpable.

We were all silent, and all motionless: but when the man, having fixed upon me his eyes with intention to petrify me, saw that I fixed him in return with an open though probably not very composed face, he

spoke, and with a voice of thunder, vociferating reproach, accusation, and condemnation all in one. His words I could not distinguish; they were so confused and rapid from rage.

This violence, though it secretly affrighted me, I tried to meet with simple astonishment, making no sort of answer or interruption to his invectives. When he observed my steadiness, and that he excited none of the humiliation of discovered guilt, he stopped short and, after a pause, gruffly said,—

"Qui êtes-vous?"

"Je me nomme d'Arblay."

"Etes-vous mariée?"

"Oui."

"Ou est votre mari?"

"A Paris."

"Qui est-il?"

"Il travaille aux Bureaux de l'Interieur."

"Pourquoi le quittez-vous?"

I was here sensibly embarrassed. I durst not avow I was going to England; I could not assert I was really going to America. I hesitated; and the sight of his eyes brightening up with the hope of mischief, abated my firmness, and, while he seemed to be staring me through, I gave an account, very imperfect, indeed, and far from clear, though true, that I came to Dunkirk to embark on board the 'Mary Ann' vessel.

"Ah ha!" exclaimed he, "Vous etes Angiaise?"

Then, tossing back his head with an air of triumphant victory, "Suivez-moi!" he added, and walked away, fast, and fierce, but looking back every minute to see that I followed.

Never can I forget the terror with which I was seized at this command; it could only be equalled by the evident consternation and sorrow that struck me, as I turned my head around to see where I was, in my poor chief and his group. Follow I did, though not less per force than if I had been dragged by chains. When I saw him arrive at the gate of the little dwelling I have mentioned, which I now perceived to belong to him officially, I impulsively, involuntarily stopped. To enter a police-office, to be probably charged with planning some conspiracy with the enemies of the state, my poor Alexander away, and not knowing what must have become of me; my breath was gone; my power of movement ceased; my head, or understanding, seemed a chaos, bereft of every distinct or discriminating idea; and my feet, as if those of a statue, felt riveted to the ground, from a vague but overwhelming belief I was destined to incarceration in some dungeon, where I might sink ere I could make known my situation to my friends, while Alex., thus unaccountably abandoned, might be driven to despair, or become the prey to nameless mischiefs.

Again the tiger vociferated a "Suivez-moi!" but finding it no longer obeyed, he turned full round as he stood upon his threshold, and perceiving my motionless and speechless dismay, looked at me for two or three seconds in scornful, but investigating taciturnity. Then, putting his arms a-kimbo, he said, in lower, but more taunting accents, "*Vous ne le jugez donc pas à propos de me suivre?*"

This was followed by a sneering, sardonic grin that seemed anticipating the enjoyment of using compulsion. On, therefore, I again forced myself, and with

tolerable composure I said, "Je n'ai rien, Monsieur, je crois, à faire ici?"

"Nous verrons!" he answered, bluffly, and led the way into a small hovel rather than parlour; and then haughtily seated himself at a table, on which were pen, ink, and paper; and, while I stood before him, began an interrogation, with the decided asperity of examining a detected criminal, of whom he was to draw up the *procès verbal*.

When I perceived this, my every fear, feeling, nay, thought, concentrated in Alexander, to whom I had determined not to allude, while I had any hope of self-escape, to avoid for us both the greatest of all perils, that of an accusation of intending to evade the ensuing conscription, for which, though Alex. was yet too young, he was fast advancing to be amenable.

But now that I was enclosed from his sight, and there was danger every moment of his suddenly missing me, I felt that our only chance of safety must lie in my naming him before he should return. With all the composure, therefore, that I could assume, I said that I was come to Dunkirk with my son to embark in the 'Mary Ann,' an American vessel, with a passport from M. de Saulnier, secretary to the Duke de Rovigo, Minister of the Police.

And what had I done with this son?

I had sent him to the post-office with a letter for his father.

At that instant I perceived Alexander wildly running past the window.

This moment was critical. I instantly cried, "Sir, there is my son!"

The man rose, and went to the door, calling out "Jeune homme!"

Alex. approached, and was questioned, and though much amazed, gave answers perfectly agreeing with mine.

I now recovered my poor affrighted faculties, and calmly said that if he had any doubt of our veracity, I begged he would send for Mr. Gregory, who knew us well. This, a second time, was a most happy reference. Mr. Gregory was of the highest respectability, and he was near at hand. There could be no doubt of the authenticity of such an appeal. The brow of my ferocious assailant was presently unbent. I seized the favourable omen to assure him, with apparent indifference, that I had no objection to being accompanied or preceded to l'Hotel Sauvage, where I resided, nor to giving him the key of my portmanteau and portfolio, if it were possible I had excited any suspicion by merely speaking, from curiosity, to the Spanish prisoners.

No, he answered, he would not disturb me; and then, having entered the name of Alexander by the side of mine, he let us depart.

Speechless was my joy, and speechless was the surprise of Alexander, and we walked home in utter silence.

Happily, this incident occurred but just before we set sail, for with it terminated my greatest solace at Dunkirk, the seeing and consoling those unhappy prisoners, and the regale of wandering by the sea-coast.

Six weeks completely we consumed in wasteful weariness at Dunkirk; and our passage, when at last we

set sail, was equally, in its proportion, toilsome and tedious. Involved in a sickening calm, we could make no way, but lingered two days and two nights in this long-short passage. The second night, indeed, might have been spared me, as it was spared to all my fellow voyagers. But when we cast anchor, I was so exhausted by the unremitting sufferings I had endured, that I was literally unable to rise from my hammock.

Yet was there a circumstance capable to have aroused me from any torpidity, save the demolishing ravage of sea-sickness; for scarcely were we at anchor, when Alex., capering up to the deck, descended with yet more velocity than he had mounted, to exclaim, "Oh, maman! there are two British officers now upon deck!"

But, finding that even this could not make me recover speech or motion, he ran back again to this new and delighting sight, and again returning, cried out in a tone of rapture, "Maman, we are taken by the British! We are all captured by British officers!"

Even in my immoveable, and nearly insensible state, this juvenile ardour, excited by so new and strange an adventure, afforded me some amusement. It did not, however, afford me strength, for I could not rise, though I heard that every other passenger was removed. With difficulty, even next morning, I crawled upon the deck, and there I had been but a short time, when Lieutenant Harford came on board to take possession of the vessel, not as French, but American booty, war having been declared against America the preceding week.

Mr. Harford, hearing my name, most courteously addressed me, with congratulations upon my safe arrival

in England. These were words to reawaken all the happiest purposes of my expedition, and they recovered me from the nerveless, sinking state into which my exhaustion had cast me, as if by a miracle. My father, my brothers, my sisters, and all my heart-dear friends, seemed rising to my view and springing to my embraces, with all the joy of renovating re-union. I thankfully accepted his obliging offer to carry me on shore in his own boat; but when I turned round, and called upon Alexander to follow us, Mr. Harford, assuming a commanding air, said, "No, madam, I cannot take that young man. No French person can come into my boat without a passport and permission from Government."

My air now a little corresponded with his own, as I answered, "He was born, Sir, in England!"

"Oh!" cried he, "that 's quite another matter; come along, Sir! we 'll all go together."

I now found we were rowing to Deal, not Dover, to which town we had been destined by our engagement: but we had been captured, it seems, *chemin faisant*, though so gently, and with such utter helplessness of opposition, that I had become a prisoner without any suspicion of my captivity.

We had anchored about half a mile, I imagine, from the shore; which I no sooner touched than, drawing away my arm from Mr. Harford, I took up on one knee, with irrepressible transport, the nearest bright pebble, to press to my lips in grateful joy at touching again the land of my nativity, after an absence, nearly hopeless, of more than twelve years.

Of the happiness that ensued—my being again in the arms of my dearly loved father—in those of

my dear surviving sisters—my brothers—my friends, some faint details yet remain in a few letters to my heart's confidant that he preserved: but they are truly faint, for my satisfaction was always damped in recording it to him who so fondly wished to partake of it, and whose absence from that participation always rendered it incomplete.

And, on one great source of renovated felicity, I did not dare touch even by inference, even by allusion —that of finding my gracious royal mistress and her august daughters as cordial in their welcome, as trustingly confidential, and as amiably condescending, I had almost said affectionate, as if I had never departed from the royal roof under which, for five years, I had enjoyed their favour. To have spoken of the Royal Family in letters sent to France under the reign of Bonaparte, might have brought destruction on him for whom I would a thousand times sooner have suffered it myself.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Broome.

Aug. 15, 1812.

In a flutter of joy such as my tender Charlotte will feel in reading this, I write to her from England! I can hardly believe it; I look around me in constant inquiry and doubt; I speak French to every soul, and I whisper still if I utter a word that breathes private opinion.

We set off for Canterbury, where we slept, and on the 20th proceeded towards Chelsea. While, upon

some common, we stopped to water the horses, a gentleman on horseback passed us twice, and then, looking in, pronounced my name; and I saw it was Charles, dear Charles! who had been watching for us several hours and *three nights* following, through a mistake. Thence we proceeded to Chelsea, where we arrived at nine o'clock at night. I was in a state almost breathless. I could only demand to see my dear father alone: fortunately, he had had the same feeling, and had charged all the family to stay away, and all the world to be denied. I found him, therefore, in his library, by himself—but oh! my dearest, very much altered indeed—weak, weak and changed—his head almost always hanging down, and his hearing most cruelly impaired. I was terribly affected, but most grateful to God for my arrival. Our meeting, you may be sure, was very tender, though I roused myself as quickly as possible to be gay and cheering. He was extremely kind to Alex., and said, in a tone the most impressive, "I should have been very glad to have seen M. d'Arblay!" In discourse, however, he re-animated, and was, at times, all himself. But he now admits scarcely a creature but of his family, and will only see for a short time even his children. He likes quietly reading, and lies almost constantly upon the sofa, and will never eat but alone! What a change!

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

TO THE

SIXTH VOLUME.

Aikin, John, M.D., a voluminous author of the last century, and contributor to periodicals. He published or brought out new editions of many of the principal English poets: but is now chiefly remembered by his "Evenings at Home."

Barbauld, Anna Letitia, sister to Dr. Aikin: a name familiar to every reader by several works she wrote for the use of children. She also published numerous volumes, in prose and poetry, between the years 1773 and 1812, among which she edited the correspondence of Richardson, in 6 vols.; the British Novelists, in 50 volumes; Selections from the British Essayists; the Poetical Works of Collins; and Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.

Chapone, Hester, Authoress of "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind," and one or two works of less merit, published towards the conclusion of the last century. She died in 1801.

Cumberland, Richard, an author in various departments of literature, particularly criticism, poetry, the drama, and prose fiction. He was employed in 1780 in a diplomatic capacity, when he visited the courts of Lisbon and Madrid. His residence in Spain furnished him with materials for his "Anecdotes of Spanish Painters." He was the editor of the London Review, and author of a collection of essays called "The Observer," and he wrote several novels and poems long since forgotten: but of his numerous plays, "The West Indian," "The Jew," and "The Wheel of Fortune," still support his reputation. He was born in 1732, and died in 1811.

Duncan, Admiral Viscount, the hero of the great naval victory of Camperdown, over the Dutch. He was born in 1731; entered the service at an early age, was promoted till he attained the rank of Post Captain. in 1761. In 1762, he was at the taking of the Havannah; in 1779, was present at Rodney's victory over the Spaniards; became Rear-Admiral of the Blue in 1789, and Vice-Admiral of the White in 1794, and was honoured with a peerage and a pension after the battle of Camperdown.

ERSKINE, THOMAS LORD, the admirable advocate and judge, youngest son of David Henry Erskine, tenth Earl of Buchan. He wrote a political romance, in two volumes, called "Armada," and some political pamphlets; but his fame rests upon the ability he displayed in the several legal offices he filled from 1778, when he was called to the bar, till he ceased to hold the dignity of Lord Chancellor. He died in 1823, at the age of 73.

LALLY TOLENDAL, LE MARQUIS DE. The father of this nobleman, the Comte de Lally Tolendal and Baron Tullendally in Ireland, was the French governor of Pondicherry, when that place was taken by the English. The Comte de Lally returning to France, said, "J'apporte ici ma tête et mon innocence;" but in 1766, he was unfairly tried and unjustly executed for the surrender, and in 1778, his son, the Marquis de Lally Tolendal, by great perseverance and exertions, obtained a reversion of the attainder, and cleared his father's memory. This Marquis de Lally Tolendal, was in 1780, deputed to the *Etats Généraux*. He emigrated to England in 1792 in company with Madame de Stael, the Princesse d'Henin, Talleyrand, M. de Narbonne, and the Chevalier d'Arblay. He returned to Paris in 1801, was called to the *Chambre des Pairs* in 1815, and in 1816 to the *Académie Française*. His principal literary works were, "Lettres à Edmond Burke," "Plaidoyer pour Louis XVI. in 1795," and "Essai sur la vie de Strafford." His eloquence obtained for him the appellation of "The French Cicero," but Madame de Stael called him "Le plus gras des hommes sensibles." He died at Paris in the year 1820.

MASON, THE REV. WILLIAM, Author of several poems, of various satirical pieces, and of "An Essay on Church Music." He was born in 1725; obtained the living of Aston, in his native county, Yorkshire, and was appointed one of the royal chaplains; but from the latter office he was dismissed for his republican opinions. The excesses of the French Revolution, however, very much cooled his enthusiasm for liberty, and towards the conclusion of his life, which terminated in 1797, his sentiments had undergone a decided change. The works by which he is now remembered are, "The English Garden," a poem in four books, his edition of the works of Gray, and his beautiful Elegy on the Death of Lady Coventry.

MORELLET, THE ABBE. André Morellet, born in 1727, was the son of a stationer at Lyons, and studied in the Jesuits' College in that city; after which he was admitted to the Sorbonne, where he formed a friendship with D'Alembert and Diderot. In 1762, he wrote his "Manuel des Inquisitions;" but having offended the Princesse de Robecq by a passage in one of his pamphlets, he was shut up in the Bastille at her instigation, and after two months' confinement he owed his liberty chiefly to the interference of

J. J. Rousseau. His most important works were, "Theorie du Paradoxe," "Refutation des Dialogues sur le Commerce des Bleds par Galiani," "Analyse de l'ouvrage sur la Législature et le Commerce des Grains, par Neckar," and "Mélanges de Litérature et de Philosophie du 18me Siècle." In 1772, the Abbé Morellet visited England, where he became intimate with Lord Shelburne and Franklin. He opposed alike the abuses of the French aristocracy and the excesses of the Revolutionists, and was called by Voltaire "the Abbé Mords-les." He died in 1819.

NARBONNE, LOUIS, COMTE DE, was Minister at War under Louis XVI.; and emigrating to England at the French Revolution, he was for a time settled with Madame de Stael and her party at Juniper Hall, in Surrey. He accepted employment under Bonaparte, by whom he was created a Lieutenant-General, and sent as ambassador to Vienna. He accompanied the French army to Moscow, and died in the retreat, at Torgau, 1813. M. de Narbonne's manners and conversation are said to have abounded in grace and *finesse;* some of his repartees are preserved, though without his name being given, in M. de Jouy's work, "L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin."

ROGERS, SAMUEL, ESQ. It may be recorded, that the first production of this elegant poet, "An Ode to Superstition, with other Poems," bears the date of 1786; just sixty years since: and we are happy to say its accomplished author, so well known by his "Pleasures of Memory," still survives.

WEDGWOOD, JOSIAH, famous for the vast improvement made by him in the manufacture of English china, and founder of the extensive potteries at Etruria. He died in 1795.

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THE SEVENTH

AND

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